The Saturday Evening
POST
October 11, 1958 – 15¢

OCT 7 '58

BRET MAVERICK
By PETE MARTIN

Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson Defends College Football

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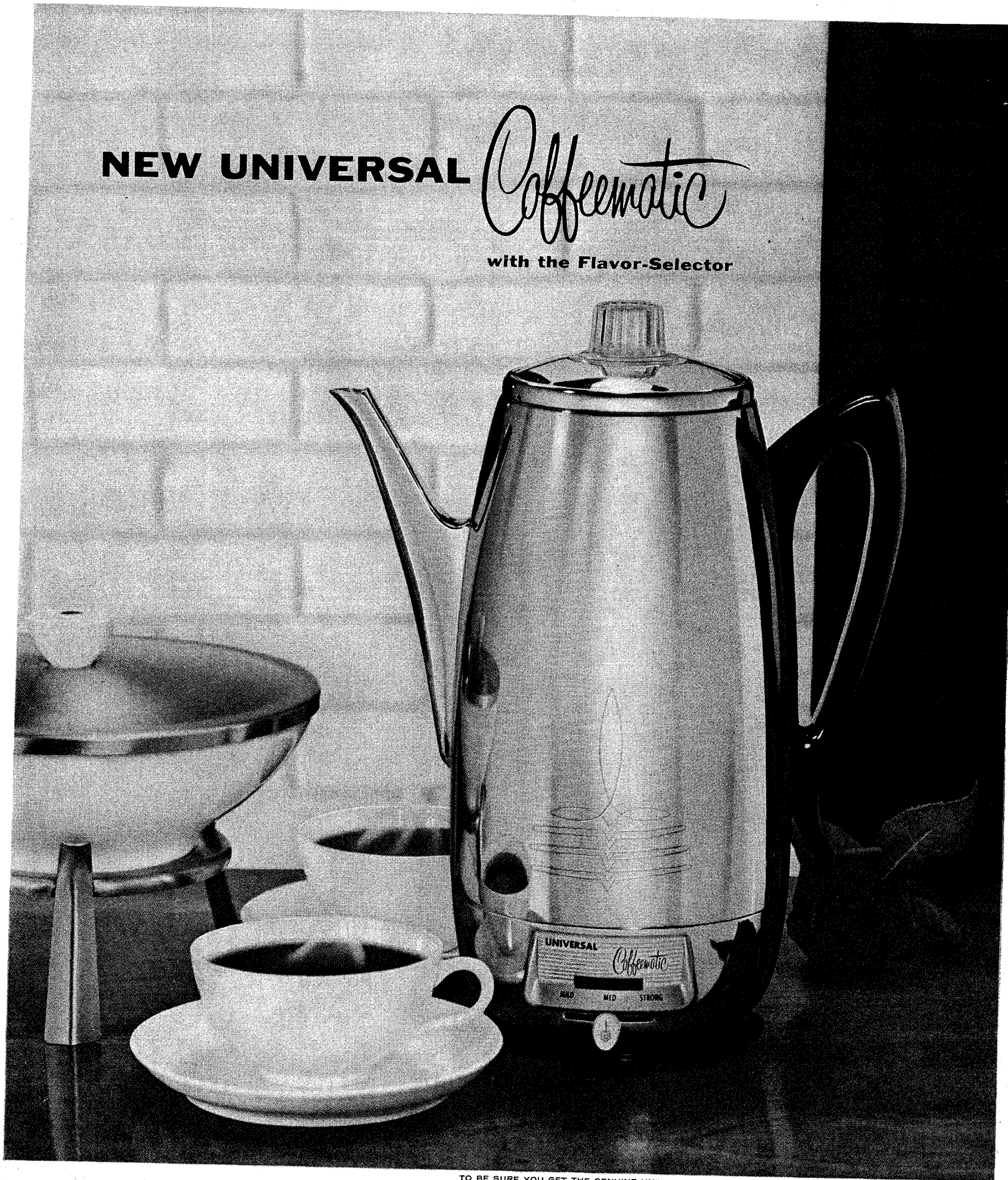
NEW UNIVERSAL *Coffeematic*

with the Flavor-Selector



TO BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE UNIVERSAL COFFEEMATIC, LOOK FOR THE NAME ABOVE THE CONTROL.

Deluxe 10-cup model, chrome on solid copper, $29.95. Others from $14.95.

THE FINEST WAY TO MAKE THE BEST COFFEE . . .

Exciting aroma—full-bodied flavor—are yours, every time, with the beautiful new Coffeematic. You simply set the Flavor-Selector to the strength you prefer—then forget it! Redi-Lite signals when the coffee is brewed to perfection and the Heat Sentinel maintains serving temperature *without* increasing the strength. To serve the best coffee ever, choose a new Coffeematic at your Universal dealer's today!

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

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Germs are everywhere these days...
DON'T LET A COLD GET YOU DOWN!

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions, on contact —gargle Listerine at least twice every day!

No matter where you go now, you can't get away from germs! Coughs and sneezes, sniffles and chills are really getting around.

Take this sensible precaution while the current colds outbreak lasts. At least twice every day, gargle Listerine Antiseptic. Use it full-strength. Listerine kills germs associated with colds *on contact*, by the millions.

Tests with more than 3,000 people over a 12-year period clearly proved that those who gargled twice daily with Listerine had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

The figures on the chart (right) show how regular use of Listerine helped reduce colds and sore throat due to colds. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength twice every day without fail.

HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS
Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

Reach for Listerine

your No. 1 protection against infection!

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It saves you gasoline

while it stops the major cause of engine wear

New thermostatic motor oil adjusts automatically to all engine temperatures. **Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium:**

1. Saves gasoline wasted in pushing thick, heavy oils around during warm-up.

2. Stops acid action, major cause of engine wear.

3. Saves your engine—does not thin out dangerously when your engine is hot.

4. Quiets valve lifter noise, prevents valve lifter sticking, saves repair bills.

All these features are unequalled in any conventional motor oil

It's a 50-50 chance that you need an oil change today

Analysis of motor oil from over 15,000 cars shows 54% of all cars are using motor oil that has become contaminated by engine acids and abrasives. Play safe . . . see your Shell Dealer today.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Some gents relish coffee breaks, others favor pie breaks, with a milk chaser. Artist Steve Dohanos' scene might be called a fine example of business reciprocity, each man helping to stimulate consumption of the other man's product. Or call it barter: no money passes hands, and if there *must* be front-office bookkeeping on what is consumed, maybe it can be charged up to routine spoilage—the boys are spoiling it all right. Come to think of it, couldn't a full-course meal be mobilized by expanding this noble idea? For instance, bringing Joe's Butcher Shop into the club should bring in a steak, and wouldn't one of those milk cases make a pretty fair cookout grill? Then of course a merger with an ice-cream firm would top off the situation admirably. Pie à la mode.

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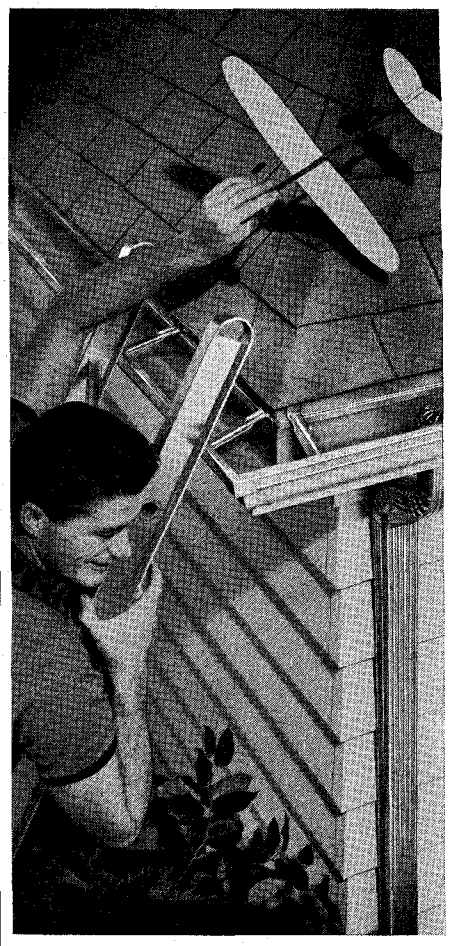

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Letters

Post Periscope

Member of Crew: "Please, Sir Hubert, may I have Thursday evening off?"

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! Post Scripts shows the Nautilus under the icecap twenty-seven years ago. [See cartoon above, from Aug. 15, 1931, issue.]

EDWIN ANDERSON
Mountain Iron, Minn.

● *In August, 1931, polar explorers Sir Hubert Wilkins and Lincoln Ellsworth took a submarine to the Arctic—but got only as far as the edge of the icecap. For a report on another voyage of another Nautilus, see page 28.* —*ED.*

The Miracle

Dear Sirs:

My warmest thanks to Pierre Boulle and The Saturday Evening Post for THE TEMPTATION OF FATHER MONTOIRE, that meaningful and inspiring story in the issue of August 30.

I have clipped it to read often and to lend to others.

MRS. FRANCIS SINCLAIR
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

I had to drop this line of sincere thanks for such a spiritual lift.

DOROTHY MENDES
Artesia, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I read . . . with mounting indignation and when it ended without the good Father ever having humbly acknowledged that it was not he who invoked the miracle but the faith of the mother—well, it was an hour before I could conquer my rebellion and get to sleep. . . .

A beautiful story went wrong.

MRS. N. E. FREEMAN
Conyers, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

The humility of the priest is so inspiring to me that I feel if we truly had such informed and far-visioned priests and ministers, our world would come to peace.

MARGARET M. ANDRINGA
Ludlow, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I am 11 and a Catholic.

I hope you will continue to publish more stories with a religious background.

Too many people forget their religion nowadays.

DANIEL LUCIA, JR.
Warren, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Abominable fiction.

MARGARET FORST
Defiance, Ohio

Portrait of Basil

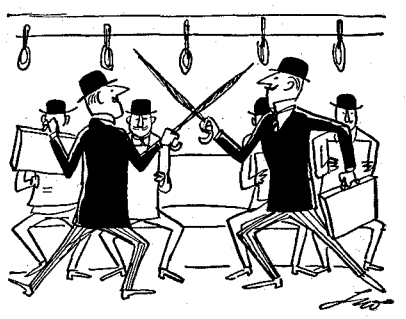
Dear Sirs:

We have been readers of the S.E.P. for quite a while and we thought your article, MECCA FOR ANTIQUE HUNTERS [by Ernest O. Hauser, Aug. 9], was excellent. We noticed that the photographs show what the Americans term "the typical Englishman". . . .

This is the city worker's national dress and is laughed at by the average person. Here is the lowdown on the attire:

The brief case is generally used for such things as sandwiches . . . hot-water bottles . . . kippers. Only occasionally are they used for official papers.

The umbrella, a most useful weapon, is of course never unrolled, even in a monsoon. It is usually used to beat one's way to a seat in the subway. . . .



The bowler hat is only worn as protection against other people's umbrellas in the fight for a subway seat. . . .

The striped pants are worn solely because so many pairs were manufactured during the reign of King Edward VII that the surplus stocks are still being used up.

Incidentally . . . these gents usually answer to the name of Basil.

V. ROYAL
GOEFF BARNES
Surrey, England

The Great Betel-Nut Mystery: (Cont'd)

● *In* THE GREAT BETEL-NUT MYSTERY (*Sept. 6 Letters*), *reader Albert Herre disputed author Robert Ruark's claim ("a hoary lie") that betel chewing blackens the teeth. Herre said that black-toothed betel chewers get that way by applying vegetable dye.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I must line up with Mr. Herre on this much-debated matter. I spent about three years on the beautiful island of Ceylon at the turn of the century. Here the betel (areca) nut is chewed by both Singhalese and Tamils.

The procedure is to smear a little quick lime on a leaf of the betel vine. . . . This is wrapped around a piece of betel nut and the concoction placed in the mouth and chewed. The result is a very red mouth and lips. . . . I don't recall any black teeth.

FRED POOCK
Jacksonville, Fla.

(Continued on Page 6)

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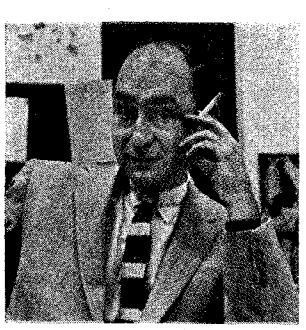
. . . BUT IT'S SO MUCH QUIETER WITH OUR NEW FORESTONE CEILING



Designer George Nelson

Teen age record parties are no headache for this modern mother—not any more. Designer George Nelson planned this room to have fun in, and he made sure the noise never gets out of hand by installing a Simpson Forestone* ceiling. You, too, can preserve peace and quiet in your home, and also obtain a beautiful decorator-styled ceiling texture with this acoustical tile. Cost? Only about $31 and a few hours satisfying work for a 10 x 12 room. But be sure it's Forestone—not a look-like imitation. Another Simpson forest product designed for better family living.

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REG. $1.98 SIZE

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RYBUTOL

THE HIGH POTENCY VITAMIN B_1, B_2 FORMULA WITH
11 VITAMINS AND 9 MINERALS INCLUDING IRON AND VITAMIN C

Build New Resistance for the WINTER MONTHS AHEAD

6 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD TRY RYBUTOL'S LIMITED TIME FREE $1.98 OFFER

Are you or your family heading into the winter season with any of these disturbing symptoms?

- ☐ Nerves on edge?
- ☐ Tired, depressed feeling?
- ☐ Sleep poorly?
- ☐ Wake up "beat"?
- ☐ Nervous stomach?
- ☐ Poor appetite?

If you—or any member of your family—check any two of these symptoms, you *owe it to yourself to try Rybutol*—especially when you don't risk a cent. If you check more than two, you should see your family doctor. Ask *him* about Rybutol.

Winter's ills and chills and bills... are just ahead. It's so foolish—and so unnecessary—to meet them head on with a worn-out nervous system, a run-down feeling, and generally low resistance due to vitamin and mineral shortages.

Why do it—when you can try Rybutol *without risking a cent*—in the generous Vim-Pak offer? One daily Gelucap of Rybutol supplies 15 times the minimum daily adult requirement of vitamin B_1 and 5 times the requirement of vitamin B_2—plus a generous 3 micrograms of precious red vitamin B_{12}. Rybutol also supplies 8 other vitamins, including vitamin C—and 9 minerals, including iron necessary for red blood cells.

Besides promoting nutrition and energy, Rybutol's formula has been specifically compounded to help combat the pressures of modern living and the increased demands they make on your nervous system. Rybutol gives *tranquility without tranquilizers*—without after-effects—to those who are suffering from a deficiency of B-complex vitamins. Highest quality nutrition-promoting substances help build and protect your vitality and general well being. Start your family on the Rybutol habit today.

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25-Day Supply FREE!
You get the $1.98 size FREE with the purchase of the 100-size at $5.95 on a money back guarantee.
25 GELUCAPS
RYBUTOL
TRADE MARK
HIGH POTENCY
FREE $1.98 SIZE IN THIS OFFER

GET $1.98 SIZE FREE IN THIS RYBUTOL VIM-PAK OFFER. PAY ONLY $5.95 (price of the 100 size)

You try Rybutol at our expense. Simply buy a bottle of 100 Rybutol Gelucaps at the regular price of $5.95. You get a 25-day supply, regular $1.98 size, absolutely free. Try the bottle of 25. Then—if you don't agree that you feel healthier, calmer, better all over—return the 100-size bottle to your druggist and *get back every cent you paid.* This offer is limited—so do it today.

RYBUTOL IS A PRODUCT OF THE VITAMIN CORPORATION OF AMERICA, LOS ANGELES AND NEW YORK
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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Having chewed a bit of betel myself (especially at weddings and funerals) while living on the island of Guam, 1953–56, let me agree with reader Herre.

ELAINE M. CHALMAN
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I spent eighteen years in the Philippines, most of it working for the Philippine Forest Service. . . .

The black teeth are made black by a mixture of a vegetable dye, as Mr. Herre says, but in Mindanao they add a very fine charcoal powder to the mixture.

JAMES R. GILLIS
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

In Return to Paradise, by James A. Michener, in the chapter "Rabaul," the author says in part:

"The betel nut . . . is mildly toxic and astringent. The juice is colorless and narcotic. It has no effect on teeth.

"Alone, the betel nut is pretty drab stuff. But natives burn coral to get lime, a pinch of which makes the betel juice slightly effervescent and quite pleasing to the gums, which it ultimately eats away. However, the combination is still colorless.

"In order to make the mess palatable, the native pops in a couple of inches of daca, the string-bean-like product of a creeping vine. Daca tastes like pepper and yields a red juice, which stains the mouth and teeth. In time, the red on the teeth turns black and becomes a sure cure for tooth decay."

If Mr. Michener is right, it is the combination of betel, daca, and lime which turns teeth black.

MRS. K. A. SWANSON
Batavia, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

If you eliminate the lime, the mixture does not blacken your teeth.

DONALD H. WILLS
Richardson, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Almost all of the chewers are women.

JOHN L. RASMUSSEN
Hollydale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

There was tooth paste on the market in the U.K. made from the betel nut, but because of its color and taste, it did not last. It certainly was good for the teeth and gums.

MRS. EDITH WARD
Oshawa, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

One dentist . . . told me—perhaps he was slightly in his cu(s)ps at the time—that a famous American mail-order house unloaded dozens of defectively-colored false-teeth sets by painting them black and selling them to elderly chewers who had worn out their apparatus.

GILBERT L. NEWBOLD
Arlington, Va.

Whither the Wheat?

Dear Sirs:

Your feature The Face of America shows a pile of grain down the center of main street [WHEAT IN THE STREET, photograph by Bob Taylor, Aug. 30] and asks the question, "Where to put it?"

The answer: supply and demand. Our congressmen created the *supply* with their subsidies, and *demand* that we pay for it. I move that we *demand* they eat their own *supply*. Smart farmers can insist that sur-

pluses be shoved down our legislators' craws, vote by vote.

T. B. YOUNG
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

How about putting it in the bread we buy? Most of it tastes as though mixed with synthetic rubber.

MRS. FRANK S. EVANS
Everett, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if the people of Snyder, Okla., are giving thanks to the Lord for their blessings.

MRS. F. J. EPENETER
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Several hundred Oklahoma farmers . . . donated part of their bumper wheat crop to the Christian Rural Overseas Program to be distributed to needy people in foreign countries. On September 1, part of the wheat donated by Oklahoma farmers started on its way in the form of flour to Gdynia, Poland. . . . Shipments of Oklahoma wheat are also going to Pakistan and other Far Eastern countries.

DAN ARNOLD, *Chairman*
CROP Committee
Oklahoma Council of Churches
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Correcting a Correction

Dear Sirs:

Mr. E. H. Stuart, of Toronto, Ontario, quite correctly informed you (Letters Aug. 23) that the name of our nation is no longer "British West Indies," but his suggested alternative is not correct either. The name, "The West Indies," has been officially adopted as the name of the new federation, and not "West Indies Federation."

WILLIAM E. HITCHINS
Port-of-Spain
Trinidad, T.W.I.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

20–American Broadcasting Company; Two by Sid Avery. • 21–Sid Avery; Warner Brothers. • 22, 23–Fred Ludekens. • 24, 25–Dimitri Wolkonsky. • 26, 27–Peter Stevens. 28–U. S. Navy; Ollie Atkins. • 29–U. S. Navy; Camera Press from Pix; Russ Melcher from Pix. • 30–Bruce Bomberger. • 31–Bill Shrout; Wide World. • 32, 33–Stan Galli. 34, 35–Joern Gerdts. • 36–Los Angeles Times from Wide World; Los Angeles Times. • 37–Robert Meyers. • 38, 39–Bill Shrout. • 42, 43–Joe Bowler. • 80–Center Studio. • 97–Wide World. • 100–Gus Pasquarella. • 102–Gus Pasquarella. • 120–Pix; Alphonse Simone.

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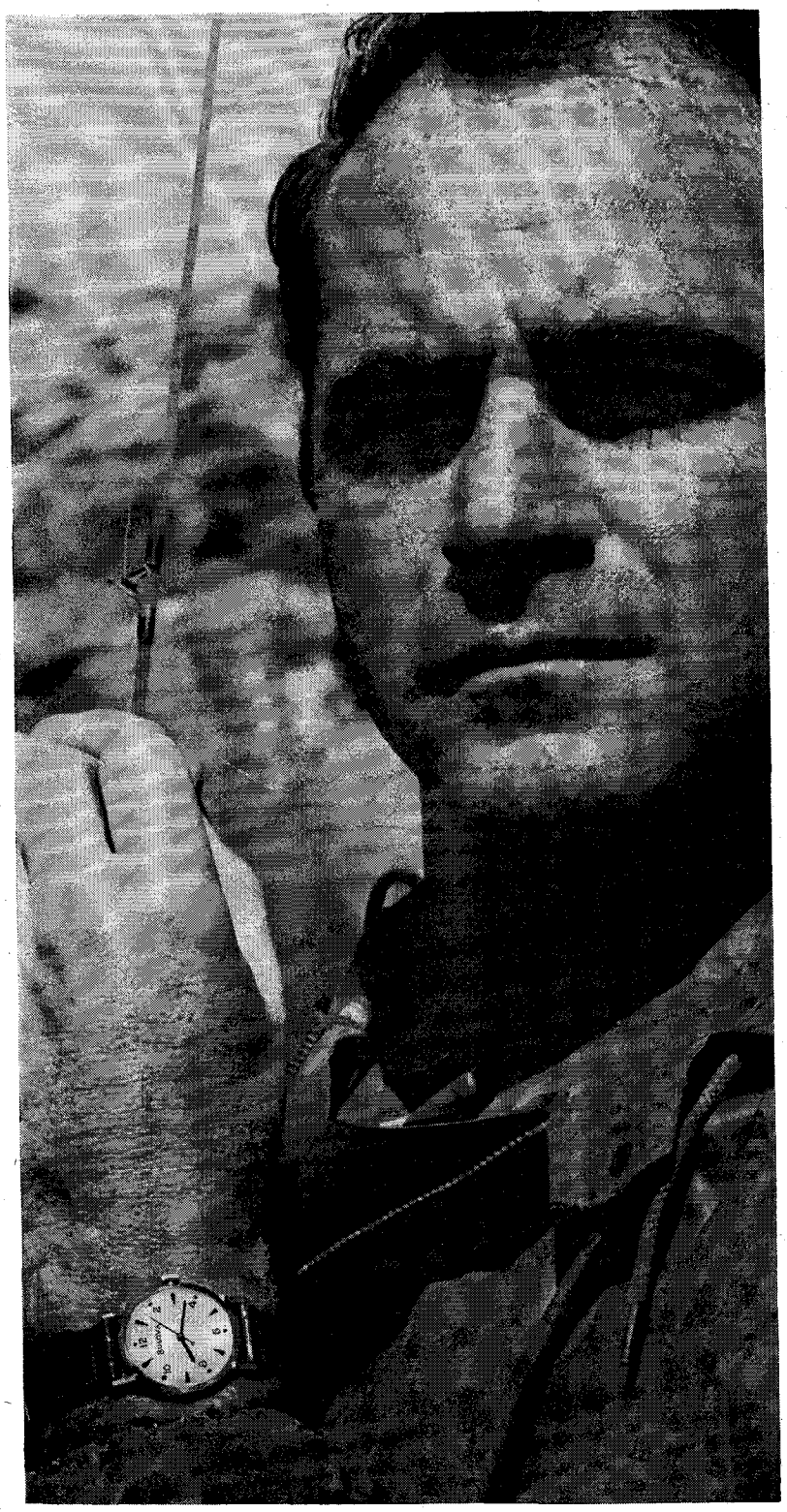

Give him the watch that faces anything...

He's wearing the American Clipper. $49.50

the waterproof* self-winding watch that's advanced in styling but not in price

BULOVA CLIPPER

from $49.50

Above: Royal Clipper—yellow with stainless steel back. $59.50

Left: Jet Clipper—stainless steel. $59.50

All prices include Federal Tax.

Here is a man's watch — ready to girdle the globe or sail the seven seas. Here is a sports watch that resists dust, shock, storms, water — and even is self-winding. Here, too, is a dress watch — handsome enough for any occasion, with built-in accuracy guaranteed by the 17-jewel Bulova watch movement. Your authorized Bulova jeweler will be proud to show you the Bulova Clipper. Other Bulova watches are priced from $29.75 to $2500. Look for, ask about, that Bulova difference.

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LOOK FOR THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE

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Introducing the "Linear Look"...

OLDSMOBILE

So totally new...so typically Olds

Ninety-Eight Holiday SceniCoupe—features new heat-resistant rear window, combining cool comfort with maximum visibility. Scenic-Coupe styling also available in Dynamic 88 and Super 88 Series.

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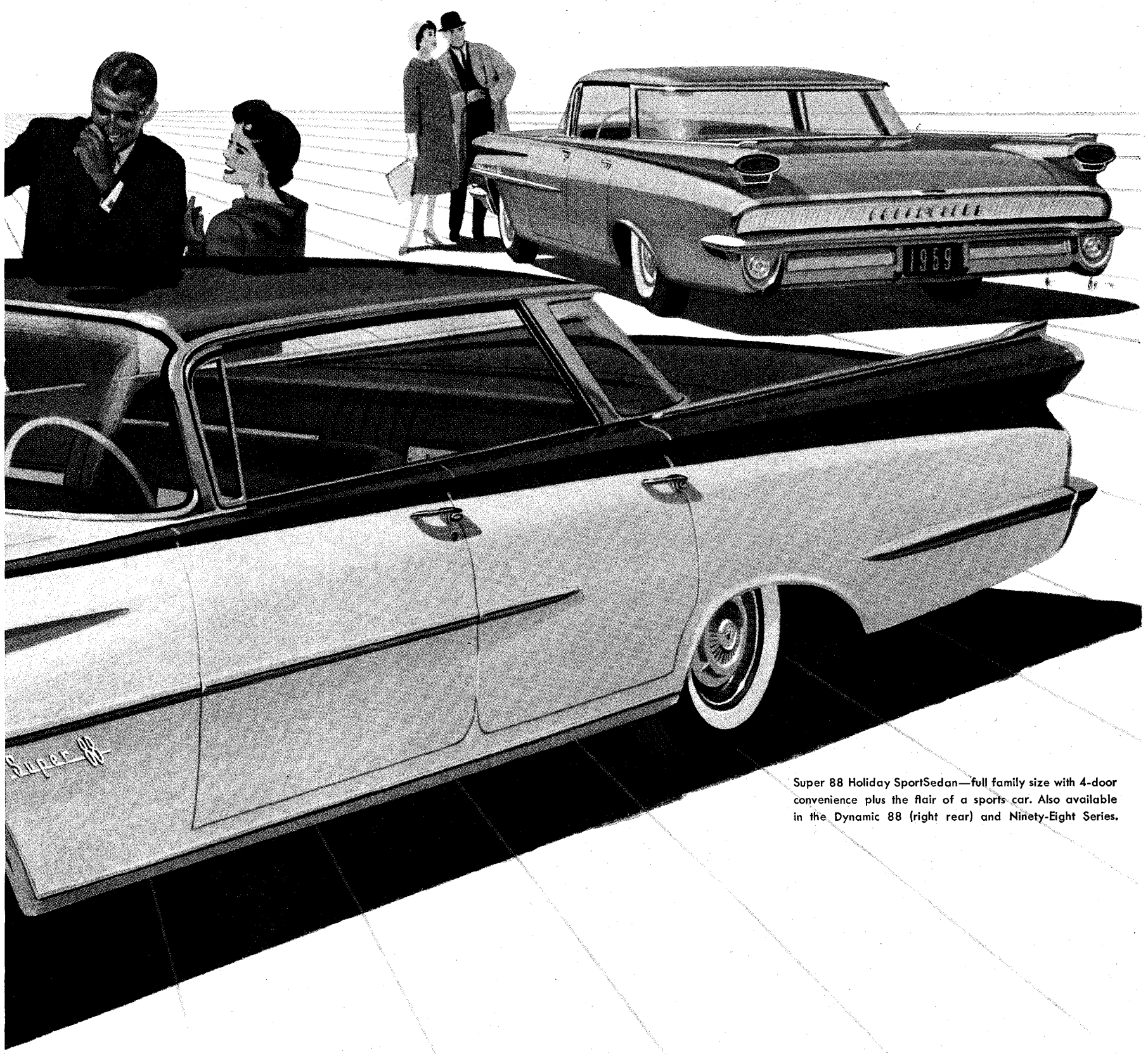
for '59

Here you see the start of a new styling cycle! Sweeping expanses of glass enhance Oldsmobile's new inner spaciousness. For in every '59 Olds there's *new roominess*... here, there, everywhere... from leg room to luggage space! New Rocket Engines, too, newly engineered for quietness, smoothness *and economy!* And everywhere you look on *every* '59 Olds you'll find the *added values* you asked for . . . from new Magic-Mirror Finishes to safety-cooled Air-Scoop Brakes on *all four* wheels. See the quality leader of the medium price class—the exciting '59 Oldsmobile!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Super 88 Holiday SportSedan—full family size with 4-door convenience plus the flair of a sports car. Also available in the Dynamic 88 (right rear) and Ninety-Eight Series.

Discover the added values in OLDSmobility . . .

at your local quality dealer's!

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Editorials

We Mustn't Let the Navy Brass Put Rickover in Mothballs!

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, always a firm friend of the Navy, is quoted as saying: "To change anything in the Navy is like punching a feather bed. You punch it with your right and you punch it with your left until you are finally exhausted, and then you find the damn bed just as it was before you started punching."

Every so often a bed puncher of limitless stamina comes on the scene and does manage to change the shape of the feathers. Before the Civil War it was John Ericsson, who invented the first screw-propelled ship and later designed and built the ironclad Monitor. In the latter part of the last century, it was Alfred Thayer Mahan, a brilliant thinker, whose naval doctrine remains in force today. Before World War I it was William S. Sims, a fiery gunnery officer, who revolutionized naval armament and, in effect, taught the Navy how to shoot. In our time of exploding scientific progress, the newest bed puncher is, not unnaturally, a scientist-engineer. He is, of course, Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover, the "Father of Nuclear Power."

Bed punchers have traditionally been rapped sternly for their zeal. But, considering his contribution, Admiral Rickover has been snubbed, rebuked, insulted, and hurt to a far greater extent than his predecessors. For almost five years the Navy has been trying to shoehorn him into retirement.

Perhaps because the public and the Congress have grasped Rickover's contributions more quickly than the Navy, they have repeatedly demanded that Rickover stay on the job. Congress saved him from retirement once by forcing the Navy to promote Rickover to rear admiral. Through a technicality in retirement laws, Rickover must now be promoted to the rank of three-star admiral or, barring special action, again face retirement. Congress has been urging a new promotion.

For a service which prides itself on speed and mobility, the Navy, in this matter, has been moving at a turtle-like pace. Secretary of the Navy Gates recently said that he had discussed a possible promotion with the admiral last spring. However, the Navy has not yet promoted Rickover, and has never unequivocally said that it would. Even now, there is a possibility that Rickover will be allowed to slip into retirement after the public clamor dies down.

The President has honored Rickover. The Congress has voted him a medal. What else must be done? It may well be that once again Congress will have to promote Rickover. But such extremes should not be necessary. Under the new reorganization plan, the Secretary of Defense, Neil McElroy, has the power to take action. And, of course, the President himself could step in.

In promoting Rickover there is a delicate and vital point which must be considered. The argument is being advanced that nuclear power for ships is in the bag, and that production of reactors and auxiliary equipment should follow routine channels. The proponents of this argument are saying, basically, that Rickover's unique development team should be split apart. Let the Bureau of Ships handle the Navy side, and the Atomic Energy Commission the reactor-development side. Some proponents of this argument are eagerly backing Rickover's promotion, in the hope that with three stars he will be kicked "upstairs" in the Pentagon.

However, at least four or five more years will be required to complete the important developments that Rickover and his team have launched. These projects will form the foundation upon which the Navy will be completely converted to nuclear power. One of the most recent of these developments—and others are imminent—is the nuclear-powered destroyer which was authorized by Congress only two months ago. Congress made it clear in appropriating the funds for this project that it was counting on Rickover personally to carry the destroyer project to its completion.

If another title, on a higher level, is required by Navy regulations to justify Rickover's richly deserved and long-overdue promotion, let it be in addition to, not in place of, his present two-hatted position. The Rickover development team is a priceless national asset we cannot afford to lose.

Why Do Audiences Insist on Death—Even on "Live TV"?

Since the smashing international success of My Fair Lady, which set G. B. Shaw to music, writers of musical scores have been going through the libraries in search of a classic as adaptable to the light-opera stage as Pygmalion proved to be. Therefore Richard Adler, coauthor of the scores for The Pajama Game and Damn Yankees, might be said to have pushed his luck pretty far by picking Louisa M. Alcott's Little Women for musical treatment on a television network this month.

Curiously enough, as soon as this project was announced, notably by John Crosby in his syndicated TV column, letters of protest poured in. The complaints were not directed at the idea of doing a musical score for Miss Alcott's novel, but at one statement attributed to Mr. Adler by Mr. Crosby. His offense was this: "There's no story really, except Beth's illness. In a movie she dies; in the book she doesn't. Well, we're sticking to the book." If anybody thinks Little Women is no longer read, he should count Mr. Adler's mail. Beth, it seems, did die in the revised edition of the book, although in the first edition she didn't. The majority of Mr. Adler's critics insist that she ought to die on TV as well. The producers intend to keep her alive.

This loyalty to Miss Alcott's text, as revised and amended, is in remarkable contrast to the uproar that arose after the appearance of Kipling's The Light That Failed in the early 1890's. Kipling's hero went blind and remained blind. However, so intense was the public reaction against this unhappy ending that Kipling produced a new edition, in which the unfortunate man's sight was restored.

The humanitarianism of those supposedly barbarous days is in startling contrast to the sadistic determination of modern audiences that the poor consumptive daughter of an exemplary New England family shall die. Mr. Adler needed courage to bring to TV the novel idea that a show can exist without at least one death, preferably violent. He is defying the trend, but defiance occasionally results in a "breakthrough," as the expression is. After all, heaps of corpses can get to be a bore too.

Disasters Would Kill Fewer People if We Prepared for Them

We don't know what the statistics show, but one only has to read the daily newspaper to know that thousands of people are killed or injured and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed through failure to do the right thing in an emergency—or to take precautions necessary to prevent the emergency from happening.

This week the Boy Scouts of America have undertaken the job of delivering to 36,000,000 American families a small, but useful pamphlet, prepared by the Office of Defense and Civilian Mobilization, which pretty well blankets the emergency field, all the way from leaky gas heaters to atomic fallout. It is a book that ought to be studied as carefully as tomorrow's social-studies assignment by all the family, because emergencies do not await the individual's convenience. Like war, they always come at the wrong place and at the wrong time.

For this reason all Americans should welcome the Boy Scout who delivers this Handbook for Emergencies, and bone up on its contents. Families who are overlooked in the general distribution should get in touch with a Boy Scout troop and ask for one. There is no sense in scaring ourselves to death, but the occasion for fear is less for those who have been trained to act without panic when an accident, or an enemy attack, occurs.

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Why do diabetic doctors live longer than other diabetics?

"Tests show that you have diabetes," said the doctor, "the same disease that I've had for 15 years. Now, if you carefully follow the treatment I've recommended, you can live long and actively—as I have with my diabetes."

Anyone who develops diabetes can take hope from the personal experiences of doctors who have the disease. They have proved that by strict adherence to treatment, they can go about their normal activities . . . and live almost as long with the disease as without it.

When mild diabetes is discovered early—and the test for it is simple—the disease can often be controlled by diet alone, or by diet and exercise. In other cases, a combination of insulin, diet and exercise may be required.

New compounds, taken by mouth, appear to be beneficial in *selected* cases, usually those who have mild diabetes which developed after age 40. Their use, however, requires strict medical supervision . . . and their true place in the management of diabetes must await further investigation.

Anyone at any age can develop diabetes, but your chances of doing so are increased . . .

if you are overweight
if diabetes has occurred in your family
if you are between the ages of 40 and 65

Today, about one million people in our country have diabetes and are getting treatment. Another million Americans have the disease, but are completely unaware of it. This is because diabetes, early in its course, causes no noticeable symptoms, and may not until it is well advanced.

So, it's wise for everyone to have periodic health examinations, including tests for diabetes. And no one should delay seeing the doctor if any of the following common symptoms of diabetes should occur . . .

weight loss despite constant hunger and excessive eating
increased fatigue during normal activities
excessive thirst and frequent urination

If diabetes is found, the usual reward for obedience to the doctor's orders is added years of comfort and of life. Doctors know this . . . and that is why those of them who have diabetes live longer than other diabetics.

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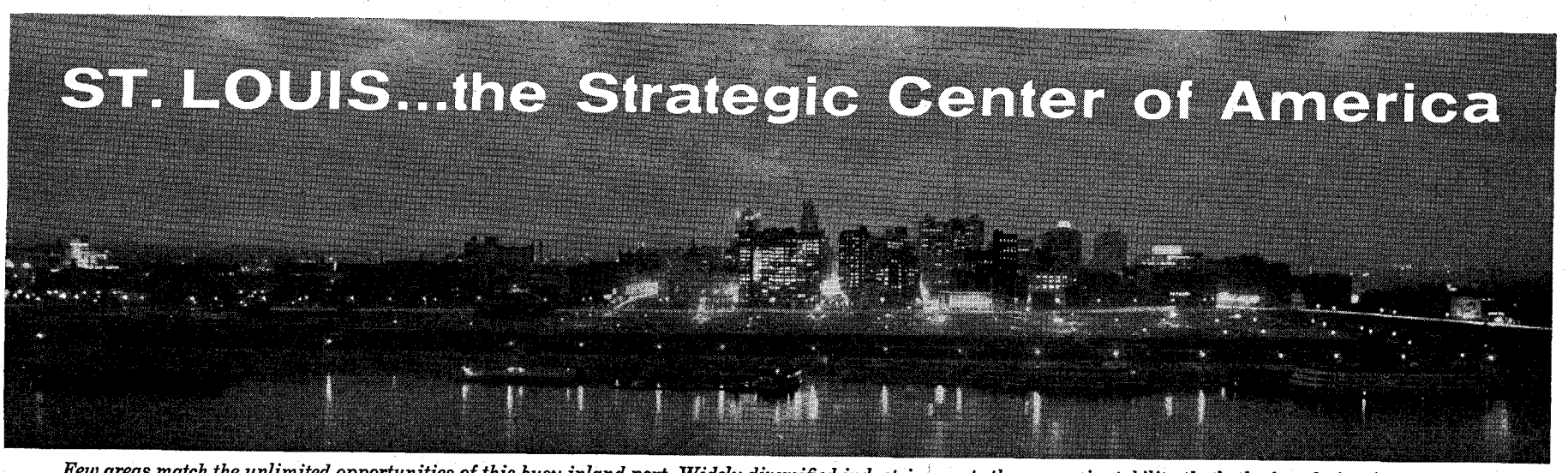
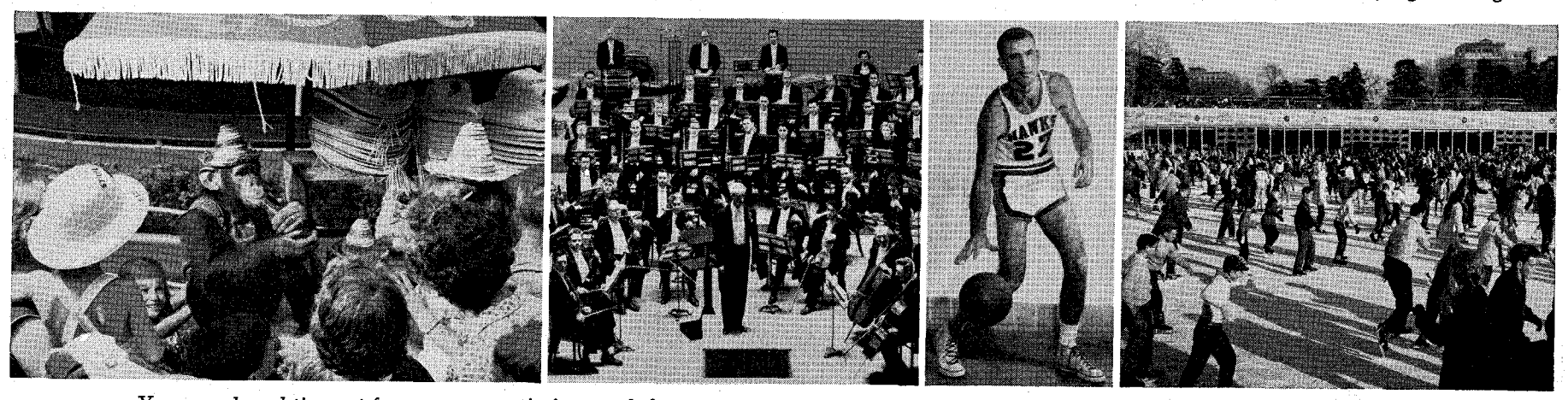
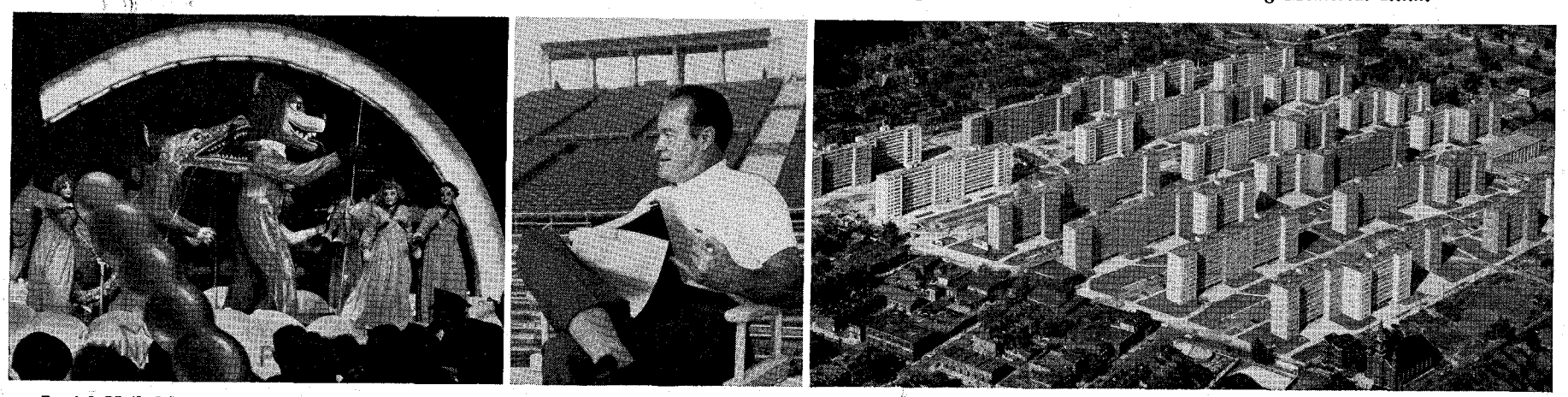
ST. LOUIS...the Strategic Center of America



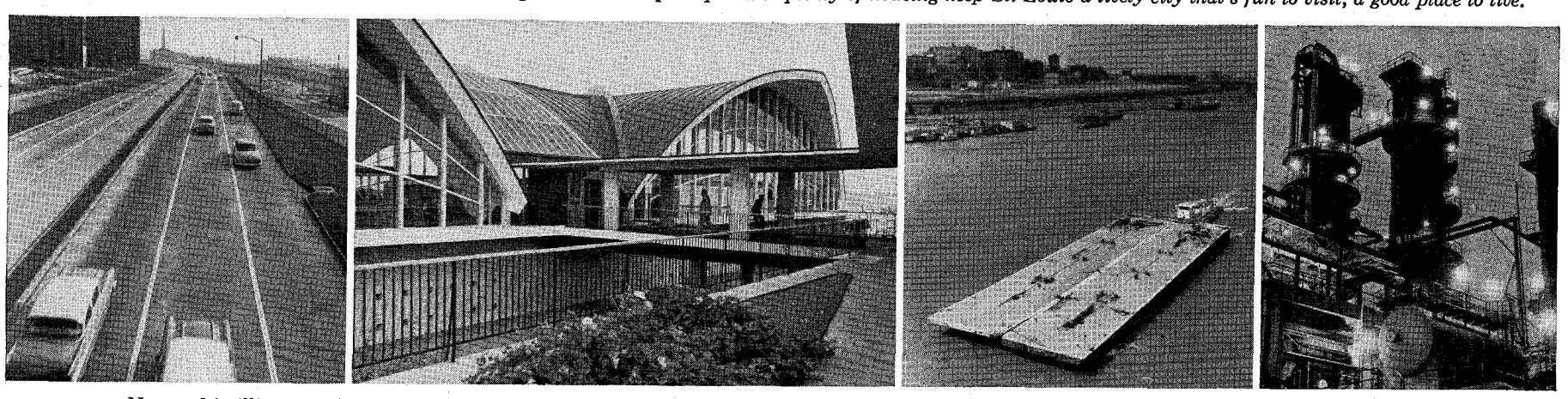
Few areas match the unlimited opportunities of this busy inland port. Widely diversified industries create the economic stability that's the foundation for good living.



Year-round good times at famous zoo...nation's second-oldest symphony...world champion Hawks... Forest Park's Steinberg Memorial Rink.



Lavish Veiled Prophet parade... Bob Hope rehearsing at the Municipal Opera... plenty of housing keep St. Louis a lively city that's fun to visit, a good place to live.



New multimillion-dollar highways... new air terminal typify progress in growing area... river traffic at all-time high...record-breaking industry.

Metropolitan St. Louis and the surrounding Union Electric service area offer excellent opportunities for your firm's expansion:

Transportation . . . Rail, truck, air, barge service from nation's geographic and population center.

Water . . . One of few choice industrial areas with unlimited water supply.

Labor . . . Skilled workers from widely diversified industry, new labor from surrounding agricultural area.

Power . . . 5-year, $290 million expansion will keep electrical output ahead of area growth.

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J. W. McAfee, President

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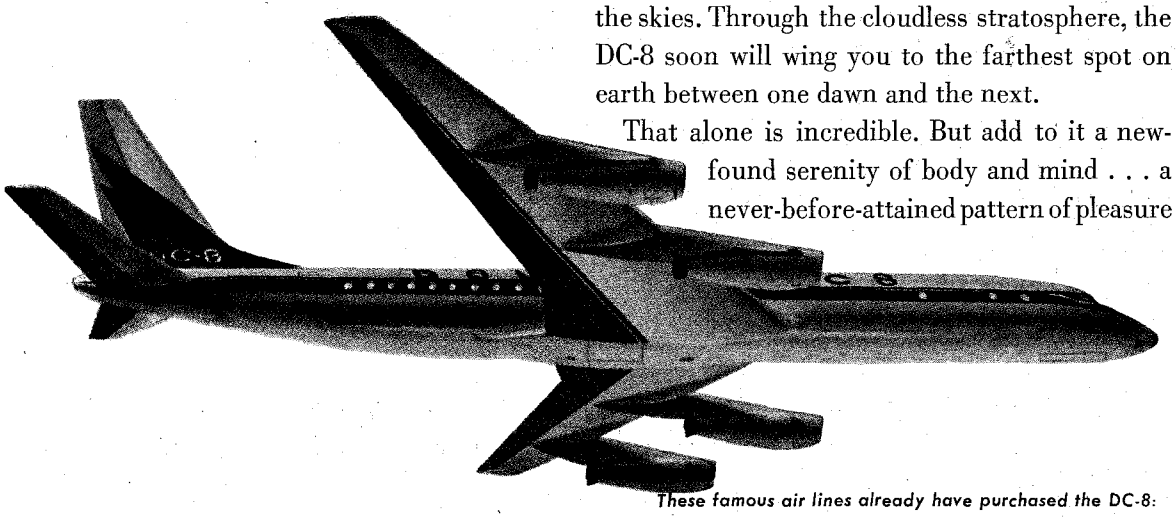
The Douglas DC-8 is in the air, cutting time and space in half

Now with the DC-8, Douglas shrinks the world <u>again</u> !



For 34 years, ever since Douglas planes were the first to gird the globe, it has been a Douglas tradition to make your world smaller.

Now, with the DC-8 Jetliner in the air, another triumph over time and space is written in the skies. Through the cloudless stratosphere, the DC-8 soon will wing you to the farthest spot on earth between one dawn and the next.

That alone is incredible. But add to it a newfound serenity of body and mind . . . a never-before-attained pattern of pleasure and luxury aloft . . . and you will know that the world's most modern jetliner, the Douglas DC-8, will set new standards in the realm of travel.

With these innovations come the accomplishments which have long been the hallmark of Douglas-built aircraft. The DC-8 brings you a family history of experience and dependability unmatched in the annals of flight. It is all this—and yet more—which makes passengers and pilots alike look up to Douglas—as you'll discover with your first flight in the fabulous . . .

DOUGLAS DC-8 JETLINER

Built by the most respected name in aviation

These famous air lines already have purchased the DC-8:

ALITALIA-Linee Aeree Italiane • DELTA AIR LINES • EASTERN AIR LINES • JAPAN AIR LINES • KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINES • NATIONAL AIRLINES • NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES • OLYMPIC AIRWAYS • PANAGRA • PANAIR DO BRASIL • PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS • SAS—SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM • SWISSAIR TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES • TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS • TRANSPORTS AERIENS INTERCONTINENTAUX • UNION AEROMARITIME DE TRANSPORT • UNITED AIR LINES

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Whether you are dashing across town or flying cross-country you can always feel sure of being well-dressed in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. They are distinctive and in perfect taste. They are made in a wide selection of fabrics ranging from the quiet tones so popular today to brighter fabrics, rich in color and design. Here is one of the new notes —muted stripes...shadowy, quiet and handsome.

Suit shown is faultlessly tailored in the famous slim, trim "Trend" model perfected by HS&M. See Hunt & Winterbotham British flannel, or HS&M's own American classic, the Eton Flannel suit. Muted stripes also in wide variety of worsteds.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE NAME THAT MEANS SO MUCH TO SO MANY WELL-DRESSED MEN

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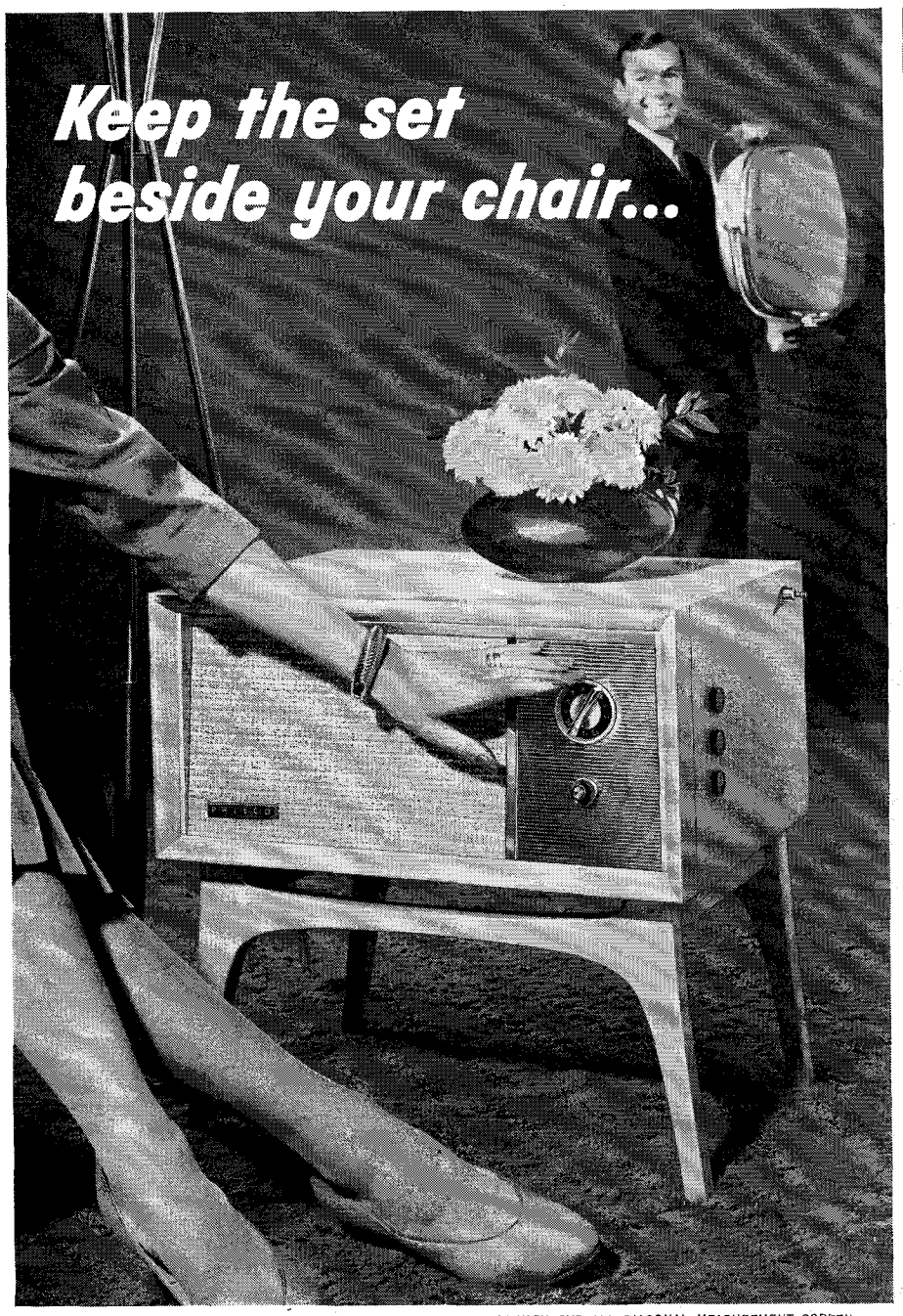
PHILCO CREATES WORLD'S FIRST SEPARATE SCREEN TV SET!



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21-INCH OVERALL DIAGONAL MEASUREMENT SCREEN

ANNOUNCING THE NEW PHILCO

Predicta Tandem

Philco builds chassis and sound system into a table . . . makes picture tube separate and portable!

Philco brings you another spectacular advance in the science of television! Now the picture tube is completely freed from the chassis . . . can be placed anywhere in the room . . . even carried to another room!

This revolutionary new Philco Predicta Tandem was made possible by Philco scientists who developed the new "S-F" (Semi-Flat) picture tube. Ordinary tubes would have been far too bulky and cumbersome. A flexible 25-ft. cord connects the powerful chassis with the big, bright picture tube.

The set itself, with *all its controls and the speaker system,* is built into an elegant modern end table. Philco's full, rich sound is right at your elbow, always conversation-clear. You can put the picture on a wall shelf, where a roomful of people can enjoy it, or place it up close to your chair for personal viewing.

This tomorrow-new television is at your Philco dealer's now. You can own Predicta Tandem in blond wood, as shown, for $339.95, and in mahogany finish for only **$329.95.**

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Move up to Schlitz!

Here the clean, cool smell of pine is all around you. It doesn't always cost a lot more to enjoy the best. Think of Schlitz—quality within reach of all. It's one of the finer things of life everybody can afford.

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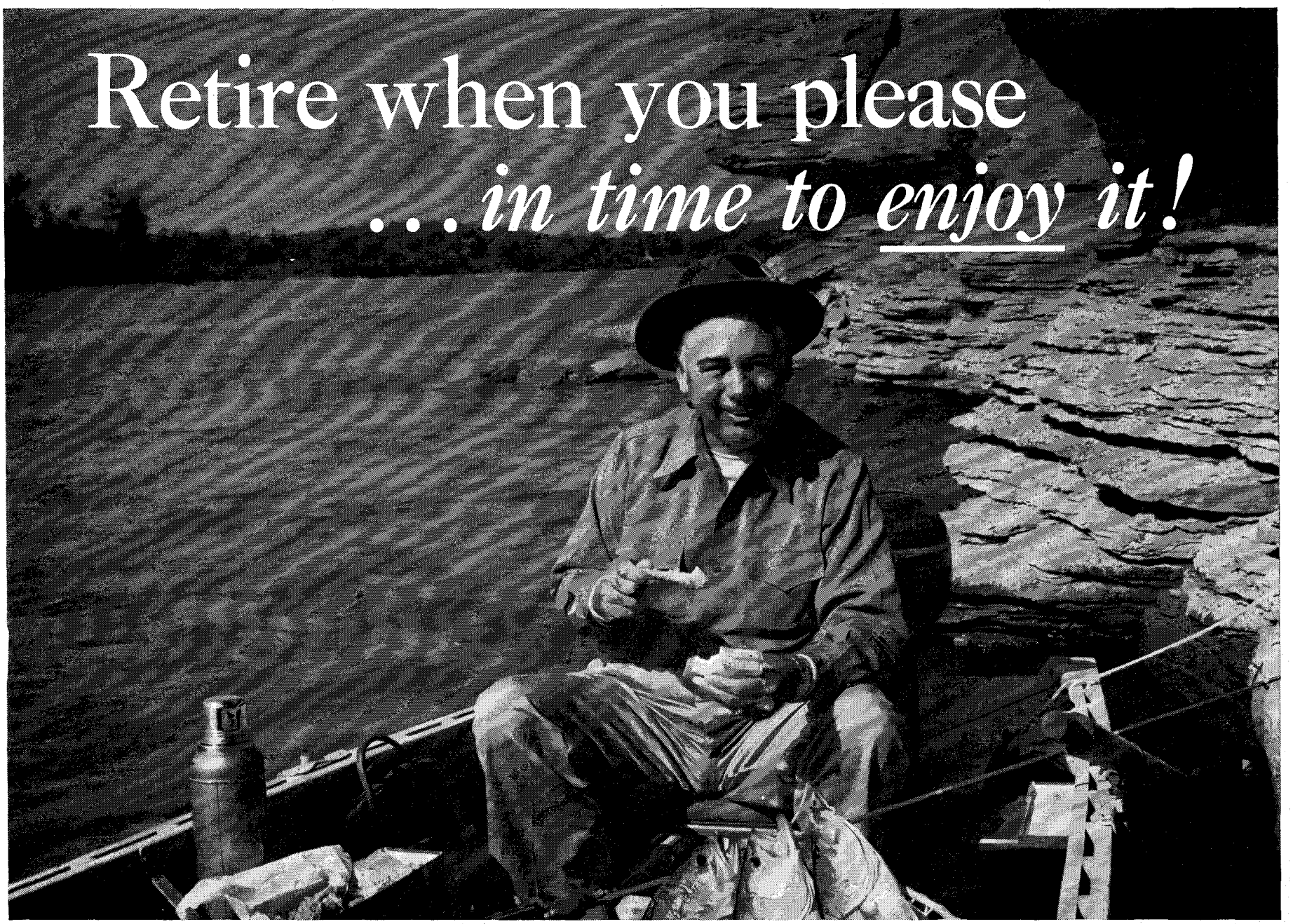

Photo courtesy Paul A. Moore, Tennessee Conservation Dept.

With LINCOLN NATIONAL'S flexible-age retirement plan you can retire at any age you choose, between 50 and 70

Tucson Sunshine Climate Club—Photo by Ray Manley

The sun shines bright in St. Petersburg—Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

With this plan, you can be in the driver's seat when it comes to retirement!

- **You can step off** the daily treadmill as early as age 50, if you wish, and start doing the things you've always wanted to do. Whether you prefer to travel, indulge your hobbies, or just take it easy at home—it's all yours to enjoy. That's because the retirement checks that make you independent will keep coming from Lincoln National for the rest of your life.

- **Or, if you prefer** to keep working, and collect larger benefits later, you can do it. You needn't decide now. You can wait and set the starting date when you choose. What's more, this flexibility may offer a substantial tax advantage.

- **This plan provides income** for life if you live to retire; insurance protection for your family if you don't. Cash values grow rapidly and your policy earns dividends.

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This is all I need to know about engines!

Pennzoil 10W-30 is all our stewardess needs to know for swift, sure "take-offs" in her car—no matter what the weather.

Touch the starter and your car engine purrs instantly to life—even at sub-zero temperatures! No drain on the battery, no drag on close-fitted parts. Pennzoil 10W-30 speeds through the engine to forestall cold-engine damage, silence chattering valves, start you off smoothly at full power.

For this is the *one* all-weather motor oil that is equally effective winter or summer. It contains permanently active Z-7, the unique ingredient that controls harmful deposits, keeps the engine so clean it actually improves your gas mileage. And Pennzoil 10W-30 is *oil-rich* with the lubricating value of pure, full-bodied Pennsylvania oils. Despite unseasonal temperatures or long, hot drives, Pennzoil's tough *oil* film stands up to the most intense engine heat and pressures.

When you change oil for winter, ask your favorite dealer to give your car engine the oil-rich protection of Pennzoil 10W-30. You'll like the way it solves cold weather's costly and annoying engine problems.

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100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Pennsylvania's "Miracle Molecule" at its best.

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AT DEALERS WHO **care** FOR YOUR CAR IN EVERY STATE, AND IN CANADA AT B/A DEALERS

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The "JP": Should He be Abolished?

Under the laws of many states defendants can be gouged and the innocent convicted by judges with no legal training. Many magistrates themselves think it's time to reform the system.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

Almost every American at some time or another finds himself in the court of a justice of the peace, perhaps for a minor violation of traffic regulations or perhaps for a more serious offense. But very few of the millions of persons who face a justice of the peace know that in some states their "judge" may be a man who ——

—never opened a lawbook in his life;

—receives no salary, but collects fees (sometimes more than $2000 a month) from persons he finds guilty;

—can legally hold "court" anywhere he pleases, perhaps in a hot-dog stand or even in an automobile parked beside a busy highway;

—receives as much as 33 per cent on debt-collection cases that he can settle out of court or, in debt cases coming before his court, agrees to waive his legal fee unless judgment is found against the defendant;

—has the power to impose fines up to $500, jail sentences up to one year, handle civil actions involving up to $1000 and—if he is unscrupulous—gouge defendants for court costs in a way that would shame a loan shark.

This represents, of course, only the worst side of the justice-of-the-peace business and is not to suggest that the nation's estimated 30,000 justices normally abuse their powers. The majority are honest, ethical and a credit to the judiciary. But the archaic laws of many states are such as to encourage racketeering in the justice courts, and where opportunity exists for making a quick—if unethical—buck, there are always certain numbers of opportunists at work.

Take, for example, the case of a housewife near Peoria, Illinois, who owed another woman $25.26 but was slow to pay. The creditor turned the bill over to a justice of the peace for collection. The housewife was then notified that she had been sued for $52.28 and that her husband's pay check had been garnisheed. Upon the advice of a friend, (Continued on Page 100)

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I CALL ON BRET MAVERICK

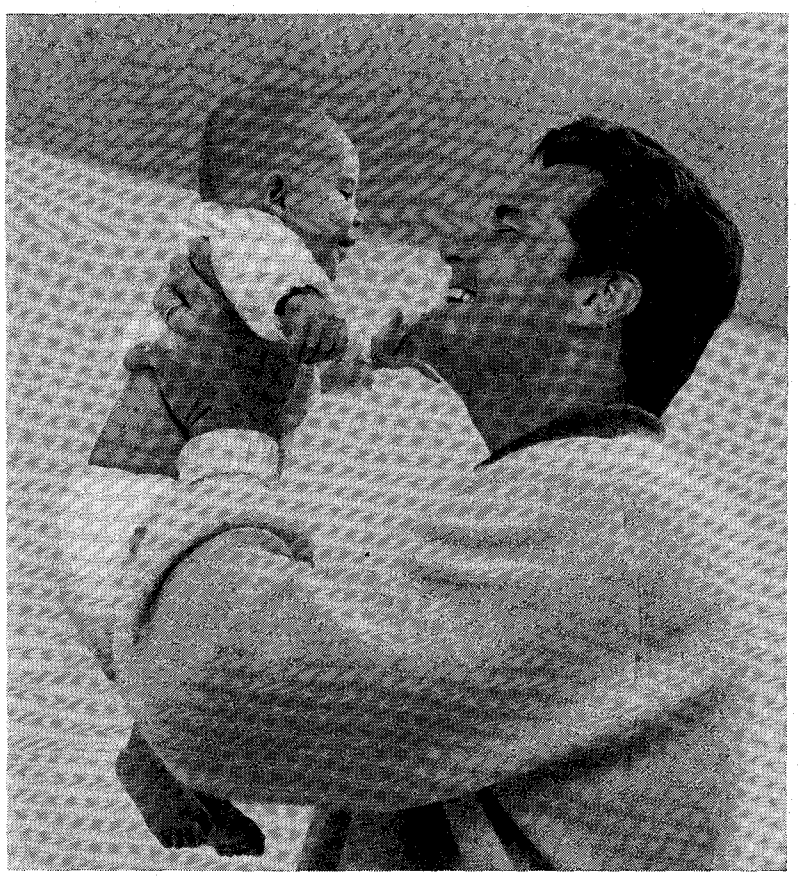
"A thing which lifts Maverick out of the oater class is that I'm more of a card player than a gunman."

BY PETE MARTIN

The star of TV's Maverick sets the record straight on his real life as Jim Garner, and tells why he didn't want to become an actor.

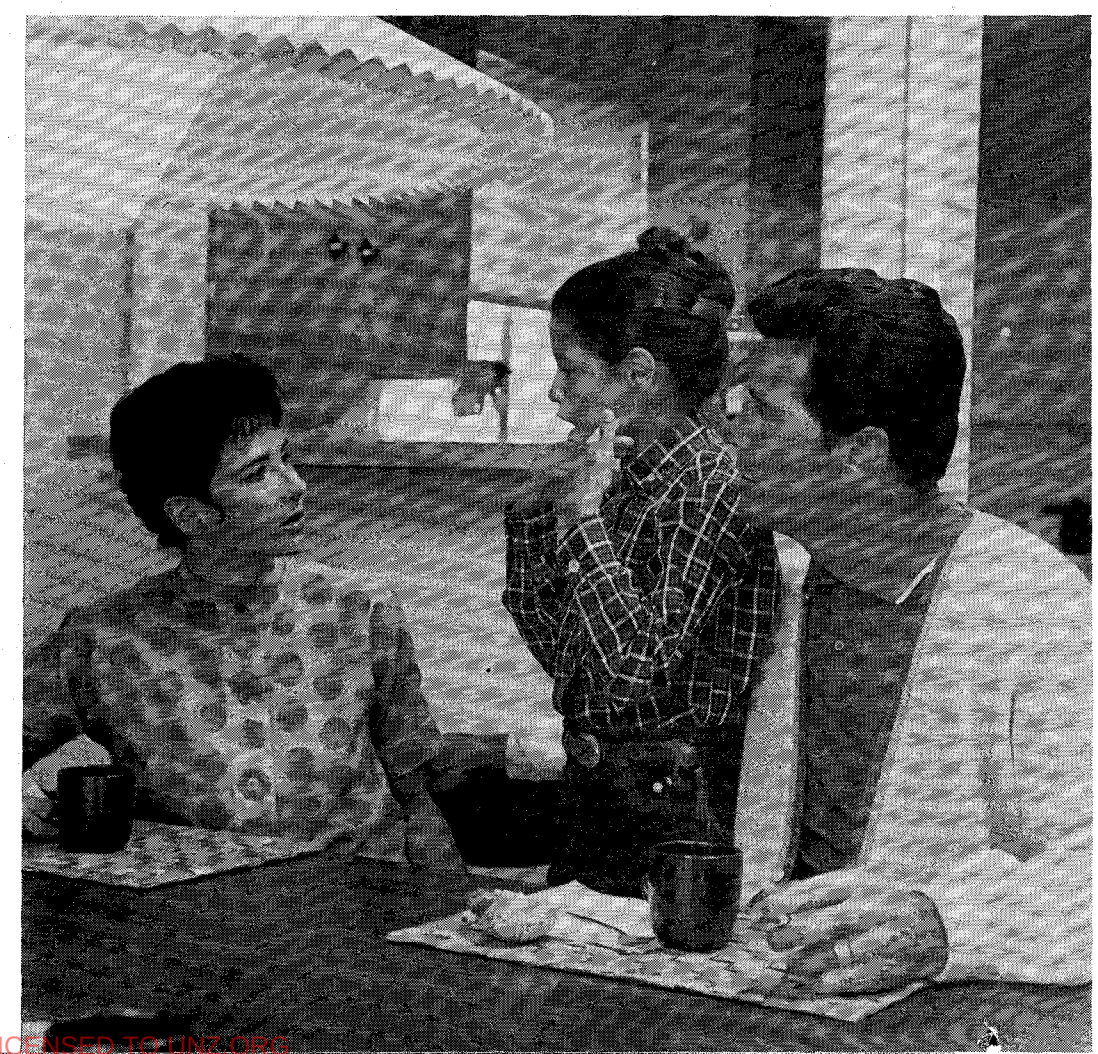
Ralph Edwards' voice dripped from my TV set like warm maple syrup over a stack of wheats. He was giving Jim Garner, who is known to millions as Bret Maverick, his patented This Is Your Life treatment:

To millions of fans you're a romantic figure, Jim. Yet the sights and sounds of your real life hold equal interest. Such sounds as the crack of your knuckles on an opponent's chin in a knockdown fight. The clean whine of bullets you liked—the ones that missed you—in Korea. The nighttime whisper of a pretty girl. She said, "Yes, I'll marry you." And there are surprise turns in your life. The time when the odd size of a man's shoe sends



"I'm still adjusting to the realization of quick success," says Garner. Above, he is with his five-month-old daughter, Greta.

Below: Jim, his wife Lois, and daughter Kim, 9, at the Garners' home in Studio City, California.



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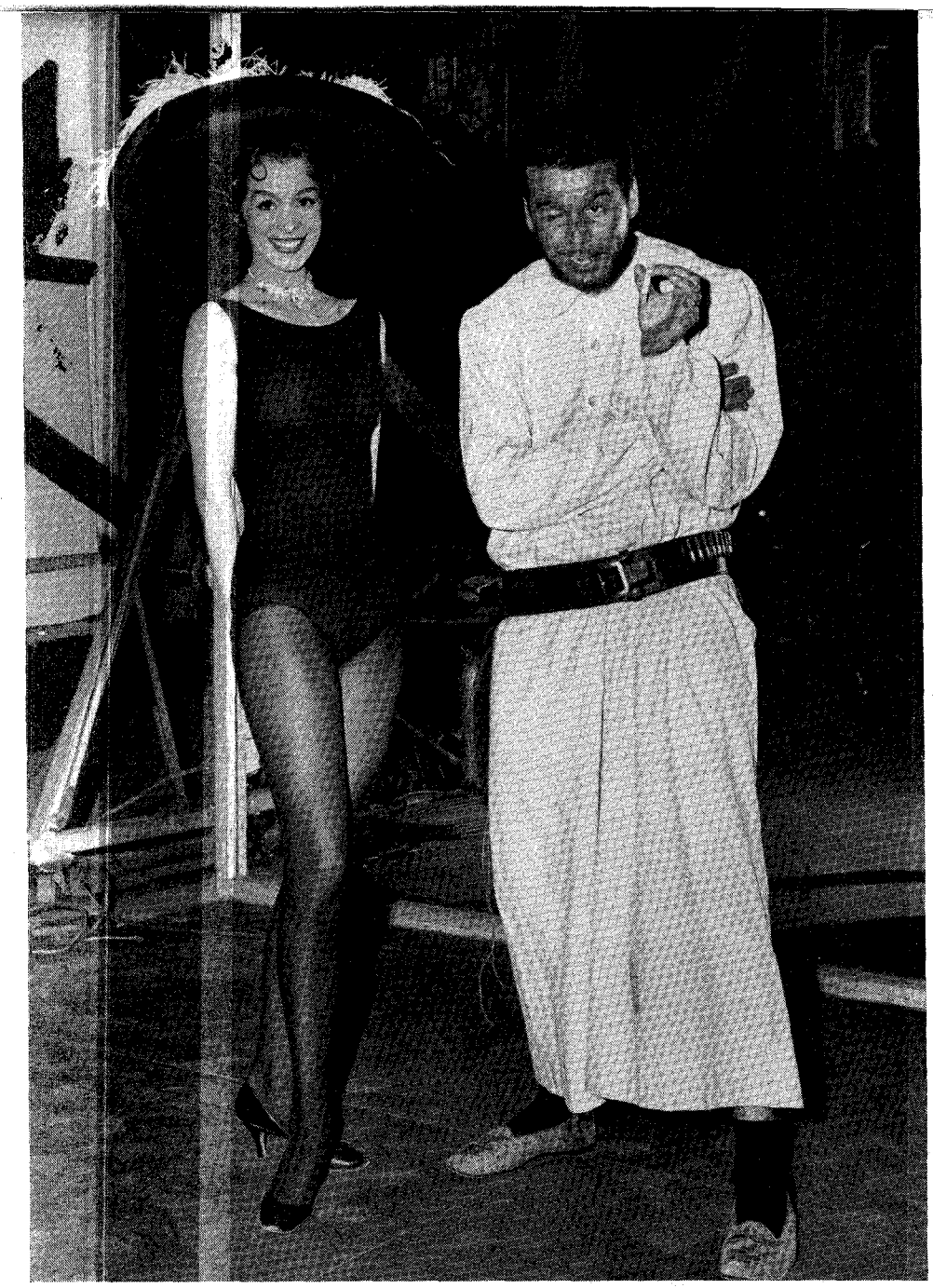

During a break in the filming of a forthcoming episode in the Maverick series, an impish Garner stirs up some fun on the neighboring set of Damn Yankees, with dancer Dottie Ertel.

Army veteran Garner (right) played an exuberant marine in the film Sayonara. Here he is on location in Japan with Marlon Brando.

you to a shell-scarred hill in Korea. When a chance sign on a building in Hollywood dares you to gamble with your future. But first, let's make your pretty wife jealous by bringing back two of your sweethearts from Norman, Oklahoma, your two grandmothers, Mrs. Abbie Meek and Mrs. Lula Bumgarner. Grandmas, Grandma Meek and Grandma Bumgarner, take little Jim over there, put him between ya. If he gets out of hand you know what to do. . . .

It was one way of telling Garner's story, but now that I was talking to Garner, I knew it was not his way of telling it. He will tell you profanely that he didn't like "any part of the clean whine of any obscene bullets, even those that missed me," and he puts it this way about "the odd size of a man's shoes" that sent him to a shell-scarred hill in Korea: "When I was drafted, I figured if they needed a crock like me, they must be in deep trouble. I was in this outfit in Fort Sheridan, Illinois. We were supposed to ship out a hundred guys. I wasn't on the list, but nobody could go overseas unless he had combat boots, and they couldn't find boots big enough to fit one guy, so they took him off the list and put me on."

Jim Garner—his real name is Bumgarner—is deep-voiced, barrel-bodied. His sense of humor is so normal it couldn't help making him queasy when Edwards intoned:

The unforgotten years come back as those you love hold your hand and you hold them. But there are times in boyhood, in spite of the love that surrounds you, you feel indeed like a maverick, the unbranded calf claimed by the first man who can brand him. Just when you were old enough to know how much a mother's arms can mean, your mother dies. Your dad, Bill Bumgarner, is left with you and two other sons—all just kids—when you're a little maverick of five. . . .

Garner's own conversation is remarkably un-Edwardslike. When I first met him, we fell to talking—I can't remember why—about Carry Nation, the saloon-smashing crusader from Kansas, and Garner described her as "the kind of dame who would have gone bear hunting with a switch."

"I like that one," I said.

"Don't worry," he told me, "I've got a million of them." He grinned. "I steal them from Tennessee Ernie Ford."

"I've interviewed Ernie," I said. "It doesn't sound like a Fordism to me. I've a hunch that crack came right out of your own back yard. If you've got any more, trot them out. I always hope each person I call on will be a compulsive talker."

He grinned once more. "If that's the way you work, you ought to have it made most of the time," he said. "However, although it may disappoint you, I'm not a great windbag. In fact, being interviewed always gives me a funny feeling."

Casting about for ways of relieving his funny feeling, I pointed to an unopened bottle on the coffee table. "How about it?" I said.

"You want it opened? Nothing to it. Used to do it with my fingers."

I asked, "What do you mean 'used to'?"

He told me, "Quit drinking years ago."

"Why?" I asked.

"Just did. Figured it's not good for an actor."

"Plenty of them do it," I said.

"I've seen too many of them ruined by the sauce, so I don't belt it around any more," he told me. "However, I don't miss it. Cigarettes are tougher, although right now I'm not smoking much. I've just had my tonsils out. I'm trying to save my voice. Speaking of voices, when I started acting four years ago, I had a heavy Oklahoma accent."

"How did you change it?" I asked.

"Lowered it," he said. "Where I come from, a good many people talk high through the nose, but I shifted mine to a lower key. I didn't put out a lot of money to keep a little ol' voice teacher livin' in the lap of luxury. But maybe not having a voice teacher was a mistake. I still don't speak properly. I don't use the raight air."

"The right what?" I asked.

"The raight air," he explained.

"What do you mean 'air'?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 91)

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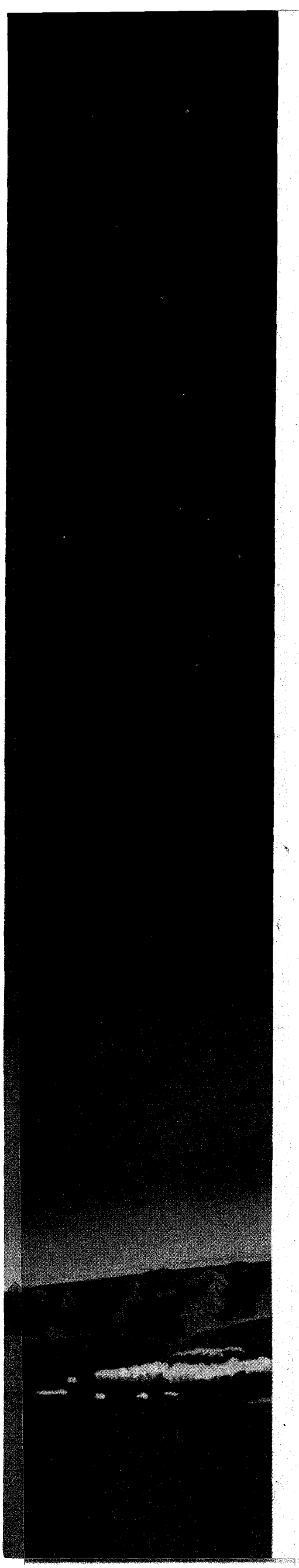


Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

Orbit Flight

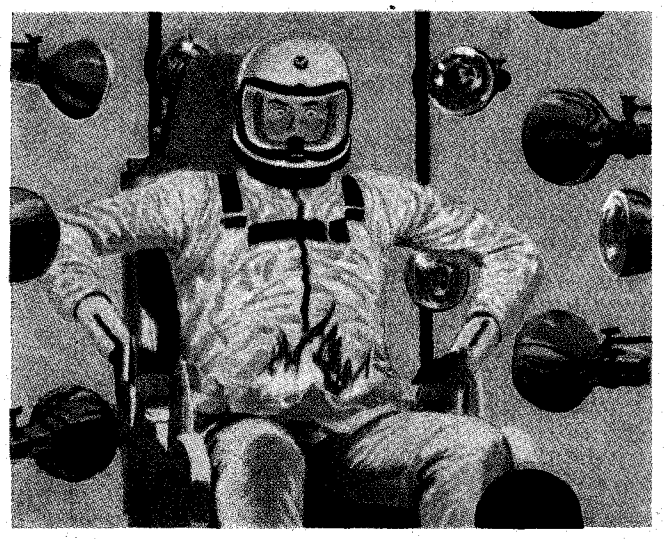
Part One

By FRANK HARVEY

Beginning an incredible story that may soon come true—our first rocket-plane venture into outer space.

They called it the Torture Chamber. It was a squat, concrete building set down in the midst of the sun-bleached wind-raddled buildings on old South Base at Edwards Flight Test Center, in California. Actually, old South Base had been officially abandoned for years. Australian pines blocked the sidewalks with their furry branches; sand drifted in the streets; and the officers' club, where Chuck Yeager, Bill Bridgeman, Pete Everest and Ivan Kincheloe had celebrated their historic triumphs over speed and altitude, was dark and coming apart in the weather. Everything really important had been moved across the 15,000-foot runway to the glittering new complex known as North Base.

Everything, that is, except the Torture Chamber and the hangar which concealed, under twenty-four-hour armed guard, the three North American X-15B rocket planes. They were stub-winged monsters which resembled very heavy, bulky fighters. The cockpit of each was like a steel pillbox with a narrow observation slit. Their tails were shaped like meat-cleaver wedges for slicing air at better than 10,000 miles an hour. Each copy had cost $80,000,000 and one of them, it was hoped, would circle the earth with a man in it after being fired by giant booster rockets.



Laning had given them 400° Fahrenheit, and demonstrated it by tossing a crumpled newspaper into their laps.

It was February. Six weeks ago, a quiet invitation had gone out to certain unusually well-qualified pilots, Air Force-wide, to come to Edwards to compete for the earth-orbit mission, which was code-named Great Circle. Only two men, of course, were needed: the first pilot and his backup. Fifty men had appeared. Now only five were left: Jones, Hix, Bartholemew, Collins and Diondi. The Torture Chamber and the "outdoor games," as the officers called the progressively more strenuous physical tests, had eliminated the rest.

Colonel Richard Laning, the project officer for Great Circle, now stood before them. He was a small man with brown curly hair who always seemed to be smiling. But they had learned, over the weeks, that this boyish-looking colonel could stand by and watch terrible things happen, without losing his bright squint. Those brown eyes missed very little.

"Now then, gentlemen," Laning said pleasantly, "this morning the tests get rough. We are down to five men and we don't want to prolong it. However, since there will really be personal danger, I'm giving any of you a chance to resign. You've got two minutes—from right

(Continued on Page 70)

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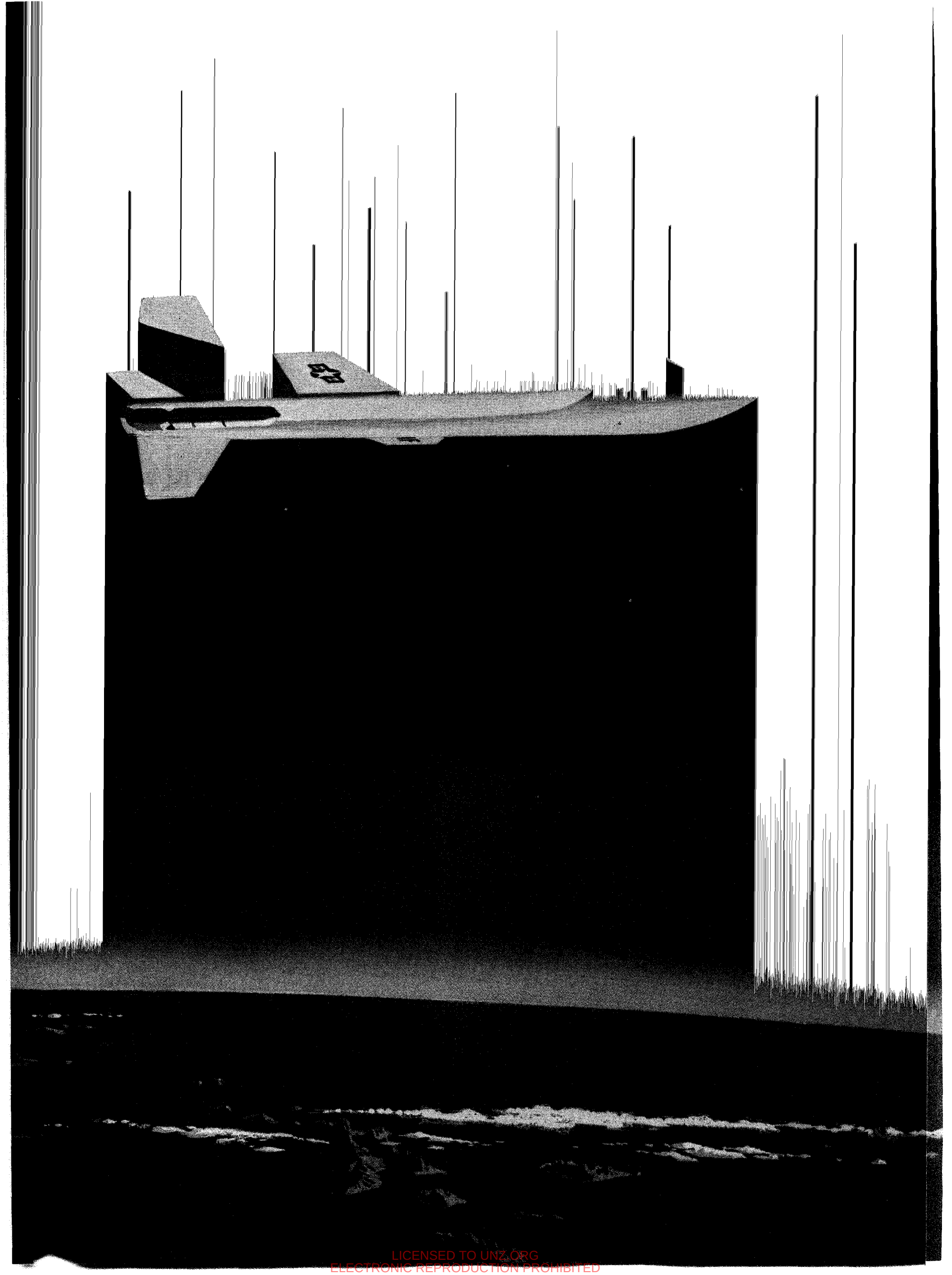

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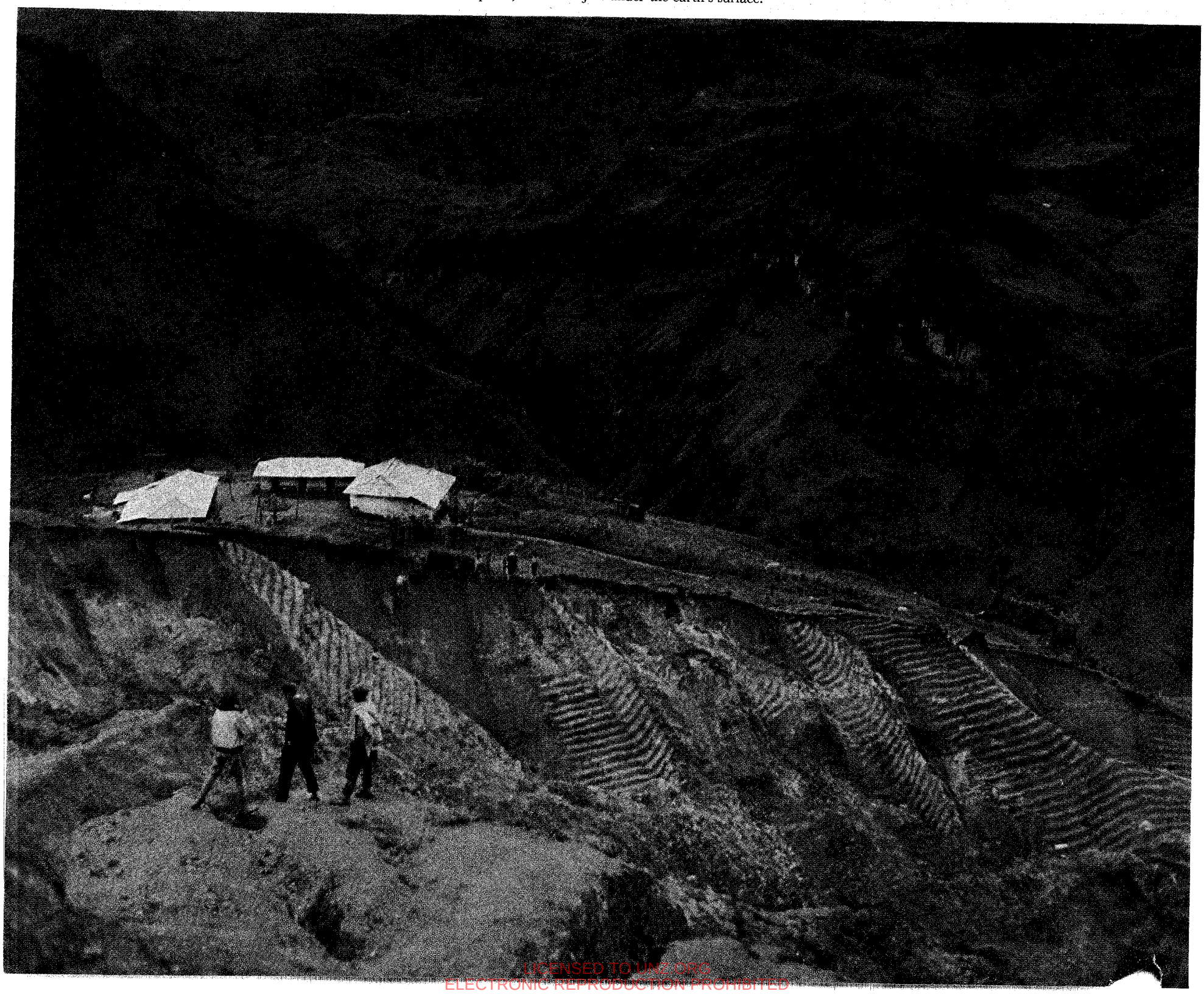
Those dazzling emeralds worn by women of fashion came from the remote mountains of Colombia, where murder and intrigue still haunt the endless quest for

The Green Treasure of the Andes

By BILL WOLF

Diamonds glitter, emeralds glow. The prized, deep-green *esmeraldas* are scarce on world markets, so prices are high nowadays.

The only two operating emerald mines in the world are in Colombia. Here is the Vega de San Juan at Gachala. The emeralds, imbedded in the whitish calcite deposits, are found just under the earth's surface.



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The crashing violence of the tropical thunderstorm aroused me sometime during the night. After listening to it for a while, from the Spartan comfort of a cot with boards for springs and a thin pad for a mattress, I went out on the porch of the barrackslike building to watch the show.

Strokes of lightning illuminated the remote valley in the Andes of Colombia. The rain ran off the porch roof in sheets. Through breaks in its fluid solidity, I could see electric lights glowing around a cluster of buildings and spreading beyond, over the hillsides. The lights seemed out of place in this part of South America, accessible only by foot or muleback; but they were needed to help guard an ancient treasure.

One of the electric lamps was some forty feet below me, casting a patch of light on a path that had been turned into a brook by the downpour. A soldier, his helmeted head bowed under the hammering of the rain, moved slowly through the illuminated circle and disappeared into the darkness beyond. He carried a submachine gun under his raincoat. Making his rounds, he would pass the same place many times during the night; he was a part of the military guard that protects one of Colombia's most valuable possessions, the emerald mines at Muzo.

The mining boss is Eduardo Machado-Sanin, a retired army captain. "We are not so much worried about *bandidos* and guerrillas because they are afraid of the soldier guard," he told me. "But we have trouble with buyers who hide in the woods by day and slip in at night to purchase the *esmeraldas* from workers who have concealed valuable stones instead of turning them over to the collector. Most of the workmen are honest, but some get what we call the green fever, and steal. That's why we have soldiers on constant twenty-four-hour patrol."

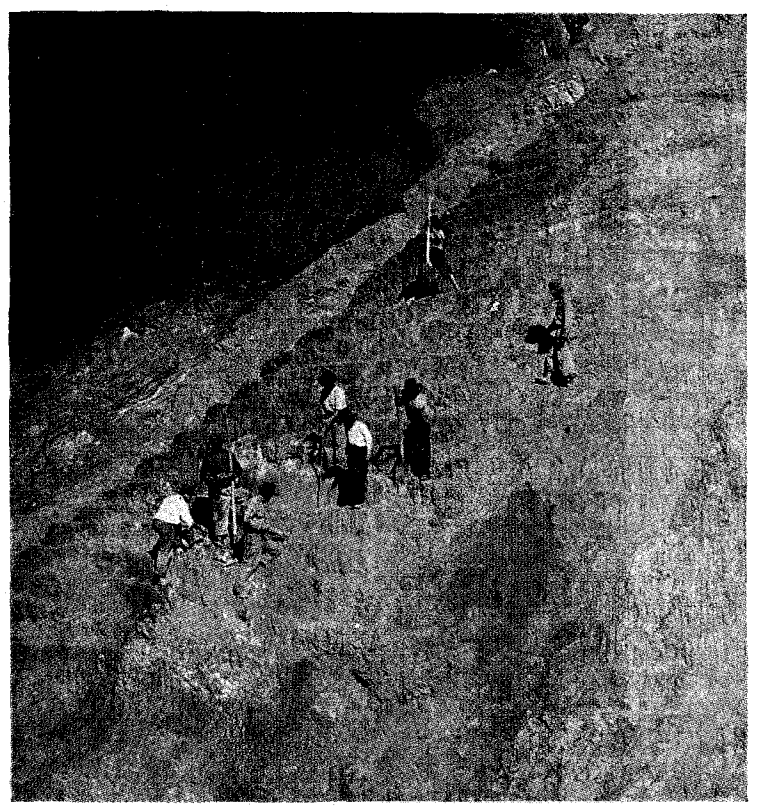
I asked him who guards the guards. He smiled and shrugged. (Continued on Page 80)

Photographs by Dimitri Wolkonsky

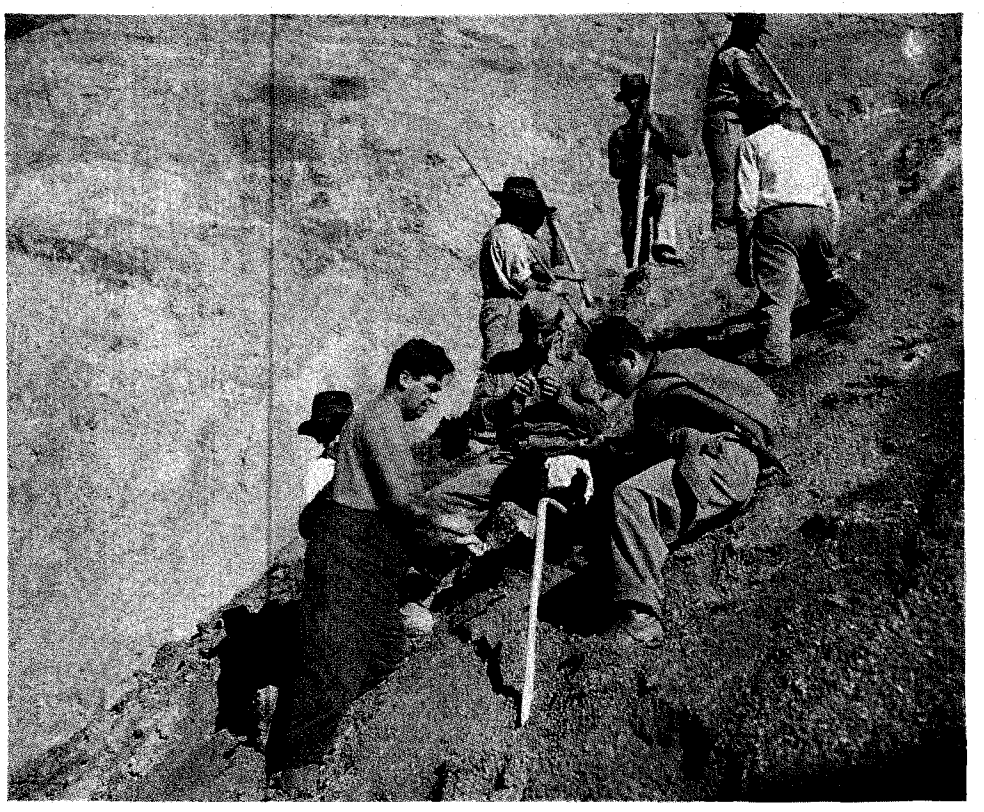
Agapito Guzman (left), an emerald dealer in Bogotá, tries to sell an American, Russ Anderson (center), some uncut stones. An experienced buyer can find a bargain, but an amateur may lose his shirt—or his life.

Right: Soldiers with submachine guns keep a 24-hour watch over the government-owned Muzo mine. Still, some workers get "green fever" and manage to steal emeralds to sell to buyers hiding in the surrounding hills.

Below: The emerald mines, deep in the wild interior of the rugged Andes Mountains, are reached by mule train.



Emerald-rich calcite is mined starting on the topmost level of this terraced bank. There is little waste, for as the debris falls to lower levels, it is reworked.



A government inspector examines an emerald found by a workman. Even if the stone is worth a fortune, the finder won't get a bonus. But here, at Gachala, he is paid on a profit-sharing basis.

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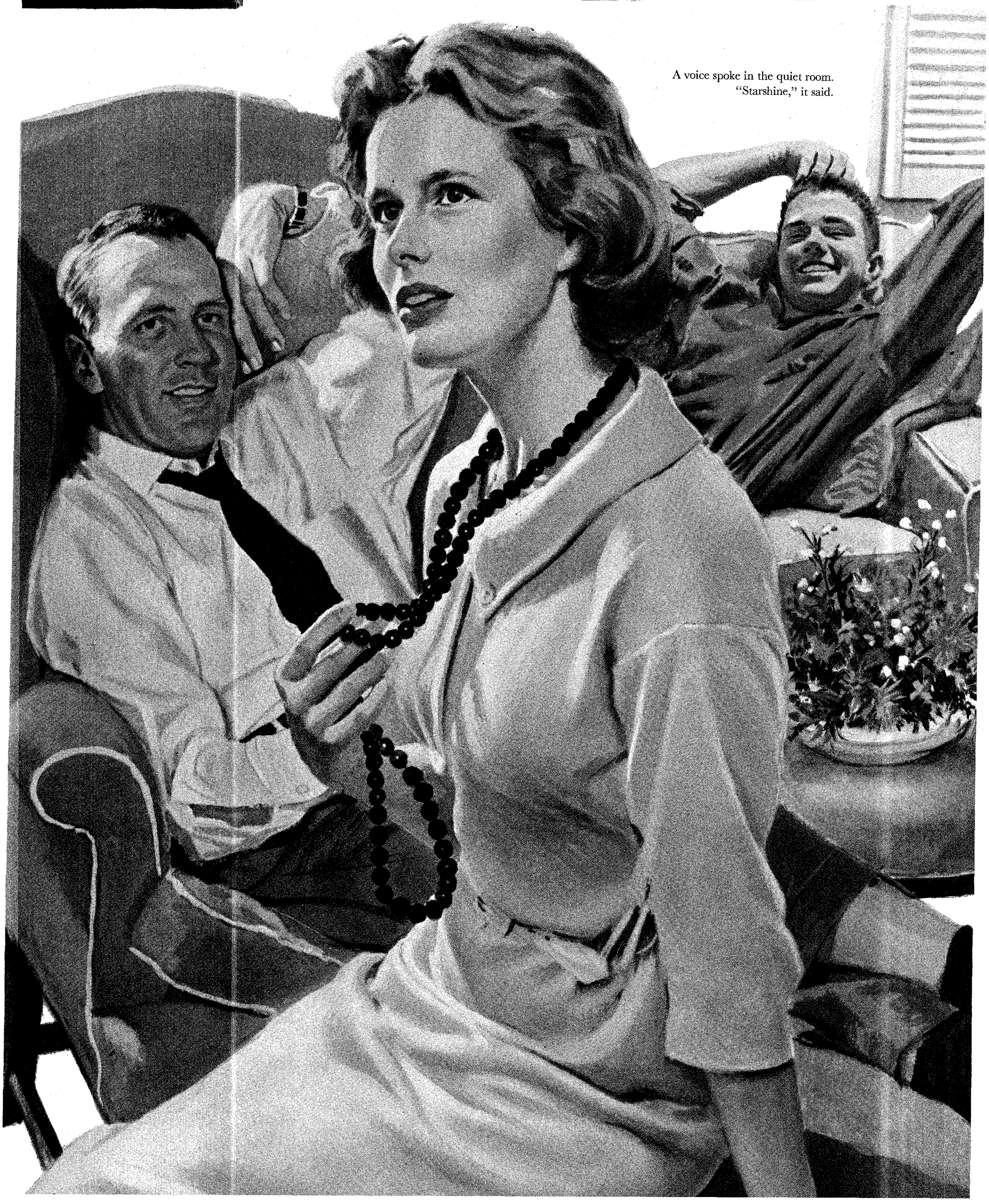
A voice spoke in the quiet room.
"Starshine," it said.



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THE CONFORMERS

By CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

Father, mother and son—
each thought the other could not understand.
And then one of them spoke a new,
beautiful word . . .

The breakfast room was on the east, for the sake of the sun. The sun shone in. Bob Smite, husband and father, stabbed the yellow fluff of his scrambled eggs from the pale green plate. In his left hand, he held a section of the morning paper, folded to reveal to him a quarter of the editorial page.

Larry Smite, sixteen-year-old son, had his chin tucked in to permit him to pore down upon the sporting section. He had spilled a little cocoa on it.

Dorothy Smite, wife and mother, crunched toast in her good white teeth, and looked out the window, crinkling her eyes against the double light—the sun, and the bounce of the sunlight from the shining machinery: the pop-up toaster, the percolator, the electric frying pan. On the fourth side of the table, cords snaked into the wall.

"Not going to be late tonight, are you?" she asked in the voice she used to her husband, not the voice she used to her son.

"Six-fifteen, as usual," Bob answered. "Far as I know. Why?"

"I was thinking of a rib roast. But I guess I'll just take a steak out of the freezer."

"Nothing the matter with steak," he said.

"Hey, mom, could I use the car after school?" the boy asked.

"Why?" asked she, and did not wait for the answer. "The thing is I've got some shopping and then I am supposed to have my hair done. But if it's important ——"

"No, that's O.K. I can get a ride," her son said promptly.

"Ride where?"

"Game."

"Who's playing?" the father asked, looking up with his sense of duty showing.

"Jefferson."

"Going to beat them?"

The boy shrugged.

"Well, good luck," the father said, and looked at his watch. He went up to clean his teeth. When he got down, the boy had gone. He kissed Dorothy on her temple. "By the way, can you take my gray suit to the cleaners? Tell them, on special?"

"O.K.," she said.

Such was breakfast time, at the Smites', an autumn morning.

Bob Smite, husband and father, householder, jobholder, proceeded in an easy gait, past two blocks' worth of smart little houses like his own, each just as fresh and neat on its small plot. Leaves were falling from certain slender trees. The neighborhood was too new for trees of size. The neighborhood was proudly kept up. Leaves did not linger long upon these little green rugs of barbered grass.

The bus line was certainly convenient. Nevertheless, he would soon have to have a second car. Bob's attention flickered, unfocused, through layers of consciousness—weather; money; a slight pinch of his right shoe; and, deep and far, a point in his mind from which he observed the commonplace luxury of his home, and, with a little blend of scorn and sorrow, assessed the table talk, considered his wife and her hairdo, his son and the football game, and himself moving in his groove.

When he came to the corner, he was suddenly focused and alert. Yes, there was time. If the first bus was not the one, he could wait for another and maybe —— He exchanged a placid "Good morning" with a passenger he had seen before, but he took care not to involve himself in conversation. The first bus was not the one. Bob Smite, risking some questioning looks, let it go. (Continued on Page 106)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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Pearl Harbor: The Nautilus, its mission still a secret, about to embark on the second attempt to find an underwater passage across the top of the world.

We Made History in the Nautilus

The skipper of the A-sub reveals how he finally found the elusive passage, en route to the North Pole. This is what it was like beneath the icecap at the top of the earth.

The author at his White House press conference August 8. Soon after, he rejoined the Nautilus in England.

By Cmdr. William R. Anderson, U.S.N.
with Clay Blair, Jr.

Conclusion

In June, our first attempt to penetrate the ice-choked Bering Strait and Chukchi Sea on our mission to transit the Pole under the ice pack from Pacific to Atlantic had ended in failure. We retreated to Pearl Harbor and laid over to await more favorable ice conditions. In early July my navigator, Shep Jenks, posing as a Pentagon officer, flew to Alaska for a thorough aerial reconnaissance. Conditions were not ideal, but they were far improved. They indicated that, once again, we should try the western—or Siberian—"door." A few days later, Chief of Naval Operations Adm. Arleigh Burke gave us the green light. Pretending for the second time that we were embarking on a submerged endurance trip to Panama, we got under way from Pearl.

Nautilus slipped silently through the calm waters of Pearl Harbor. Darkness had fallen. The deck gang quickly painted over the side numbers. The large party of submariners who had assembled on the dock to bid us *aloha* had

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returned to their homes. Adm. Joe Grenfell, Commander Submarine Force, Pacific Fleet, who was among them, had given us an encouraging farewell message. Our queen of the seas was under way for her third polar voyage.

When we cleared the entrance channel I called for full speed. As the ship surged forward I noted that the electric excitement of our Seattle departure had been replaced by solid, calm, matter-of-fact determination. Now, wiser, more experienced, and better in tune with the frozen elements ahead, we would, God willing, succeed.

Three minutes past midnight on Wednesday, July twenty-third, we nosed into the deep water south of Oahu and leveled off at cruising depth. Making over twenty knots, we soon rounded Oahu through the Kauai Channel and again set course for Yunaska Pass in the Aleutian chain. This was to be a fast submerged transit. We would pause only on occasional intervals to receive high-priority radio traffic. The automatic pilot kept us on course as we plunged northward—straight as an arrow.

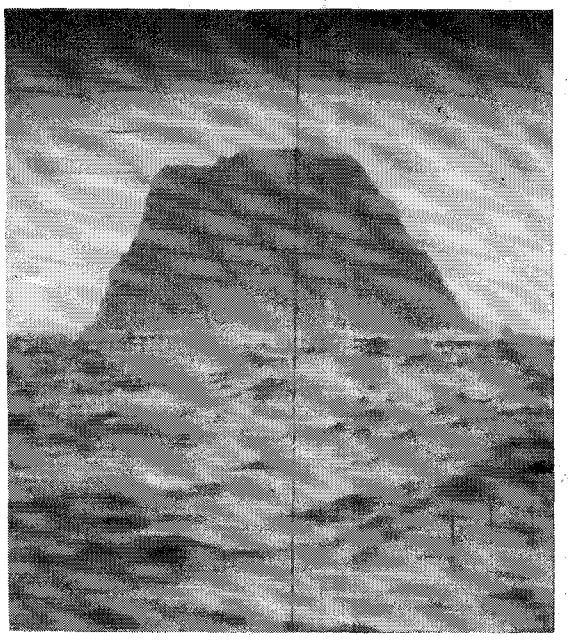
In the early morning, Nautilus logged her 40,000th league (120,000th mile) on nuclear power. This historic milestone slipped by unobserved, for all hands were concentrating on the larger objective which lay ahead.

Tom Curtis and George Bristow, of North American Aviation, were busy with Nautilus technicians Robert Rockefeller and Barry Lerich "peaking up" the inertial navigation system. Dr. Waldo Lyon and his new partner, Mr. Archie Walker, checked the ice-detection equipment. Throughout the ship our men did the other thousand and one things necessary to insure, as far as humanly possible, that no equipment failure would delay or endanger us.

Life aboard Nautilus settled into a familiar pattern. The first edition of our daily newspaper was published. It is a unique paper, since it bears a different name every day. That day it was The Panama-Arctic-Pearl Shuttle Boat News. In the columns of this paper no one is spared friendly, gossipy ribbing. The acey-deucy and cribbage tournaments were in full swing, and the juke box played constantly. The records had all been changed, and most of them recalled our idyllic stopover in Hawaii. The movies were particularly good. Our friends in Pearl Harbor had chosen them with care.

At 2300 we slowed for the only time during the day—to copy radio. One message was designated for Nautilus. It was of great importance to Engineman 1/C Harry Hedin. It announced that he was a father for the third time—an eight-pound baby girl named Clara. Mrs. Hedin and Clara were "fine." Hedin received congratulations all around. I wondered what Clara would think when she was old enough to understand where her dad was when she was born.

Our submerged run from Pearl Harbor to the Aleutian Island chain was completed late on the evening of July twenty-sixth. Cautiously we rose to periscope depth and trained our radar on Yunaska Island. Although we were still twenty miles from land, we established our precise position with a momentary exposure of our masts. Then we went deep to run directly through the channel between Yunaska and Herbert islands. Midway through, we took another positive check with the periscope radar.



Periscope view of Fairway Rock, Bering Sea. To avoid detection, the A-sub ran submerged most of the time.

It was foggy and overcast on the surface. Occasionally the conning officer, peering through the cross hair of No. 1 periscope, was able to make out Yunaska Island through the rifts in the fog. But the bearings were rough. Soon we left the bleak, dreary world above and cruised at high speed, taking advantage of the remaining deep water. Shortly we arrived once again in the Bering Sea.

As seen through the periscope, the sea water was considerably different from that of the mid-Pacific. It gradually shifted from the clear, warm blue of the tropics to a cold, hazy green. No longer did crisp, clean whitecaps ride on beautiful deep blue swells. The caps were transformed to whitish-gray and they tumbled at the crest of steep, threatening, somber seas which marched in procession before the wind. Fat orange-billed puffins waited until our periscope was nearly on them, then fruitlessly attempted to take off.

Shortly after midday we were, once again, due west of our seal preserve, the Pribilof Islands. We changed course to the north to skirt St. Matthew Island. In midafternoon we crossed the 100-fathom curve, and our honeymoon ended. I decreased speed to eighteen knots and rose to 150 feet. It is astounding, still, to reflect that though other ships could have come as far, and as fast, most by then would have been very short of fuel. We still had over 5000 miles before we reached our next port, and we would cruise many more thousands before our nuclear fuel would be replenished.

That evening our committee for our delayed North Pole celebration met behind locked doors. I had no idea what they were cooking up, but I was sure it would be appropriate and original. There was avid interest, too, in the contests for designing the flag in honor of our voyage and for the best honorary designation for submerged North Pole "visitors." We needed something that equaled—or surpassed—the orders of Bluenoses and Shellbacks. The fact that the prizes were seventy-two-hour liberties in Europe may help to explain some of the interest.

When we entered the cold Siberian currents the sea-water temperatures dropped rapidly. Not long afterward (Continued on Page 96)

In England, where the Nautilus received an "overwhelming welcome," a crewman obliges an admirer.

For sailors used to undersea smoothness, Weymouth's swings provided an almost forgotten sensation.

Their nuclear sub was barred from major British ports, but the crew made friends in little Portland.

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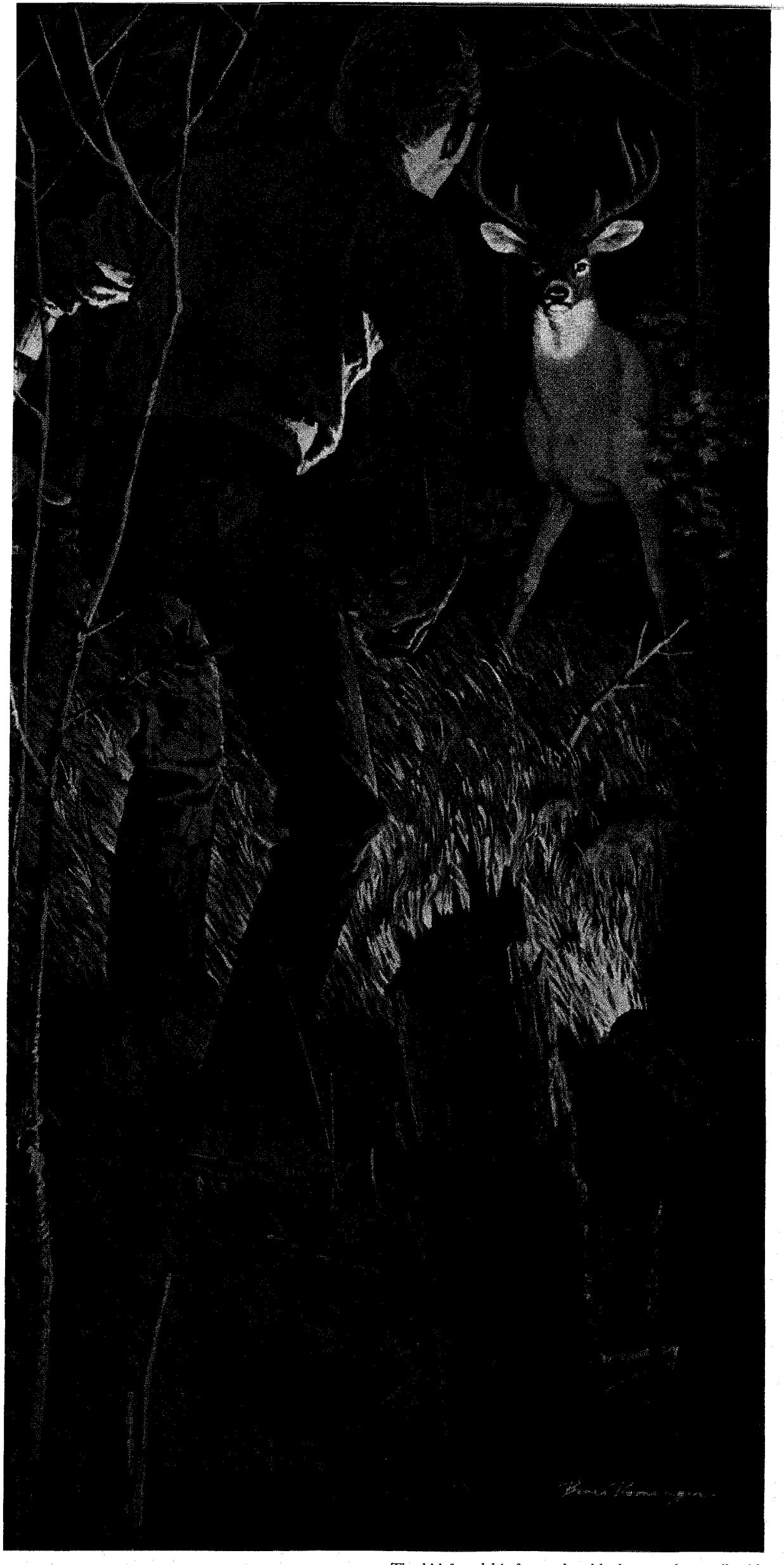

The kid found his feet and suddenly started to walk with a crazy barehanded lurch toward that buck. . . .

THE TEST

By DION HENDERSON

How does a boy become a man? Often in an ordeal of fear and sorrow.

We had the clearing between us, the open space between the green tents of the cedars marked with the bright patches of the wintergreen vines that didn't pay any attention to the frost, and we could hear the deer running before we saw her. She bounced out of the brush into the clearing—too far into the clearing, and she knew it, stopping with all four feet under her and the big white-lined ears coming up in alarm.

She was real pretty that way for just a second, which is all it took the sheriff to open his big flapping red mouth on the other side of the clearing and bawl: "It's a doe."

The doe's ears went down and her tail went up and she went across the clearing and down the ridge. If there was a buck pussyfooting around behind her to let her run the risk of finding out if the coast was clear, he found out all right.

I moved out of the cedars, trying not to look any more ornery than necessary, and I'm here to tell you I had a lot of practice. A game warden has to learn to put up with a lot of things, but putting up with a big noisy sheriff as a hunting partner over fifteen or twenty years makes a good many of the other things seem right trivial.

The sheriff came out from behind his tree.

"That," he said proudly, "was a doe all right."

"I'm glad you said something," I told him. "There wasn't hardly time for me to get out my field guide to North American mammals and make sure it wasn't no rhinoceros."

"I was just being on the safe side," the sheriff said. "I recollect the time you saw that there big rack of elk antlers in the brush and shot the top out of a forty-dollar walnut tree."

Now that was a durn lie and he knew it; in the first place, it was a pecan tree and, in the second place, he was the one who shot it. We stood there jawing around and suddenly there was a gunshot down the ridge. We kept on standing there, not jawing any more, and the fun went out of the afternoon just as quick as that.

"Sounds like work for you, warden," the sheriff said.

(Continued on Page 52)

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Author Paxton (left) with Wilkinson. Bud says, "The fact that the N.C.A.A. put Oklahoma on probation was a great thing for our school. When that happens to you, you're more careful."

IS COLLEGE FOOTBALL IN TROUBLE?

This extended interview with a leading college-football coach deals not only with what's happening on the field today but also with what's going on behind the scenes. Along with explaining the new playing tactics, Bud Wilkinson gives his answers to the perennial charges that colleges are going overboard in recruiting boys who can make the plays work. Many critics of football are crying "overemphasis" more loudly than ever these days, now that the American educational system stands accused in some quarters of falling behind Soviet Russia's in classroom standards.

As readers will find in this article, Bud Wilkinson maintains that big-time college football is in essentially good shape. In next week's Post a sharply contrasting viewpoint will be expressed by one of Wilkinson's Big Eight colleagues—Don Faurot, long-time athletic director and former football coach at the University of Missouri. It was under Faurot in the Navy during World War II that Wilkinson first was introduced to the split-T offensive system he has done so much to popularize.

THE EDITORS

A Visit With Bud Wilkinson

College football's most successful coach explains his mighty Oklahoma team's tactics and tells what he thinks about subsidizing and recruiting.

By HARRY T. PAXTON

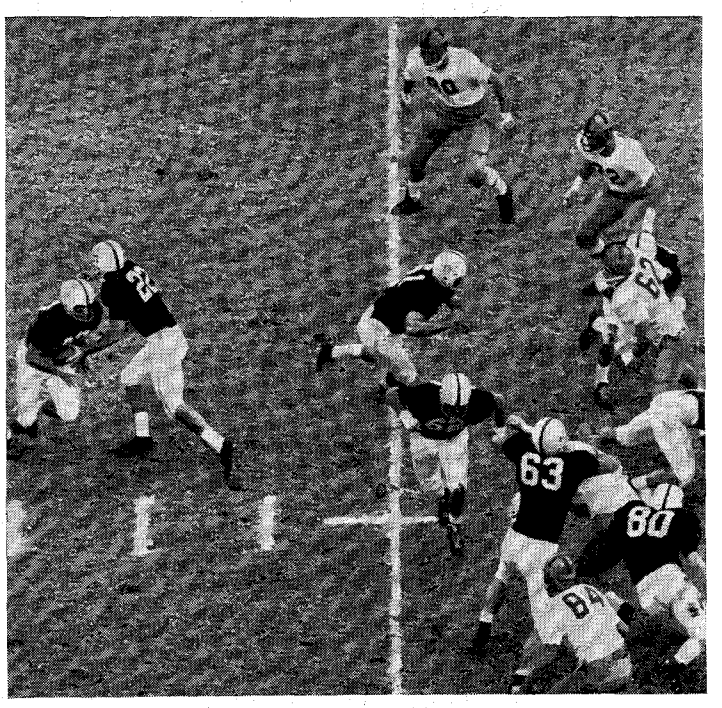
If you want to keep abreast of the latest styles in college football, an ideal fellow to listen to is smiling Bud Wilkinson, coach of the potent Oklahoma Sooners. Spread formations, jitterbugging defenses, race-horse football—Bud can explain all the recent trends in very simple terms and make it clear why they came into vogue.

If you want to hear an articulate defense of big-time college football, with its recruiting and subsidizing of athletes, Wilkinson again is your man. Prematurely gray, but still handsome at forty-two, he is one of the game's most attractive spokesmen. He answers controversial questions calmly and thoughtfully, without bristling or taking the attitude that football success is an end in itself.

In fact, Wilkinson says that the fans attach too much importance to the winning of football games. He also says that he wishes the national ratings of college teams could be abolished. Since he has been the winningest coach in the business over the past eleven years (104–9–3), and his Oklahoma teams have fared better than any others in the rating polls, these are rather surprising statements.

However, Bud Wilkinson is a rather surprising individual. He's a big success in a high-pressure field, and yet he just isn't a high-pressure type. While tape-recording interviews for this article, I spent the better part of two days around him, and I never saw him crack the whip at anybody. At coaching-staff meetings he presided like the moderator of a congenial discussion group. On the practice field he corrected boys' mistakes in the manner of a man simply offering friendly advice and encouragement.

This was my first lengthy visit with Bud Wilkinson since 1952, when he and I collaborated on a Post article called How to Watch Football. There have been some eye-catching changes in playing tactics since then, and Oklahoma provides a conspicuous example. For years the Sooners ran practically every play from the same basic split-T pattern. Now they've branched into spread formations and other variations, such as the highly unorthodox "swinging gate," in which the center is stationed at the end of the line instead of in the middle. (Continued on Page 85)



The mighty Sooner offense, shown getting under way, finally met its match against Notre Dame last year.

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The Ugly American **PART TWO**

Is Everybody Happy?

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER and EUGENE BURDICK

They tossed the ambassador a hot question. A great deal rested on how he chose to reply.

Louis Sears, U.S. ambassador to Sarkhan, was a big help—to the Communists. For, by his constant blundering in diplomatic affairs, Sears made the Sarkhanese forget the American dollars that flowed into their treasury.

Another American, John Colvin, came to Sarkhan to combat its growing alienation from the United States. He hoped that by establishing a milk business he could improve the country's economy—and, at the same time, its attitude toward Americans. Then Deong, a Sarkhanese Communist, crushed Colvin's efforts with slander: a false report that Colvin had tried to seduce Sarkhanese women. Ambassador Sears, unaware that the intensely moral Sarkhanese would be outraged by such a report, did not bother to deny it. So the Sarkhanese believed it, and hated Americans all the more.

II

One of the best authorities on the ins and outs of Southeast Asian politics was Ruth Jyoti, the editor and publisher of the Setkya Daily Herald, one of the finest independent papers of the region. It was Ruth who first heard the real story of John Colvin's tragedy, and who made a trip into Sarkhan to document it.

Ruth Jyoti was a Eurasian—attractive, single and twenty-eight. Her fair skin and blond hair were Anglo-Saxon. Her other features were Asian, and so were her attitudes—she had been raised and educated by her Cambodian mother. This is not to say that she did not know a great deal about Europeans and Americans; her reputation as an Asian editor brought her into contact with many foreigners.

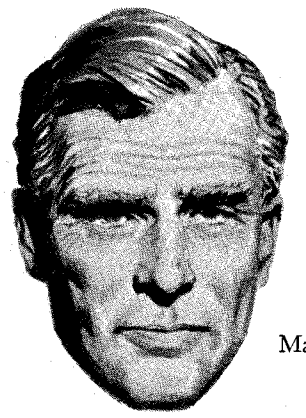
The city of Setkya, where Ruth published her paper, was an important American foreign-aid center, fairly crawling with ICA technicians, USIA press agents, and cultural attachés. Since most of these Americans called upon Ruth for help and advice, it was inevitable that the USIA would invite her to America.

In 1953, Ruth accepted an offer of a three months' trip to learn about the press in the United States. Her first contact with America came in Hawaii, where she had to sit for hours in an Immigration and Customs waiting room for aliens. This room was neither dirty nor shabby; but no one had ever given it much thought, and the officials were cold almost to the point of insult.

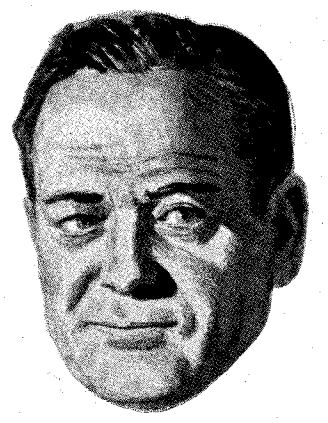
Ruth was too experienced a reporter to ignore first impressions. She picked up her notebook.

"They may not believe it, but Americans have poorer facilities for visitors than Communist China," she wrote. "At every factory, village, or sports center—wherever you are in China—there is a guest house. The house is often crude, but it is always the best one available. And this is very effective propaganda."

Illustrated by Stan Galli



MacWhite



Joe Bing

In San Francisco she waited at the airport until her State Department escort arrived. Buying copies of the city's largest newspapers, she went through them without finding the news she was looking for. A frown of disappointment crossed her face, and she reached for her notebook.

"Today, in Setkya," she wrote, "the chiefs of seven major Asian nations are meeting. This conference may have profound effects upon Asian-American relations, yet there is no mention of the South Asian Bloc meeting in any of the large San Francisco newspapers.

"I wonder why the American papers do not report this Asian news? Now, about the average American woman I see here at the airport. A great many of them are wearing slacks and ——"

"Miss Jyoti?"

"Yes," she said, looking up. A debonair man of about fifty stood in front of her. Removing his black Homburg, he bowed slightly.

"I'm Joseph Rivers, of the State Department. Welcome to America."

Ruth smiled. "Mr. Rivers, could you get me a copy of The New York Times?" she asked.

"You bet," he said, leading her through the busy terminal. "Say, I was in Setkya for a few days not long ago. You know Joe Bing there?"

When she shook her head, Rivers was astonished. "Why, you must know him! He's chief of information for the ICA in Setkya. Everyone knows Joe Bing. He's six feet tall, fat, wears flashy checked vests. Lots of charm. Knows everyone. I can remember him sitting in the café at the Hotel Montaigne. Nodded to everyone who went by ——"

"Nodded to everyone who was European, western-educated and decently dressed," Miss Jyoti said coldly. "I know the skunk now. He drives a big red convertible which he slews around corners and over sidewalks. And he's got exactly the kind of loud silly laugh that every Asian is embarrassed to hear."

"Oh, come on now, Miss Jyoti," Rivers said. "Old Joe is an expert newspaperman. He gives out all the copy on our aid program."

"And he has a big party every month," Miss Jyoti retorted, "where he brags that all the food and liquor comes from the good old U.S.A. And at wholesale prices right out of the commissary store. There hasn't been an Asian at one of his parties for two years. At his first party he had only liquor to drink, although Buddhists and

(Continued on Page 110)

BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Ugly American, which is now on sale as a book, published by W. W. Norton & Co., is the October selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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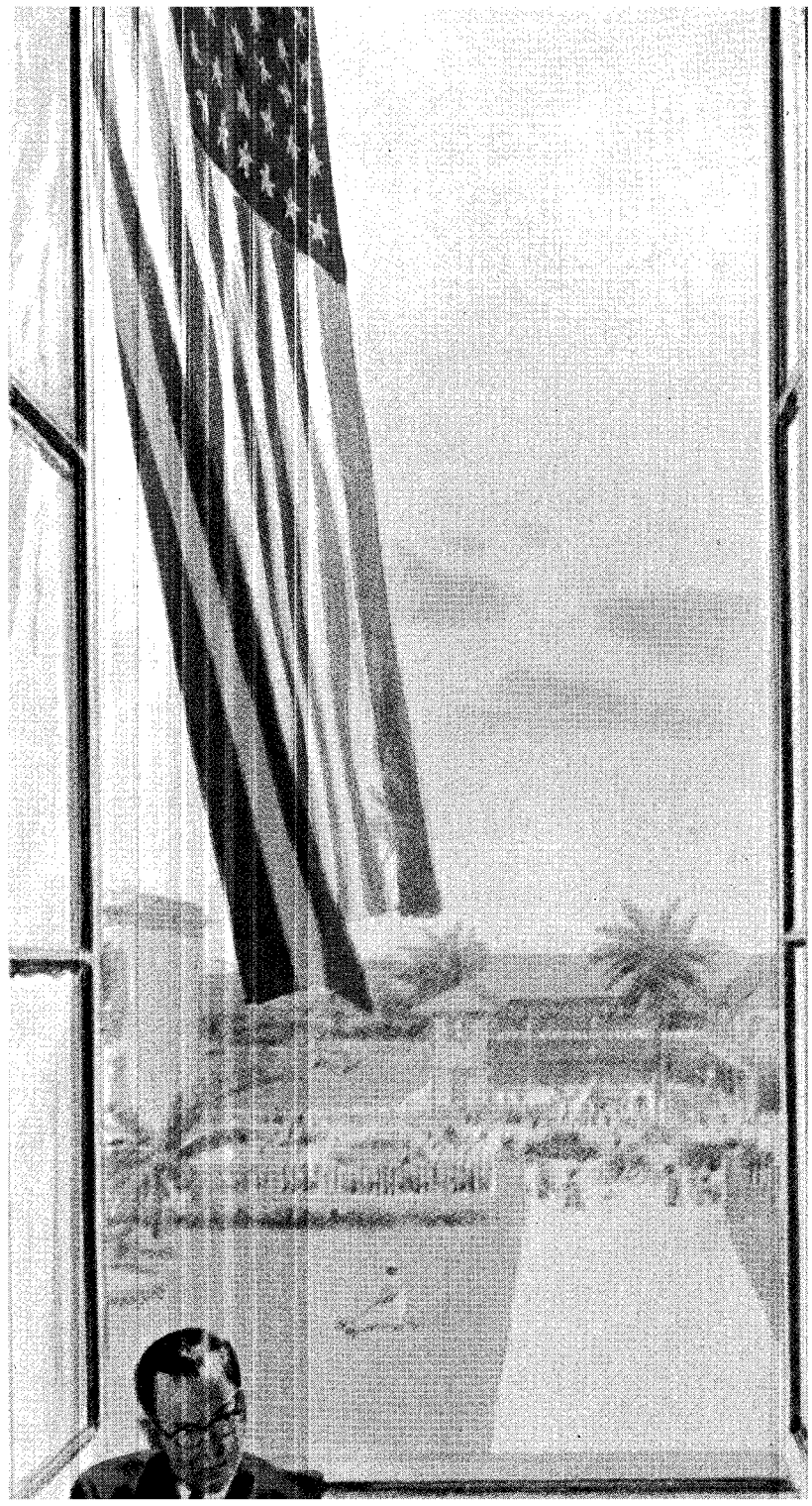

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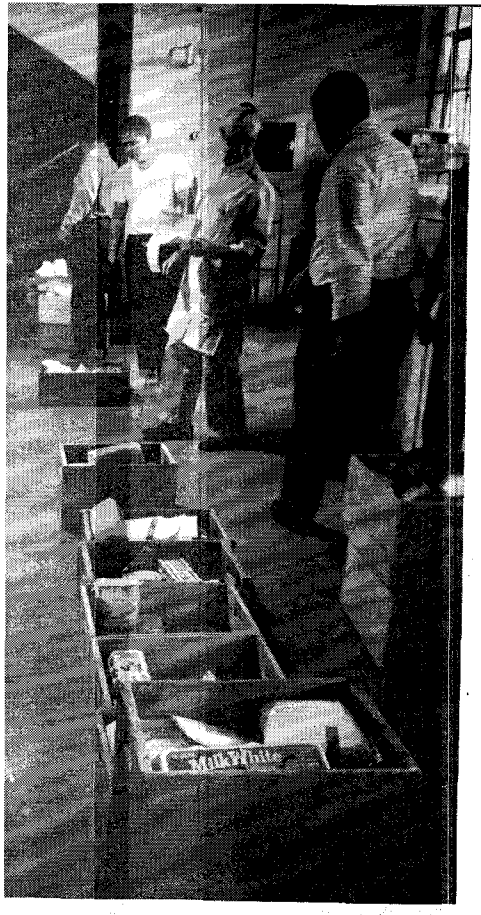


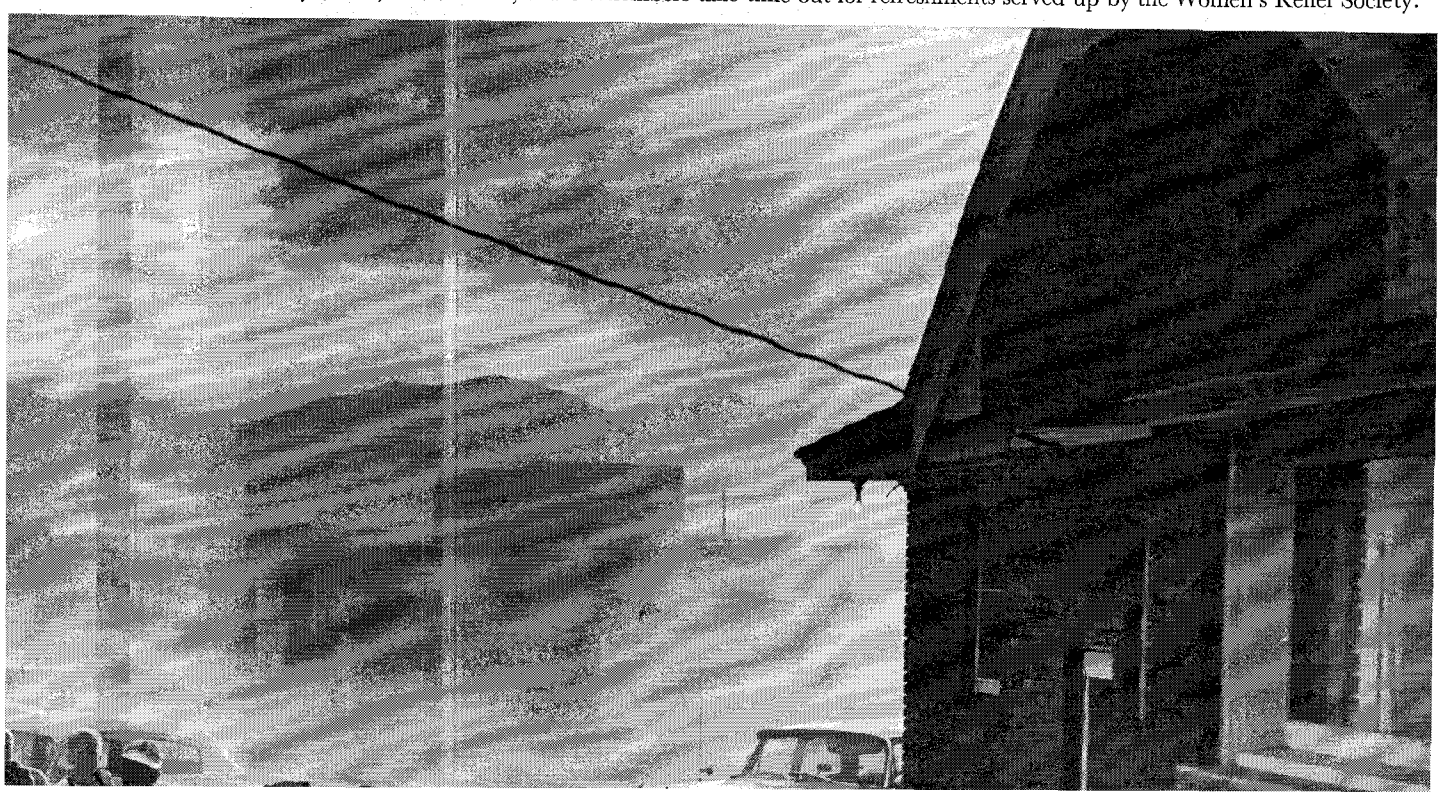
THE SAINTS ROLL UP THEIR SLEEVES

Man may not live by bread alone— but a little helps, the Mormons believe. Here's how they make certain their needy brethren never go hungry.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Square, the Mormons' huge Salt Lake City groceries for distribution to needy families.

building session at the Murray (Utah) Stake Farm, church members take time out for refreshments served up by the Women's Relief Society.



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When the recession crept over the land early in 1958, one sizable group of Americans didn't worry too much about it. They were the 1,300,000 Mormons scattered over the country. The Saints, as they call one another—"Mormon" being a nickname for the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—were all set for adversity. At strategic locations, they had 140 bishops' storehouses chock-full of food and clothing. In addition, most Mormon families have as much as a year's supply of emergency rations cached in their attics or basements.

Without calling on relief agencies, the Mormons are ready to take care of their own. They've been ready ever since the depression of the '30's, when the Saints rolled up their sleeves and worked their way out of hard times. When things got better, they just kept on working.

Today, to show for their industry, the church owns and runs 600 farms, thirty canneries, two score of mills, factories and salvage shops and even a coal mine, which add up to a $30,000,000 welfare enterprise, operated almost entirely by volunteers, that is ready for almost any emergency.

No Mormon has to ask for aid. If one needs food or clothing, his ward bishop soon knows about it and issues orders on the nearest bishop's storehouse for essential supplies. If the unfortunate Mormon is unable to go and get the groceries, the storehouse delivers them to his home in a plain truck.

"We do two things to relieve our people of any embarrassment at accepting help," explained Glen Rudd, the brisk manager of Welfare Square, the Mormons' impressive No. 1 bishop's storehouse in Salt Lake City. "We let everybody work to produce supplies for the storehouse, and we leave all markings off our welfare trucks."

Welfare Square, covering a city block, is the hub and the central exchange for the Mormon take-care-of-our-own system which is backed by a chain of productive farms, operated by the Mormon stakes, or dioceses, in twenty states. Each stake embraces ten to twelve wards; over each ward presides a bishop who looks after the welfare of some 500 Saints.

The 107-acre Provo Stake Welfare Farm, just south of Provo, Utah, is a good place to see how the Mormons labor long before the sun shines to make sure the bishop's storehouse will be amply stocked. Promptly at five in the predawn dusk of a nippy spring Saturday morning, a hundred or more cars converge on a farmhouse. Out pour 300 men, an extraordinary crew of farm hands.

There are Dr. L. Lake Rogers, surgeon; Prof. Harold Lee from Brigham Young University; Dr. Sanford Bingham, dentist; Provo's mayor, G. Marion Hinckley; bank president Victor J. Bird; Eccles Cameron, engineer; a steel-mill executive, Gordon Miner; and furniture merchant Harold Hintze, to identify only a few of the men who grab hoes, shovels, axes, hammers or paintbrushes.

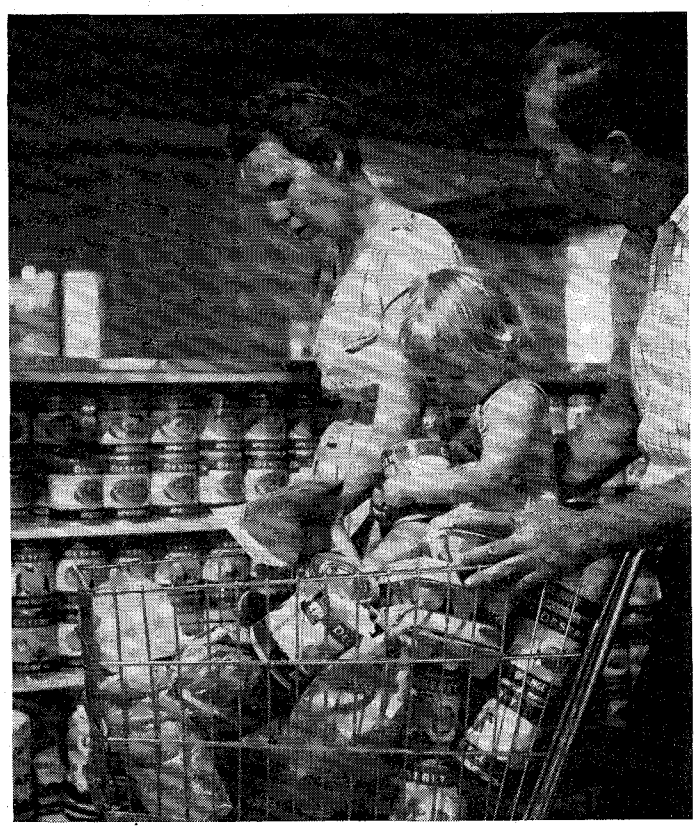
Each volunteer is assigned to a crew, with a bishop for a foreman. These in turn take orders from Stake President Sherman Hill, an automobile dealer, who deploys his men without wasting time. Long before the sun edges over the Wasatch peaks, the Saints are chopping weeds out of ditches, repairing fences and cattle stanchions, installing irrigation gates, planting trees and painting barns.

"The time to get a lot of work out of these soft city farmers is early in the morning when it's cool," observes Hill.

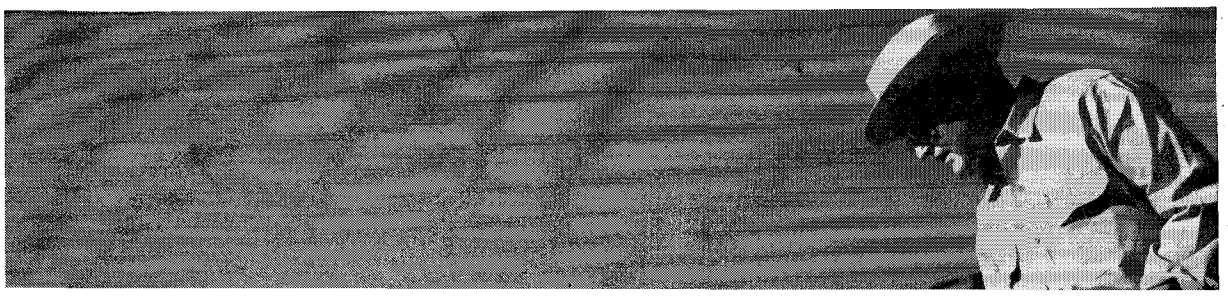
Before long, in a pasture an eighth of a mile away, more autos and pickup trucks disgorge a score of "sisters," members of the Women's Relief Society. With the help of butcher Joe Seethaler, who has lent three barbecue stoves, the ladies soon have a dozen burners going under skillets and griddles. Punctually at seven A.M., Sister Fay Lovless, president of the Stake Relief Society, sends word to the toilers to come and get it—orange juice, milk, hot cakes, eggs, bacon and ham, all they can eat; but not a drop of coffee or tea, stimulants which good Saints never touch.

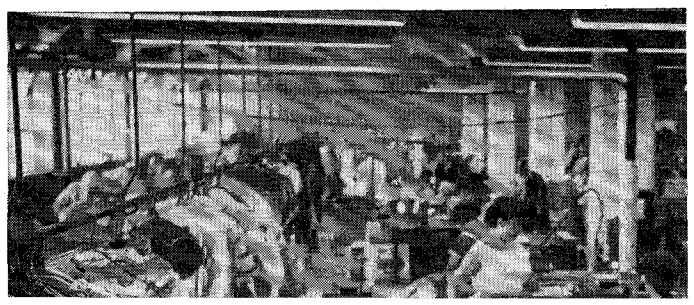
"This is just the warm-up for the summer of work," explains (Continued on Page 88)

A family entitled to food on a bishop's order (used in lieu of money) "shops" at Welfare Square.



Photographs by Joern Gerdts





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MICKEY COHEN:

Conclusion

The Private Life of a Hood

1951: One rap Cohen couldn't beat was a Federal charge of tax evasion. In the background is his ex-wife, Lavonne.

Now stripped of his gangland power, Mickey owes the Government more than half a million dollars in taxes. Yet he lives in "retirement" on $150,000 a year which Federal agents apparently can't touch.

By DEAN JENNINGS

Mickey Cohen probably does not know exactly why the roof fell in.

These days, gloomily referring to himself as "a retired gambler," Mickey looks back wistfully to a time of luxury and power when he was the top hoodlum of Los Angeles, and was handling half a million dollars' worth of bets every day even as enemy bullets whistled around his head. "I could get favors just by snapping my fingers," he says. "Nothing went unless I O.K.'d it."

But now it is twilight. There is nothing left to O.K., and no one cares whether he snaps fingers or not. And in this extremity Mickey is hopping around blindly like a beheaded chicken, trying to identify the villains who done him wrong. He blames the Los Angeles cops, Internal Revenue agents, newspapers, rival hoods, fair-weather friends and other innocent bystanders. It has never occurred to him that the man who administered the *coup de grâce* was Mickey Cohen himself.

Ten years ago, in what was unquestionably a wide-open area, Mickey Cohen was the man with the juice. He had seven casinos running simultaneously in (Continued on Page 114)

1949: An amateur photographer's lucky shot of police frisking some of Cohen's top men started the investigation into the "Pearson case," a scandal that rocked Los Angeles.

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"Whoa, boy. Get on back in there, boy," Brady coaxed.

The Preposterous Pet

By SUSAN MORROW

If a captive lion is such a prize, why didn't he keep it for himself?

I guess Brady Cooper is the only guy I've ever known that would even get offered a lion, let alone take it. Somehow, things always happened around Brady. It wasn't that he tried to be spectacular. He didn't; nobody could be more relaxed or direct. But there was a natural expansiveness about him that was irresistibly contagious, a large view, a heady sense of infinite possibilities beckoning. Anyplace he was immediately became more exciting. Law classes—well, there are a lot of bright boys in law school who manage still to be pretty stodgy and dull. Brady, now, had scope and shading, along with that same natural, direct approach, and a tongue too pungent for printing, sometimes. You kept on your toes in class with him. And when he sauntered into a bull session, wits sharpened and zest heightened; when he'd amble through the door of the student center, the girls sparkled and the guys hitched themselves up.

The girls —— Man, they'd have formed a permanent conga line behind old Brady if he'd let them. Part of it, of course, was his being such a big, rugged, good-looking guy. But the mating instinct was only half the tale; the real down-to-earth reason all the babes swarmed was that Brady was *kind* to women. And if that sounds peculiar—well, on him it looked good. At dances he never had to be reminded to dance with the plain Janes and the sad sacks, and he'd sit down and talk to the chaperons as though they were human beings. What cracked hearts around town was that he couldn't be brought to heel. None of the girls could tie a leash on him; he dated around and seemed to like them all.

But this is a long way from the lion. What happened was, we were all sitting around the Phi Delt house one evening about five o'clock, just gassing, making halfhearted motions at cracking a few (Continued on Page 63)

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The Face of AMERICA

RELIC

For sixty-five years, off and on,
there has been a ferry at Marlow,
Alabama, across the Fish River,
a tidal stream flowing into Mobile Bay.
The present craft—fifth in the line—
is not unlike the original:
Juniper logs, with a deck over them,
pulled across the river by a rope
stretched from one side to the other.
The ferryman is C. C. Cook,
standing by the cable at right.
C. C. pulls the ferry across the
300-foot-wide river by seizing the
cable with a billet of wood—called a
pull peg—that is slotted on one end.
His fee is fifty cents per vehicle.
Although many travelers come this
way just to use the ferry,
one of the last of its kind, the state
makes occasional gestures at
bridging the river here. Someday,
progress will have its way.
D. Z. Grove, of Marlow, who operated
the ferry for many years, and whose
father built the original one, says,
"A ferry is an antiquated means of travel.
It is indeed a mark of backwardness
for the Great State of Alabama.
Ferries are too slow today.
It will soon be Good-by, dear old ferry."

● Photograph by Bill Shrout

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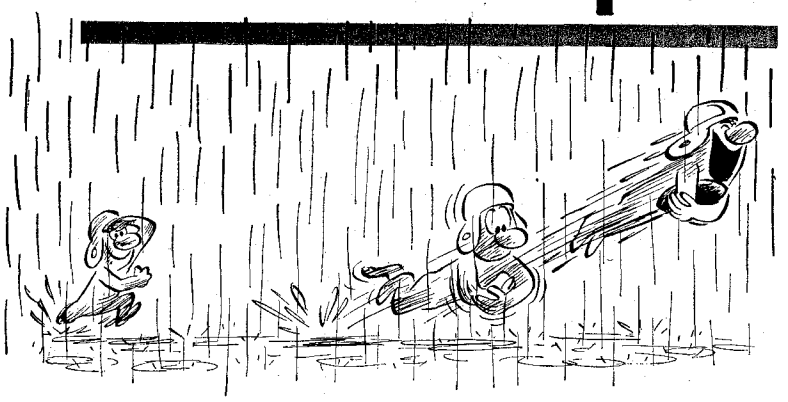
Post Scripts



On the Ball; or, Duty Makes Me Tired

People who always Get Things Done
Have very little time for fun.
They're much too competent for me,
And their superiority,
Which used to make me feel so small,
No longer bothers me at all.
For while they check things off their list,
I'm basking on the boat they missed.

MARGARET FISHBACK

And Then He Says —

(My favorite movie speeches.)

"Don't you realize that every two-bit gunslinger in the territory will be gunning for you now?"

"Me lord, the man in the cape has a dagger concealed in his glove. You must refuse to take the jeweled crown when he offers it to you."

"Hello, Yellow Dog. This is Whist. I've got just enough petrol to make one more pass at Count Von Ricktinhoffen. I'm going upstairs after him. Tally ho!"

"Well, then, do you think this twenty-dollar bill could help bring your memory back?"

"Jim, this front-page story in tonight's Chronicle—I'm not telling you how to run your paper, but unless you've got the facts to back this up, this whole town's going to blow apart."

"Here's your manuscript, Mr. Beethoven. Why don't you take our advice and give up this silly song-writing idea of yours?"

PAUL C. LAW

Uh-huh!

At two remarks, I think
Credulity takes flight:
"I never slept a wink!"
And, "I couldn't eat a bite!"

ETHEL JACOBSON

Little Boys

Mostly —
There's nothing dirtier than.
But when they're clean,
There's nothing purtier than.

CLARA GEE KASTNER

But Have We a Quorum?

"They want someone from our firm to go over to the Women's League and talk about the relation of prepackaged foods to the divorce rate. I suggest Bob here. . . ."

"About all that's left to worry about is collecting all those back dues. We all know how subtle Bob is about . . ."

"I guess none of you will disagree with me when I say that as far as decorating the hall with those green and red streamers goes, no one can do the job with quite the artistic sense as Bob. . . ."

"We can't *all* have the honor of being host to Mrs. Plotkin when she comes to speak to us about Hybridizing Petunias, so I thought perhaps Bob here, who has a big house with four bedrooms . . ."

"All the wives are going to want to go on our annual trip again and it's going to take someone who understands women to talk them out of it. Bob, you've been married a long time. . . ."

"I can only think of one man in this area who can handle a Boy Scout troop overnight on Mount Whichyway; a fellow whose quiet courage we all admire, Bob (Leaping Stag). . ."

ROBERT FONTAINE

MEIN GROSSFADER'S FABLE TELLEN

by DAVE MORRAH

Das Shooken Mountain

Ein grosser mountain ben starten der shooken und rumblen mit smokenpuffen und flamenspouten. Der folkers ben watchen mit dreaden und tremblen. Finalisch, ein splitten ben gecomen in der mountainsiden.

Himmel! Der folkers ben fallen on der kneecappen und shouten, "Mitout doubten das Mountain Kinger ist soonisch appearen!"

Suddenisch, ein smallisch mouse ben outsteppen. Ach! Der folkers ist pointen mit laughen und snigglen und sneeren.

Der mouse ben returnen insiden und uppengeblowen das mountain mit kaputen der folkers.

Der lesson: Smartisch folkers ist respecten ein mountain-geshooken mouse.

Das Rooster und der Pearl

Ein rooster ben arounder-gestrutten mit charmen der hens in der barnyarden. Suddenisch, mit sharpisch eyepeepen, das rooster ist finden ein gleamisch pearl.

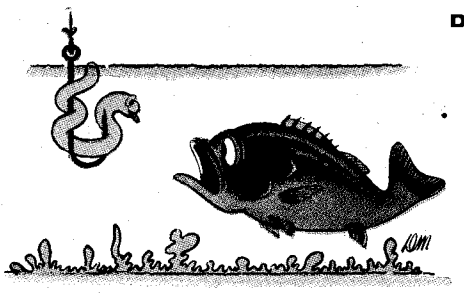
Ach! Das rooster ben cockerdoodlen und der hens ben upflutteren mit clucken. "Meinself ist finden ein pearl," das rooster ben announcen. "Ist goot?"

"Ja, ja!" ein smartisch hen ben answeren.

"Nein, nein!" das rooster ben disputen. "Meinself ist preferren ein wheatengrainer."

Mitout waiten, der smartisch hen ist oberhanden ein wheatengrainer und tooken der pearl. Himmel! Der hen ben sellen der pearl und buyen ein farm mit ein rooster all to der selfer!

Der lesson: Ein pearl in der claw ist worth zwei wheatengrainers in der craw.



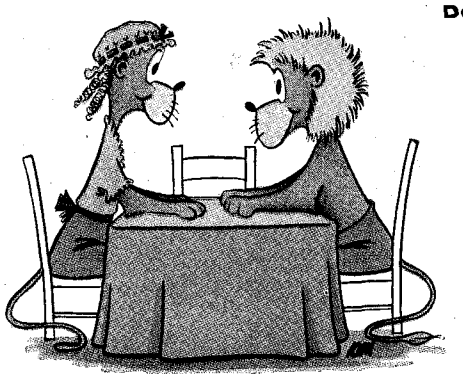
Der Fish und das Wigglenwormer

Ein youngisch fish ben finden ein fattisch wigglenwormer in der wasser. Ach, der fish ben droolen mit expecten der eaten!

"Himmel, nein!" ein oldisch fish ben screamen. "Das wiggler ben upstucken on ein sharpisch hooker!"

Der youngisch fish ben heeden das warnen.

Der lesson: Ein swimmen wigglenwormer ist safer upstucken on ein sharpisch hooker.



Der Thornpullen Dummkopf

Androcles ben ein oldisch Greeker. Mit wanderen, der Greeker ist finden ein grosser lion mit ein thorn gesticken in der footen. Ach, das lion ben groanen mit gnashen der toothenchompers!

Der Greeker ist outpullen das thorn mit stoppen der hurten, und das lion ben inviten Androcles to der den mit visiten und meeten der frau lion.

Mit outbringen der food, das lion und der frau ben sharen mit Androcles. Himmel! Der food ben skimpisch, und soonisch das lion und der frau ben sharen der Greeker.

Der lesson: Das lion ben ein gooten provider.

Das Deer Under der Strawpilen

Der huntenfolkers ben chasen ein deer. Das deer ben runnen insiden ein barnhaus und hiden under der strawpilen, excepten der antlers ben upsticken.

Der hunters ben looken und departen mitout spotten der upsticken antlers.

Soonisch der farmer ben gecomen. Ist der smartisch farmer ben blindisch mit missen der antlers? Nein. "Ach!" der farmer ben exclaimen, "ein coatenrack ist upgrowen in mein strawpilen!"

Mit nightfallen, das deer ist escapen mit all der clothers, includen der reddisch undersuiten.

Der lesson: Ein coatenrack uphooken mit ein deer ist soonisch departen.

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Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

(She'll know...and so will you the moment you taste it)

People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little.

Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

This soup is for people with a talent for judging fine food and a flair for enjoying its subtle superiorities.

It's made with a meaty soupbone, tender chunks of beef . . . and fresh garden vegetables, all simmered in at just the right moment to give them a nice, tender "bite". Then Campbell's freezes it fast—to keep all its delicate flavor fresh and true.

The surprising thing *isn't* that Campbell's Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup costs more. It's that it costs so very little—as little as 12 cents for a generous serving.

Try it soon for a special treat.

OLD-FASHIONED

VEGETABLE with BEEF SOUP

FROZEN *by Campbell's*

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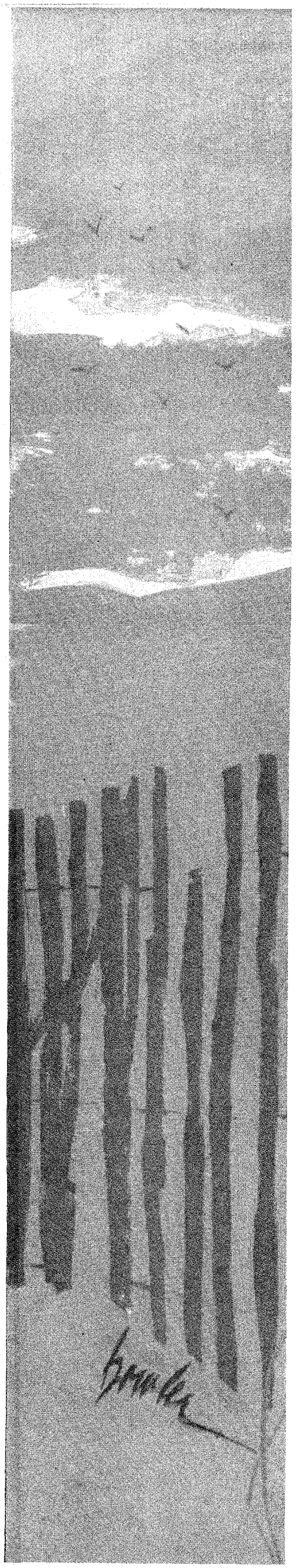
Illustrated by Joe Bowler

The story of a girl who discovered

a sure-fire way to get a man . . .

A Very Special Magic

By GLADYS TABER



I wish I knew a nice reliable witch," said Candace.

"There you go again, always some crazy idea," said Betsy, taking off her bathing cap and shaking her dark hair. "Last week you were going to be a hummingbird and sip things."

Candace lay flat on the float, looking at a cloud shaped like a cocker spaniel. She could even see the ears flying back. It was a day for dreaming. But not especially of clouds and not just sitting and lying and lying and sitting with the inlet empty. There were five sailboats with sails flapping idly in the still air. There were four rowboats with hunched summer people in them trying to catch flounder at the wrong time of day, and an outgoing tide at that. And on the beach the junior campers from Hunky Dory were whacking one another with bits of driftwood.

But Alex had gone off for the afternoon with that awful Ellamae Stetson, so for Candace it was a seascape without figures.

"How could he?" she cried bitterly.

"It's the Southern accent," said Betsy; "they always go for it. It makes a girl seem soft and clinging, I guess. This one is about as soft as the Liberty Bell, and that has hung around quite a while."

"I just can't go through with it one more time," said Candace, miserably. "The safety clasp is about worn out with my being pinned and then unpinned and pinned and unpinned."

"Summer doesn't last forever," said Betsy, oiling herself like a frying pan; "she'll go back to the magnolias and mansions and moonlight ovah the mountains."

"And we'll be back at college and Alex will be at Tech and it will be all over forever. There are swarms of girls all around Tech all the time. Swarms."

"If you ask me," said Betsy, "there is such a thing as being too accustomed to your face, no matter what My Fair Lady says. I think Alex gets restive. Sometimes a man likes a little change."

"I change," said Candace reasonably. "I change every week. I turn from blond to moonlight mist, from wholesome outdoor true American girl make-up to magnolia complexion (I look like death warmed over) and Dangerous Delight perfume. I wear Candace clothes one week, and cut the tops out and the sleeves off to be the woman one dreams of the next. Where does it get me?"

"Well," said Betsy, "it keeps you from getting in a rut."

"You're a fine one to talk," said Candace, "since you and Bill have been practically promised since eighth grade."

"That's probably because Bill lacks that roving wolf instinct."

"I better get out of this sun," said Candace. "The current charm seems to be a skin that no light ever loved to touch. I'm about the color of strawberry shortcake right now."

She was too. Her fair skin had a very sharp pink color forecasting another peeling session. Her butterscotch-colored hair had been too much in the salt water. It had a look of straw.

"Just take it easy," said Betsy, getting ready to dive; "you know Alex always comes back."

They cut the water side by side and reached the beach. Candace poured the water from her cap. "One thing I can't get," she said miserably, "is a Southern accent."

"Some things you got to be born with," said Betsy in her pure Illinois voice. "Accents is one of them."

(Continued on Page 44)

"Candace," he said, "you—
you were simply wonderful ——"

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Upset Stomach got you
OUT OF FOCUS?

Wherever you are—take Minty Phillips' Tablets—
FEEL FINE AGAIN FAST!

No matter where you happen to be, upset stomach, heartburn, gas, or other symptoms of acid indigestion can come along and make you feel miserable. When this happens, just chew a few Phillips' Tablets—like candy mints! There's no glass, no water to bother with. You'll get on-the-spot relief because Phillips' Tablets contain one of the *fastest, most effective* "stomach sweeteners" ever known. They taste good, too—leave your mouth feeling clean and refreshed. So carry Phillips' Tablets with you wherever you go!

PHILLIPS' TABLETS

(*Continued from Page 42*)

Candace shrugged into her beach robe.

"You know," said Betsy, "trouble with you is you slump too easy."

"After two solid years of this, you'd slump easy too," remarked Candace. "See you."

She reached the cottage around four-thirty. Her mother was in the kitchen making cheese and salami sandwiches.

"We're invited to the McCanns' for dinner," she said, "and you know what that means. Dinner will be around nine-thirty or ten, so I am feeding your father now. He gets weak. Are you going with us?"

"No," said Candace; "I think I'll just study my history for next semester. I wish those Civil War armies hadn't jumped about so. I'll be lucky if I ever figure who won what where."

"Where's Alex?"

"Off," said Candace.

"Oh," said her mother. She had been through this so often. "Do you think mustard or mayonnaise would be best on salami? Look, if you aren't going out with us, could you get into something less minus and drive up to Westham and pick up the clams for tomorrow? The Bentons will be here for a clambake. My, I'll be glad when vacation is over and I can get home and get some rest."

"Sure," said Candace; "I'll take the jeep. How many clams?"

"Just a few pailfuls," said her mother. "I mean, somebody else will drop in. They always do. I think your father ordered ten lobsters—there is some left-over chicken if you want it."

"Leave me a salami sandwich, if papa doesn't eat the works," said Candace.

She got into her shorts and sweat shirt and tied her hair back with a green ribbon; it needed a styling, she reflected bitterly. She tied her sandals on with string. The shoemaker was too busy in season to bother with straps.

Then she went and stared at herself in the wavy mirror. What did Ellamae have? Ellamae's eyes were light blue, not darkly hazel. Her nose was thinnish, not tipped a bit. And her mouth was not an easy mouth, but pinched.

But something is wrong with me somewhere, thought Candace miserably. *I may as well give up.*

Although she was already hungry, she sat down on the narrow cottage bed and leaned her head in her hands. Alex was so smoothly good-looking in a dark casual way. He was so gay. His eyes either shone with excitement or looked cloudy with boredom. He was a B.M.O.C. at Tech, and not only that, he always managed to scrape by on his marks. He had glamour, that was all there was to it.

"Well, I may as well keep my strength up," said Candace, and went back down to the kitchen. She fortified herself with two sandwiches, a chicken drumstick, two chocolate cookies and a beaker of milk. Her father was finishing his second cup of coffee.

"I don't see why people can't eat at reasonable hours," he said crossly. "Is there any more of that chicken?"

Candace went out and climbed into the jeep. It was now dusk dark, very beautiful with soft color in the sky and lights twinkling in the summer cottages along the beaches. The Westham pier looked black against the reflected light on the sea. She pulled up and jerked to a stop and went in for the clams. The little fish-house was full, as usual, of lobstermen and draggers drinking coffee, and a few striper fishermen not telling one another where the stripers might run.

Two clammers were weighing in their gunnysacks of quahogs.

"I see Pammecut Bay is open again," said one.

"Might drop around at low tide tomorrow," said the other, "but I won't take Minister's Prim Road. It's the full of the moon this week. Sometimes SHE walks the beach."

"They do say so."

"Just wanders around with her lantern."

"I don't believe the tales I hear, but queer is queer."

Candace tried to hear the rest of it, but they lowered their voices. She took her pails of clams and went out and got into the jeep. She sat there a moment, wondering about Minister's Prim Road. Then she thought about Alex and felt wretched all over again.

She had known right away that Alex was the one. He stood in the doorway of the gym, just lounging and looking at the dancing couples. The college orchestra was playing Ivy Rose, and she was dancing with Brick Weston, and just deciding she might as well get pinned. It made everything so much easier. If you jumped around from man to man, you sometimes got left at home in the dorm, just sitting.

Since it was winter, her skin had faded to a soft creamy color, and she wore a turquoise dress that swirled. Her hair, blown by the dancing, crinkled in soft curls and her eyes were bright. She was laughing as they danced past the door. Candace never giggled, but when she laughed, Brick said it was something special.

"And I have something to ask you," he said solemnly. He was always kind of solemn.

"It can wait," said Alex, tapping Brick's shoulder.

Tall and easy, he swept her into his arms. He had a quick smile on his face that began in his night-dark eyes and only slightly curved his straight mouth.

"From now on, you're my girl," he said.

They went slowly back to the dorm after the dance. The winter moon was pale and cold; they did not notice. Drifting snowflakes frosted her hair. But for all they knew, lilacs were in bloom. He had, he said, come down from Tech with two of his frat brothers, just because he was tired of fried potatoes and hoped for a decent meal somewhere along the line.

"And imagine fried potatoes giving me you," he said. "When you come up next weekend, no fried potatoes. Unless we frame a plate."

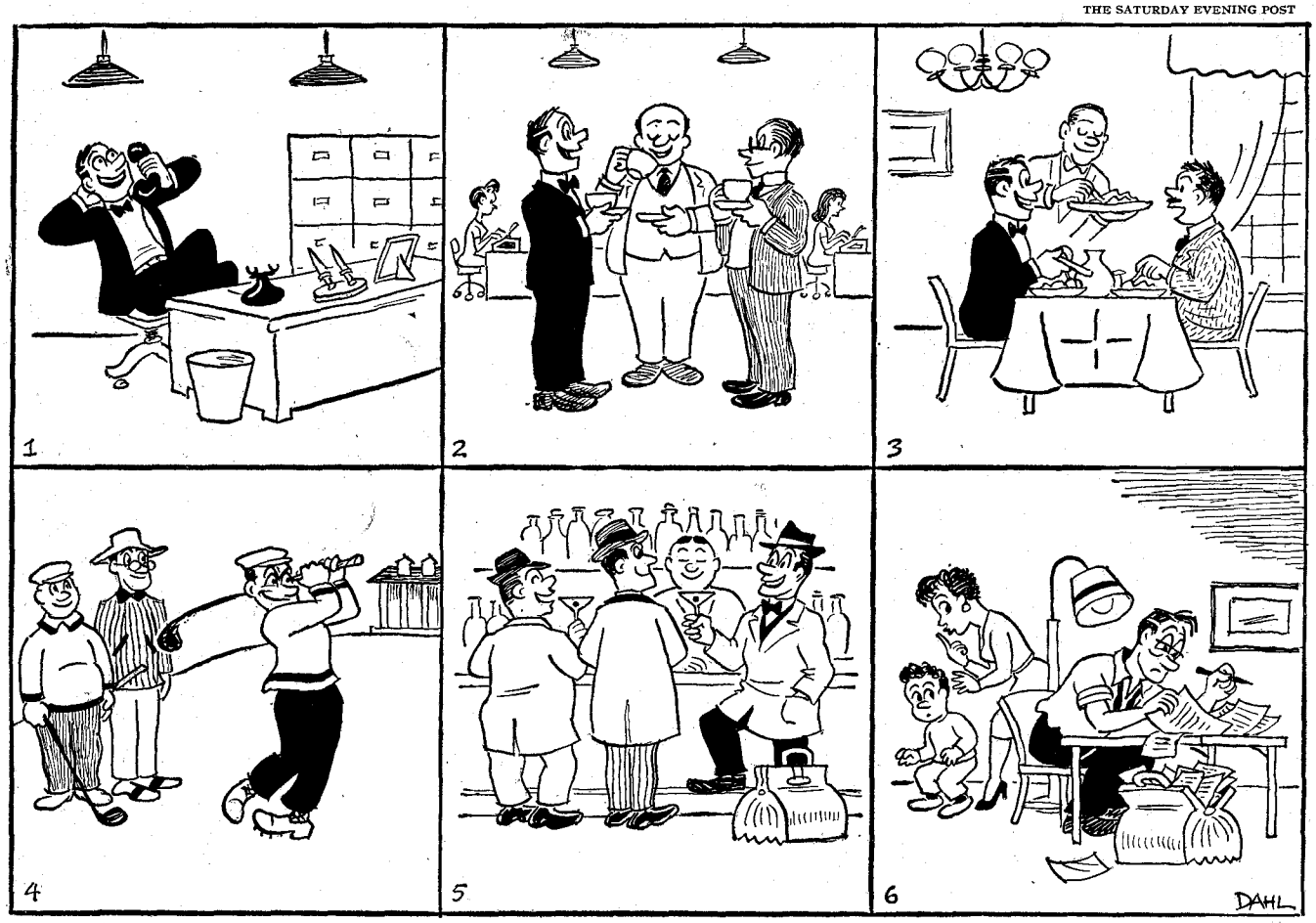
"But next weekend I promised ——"

"Next weekend," he said, "I'll meet the Special. You'll love our housemother chaperon. She's very cozy."

Next weekend he was on the platform, sitting on a baggage truck. She saw him as the Special (*Continued on Page 49*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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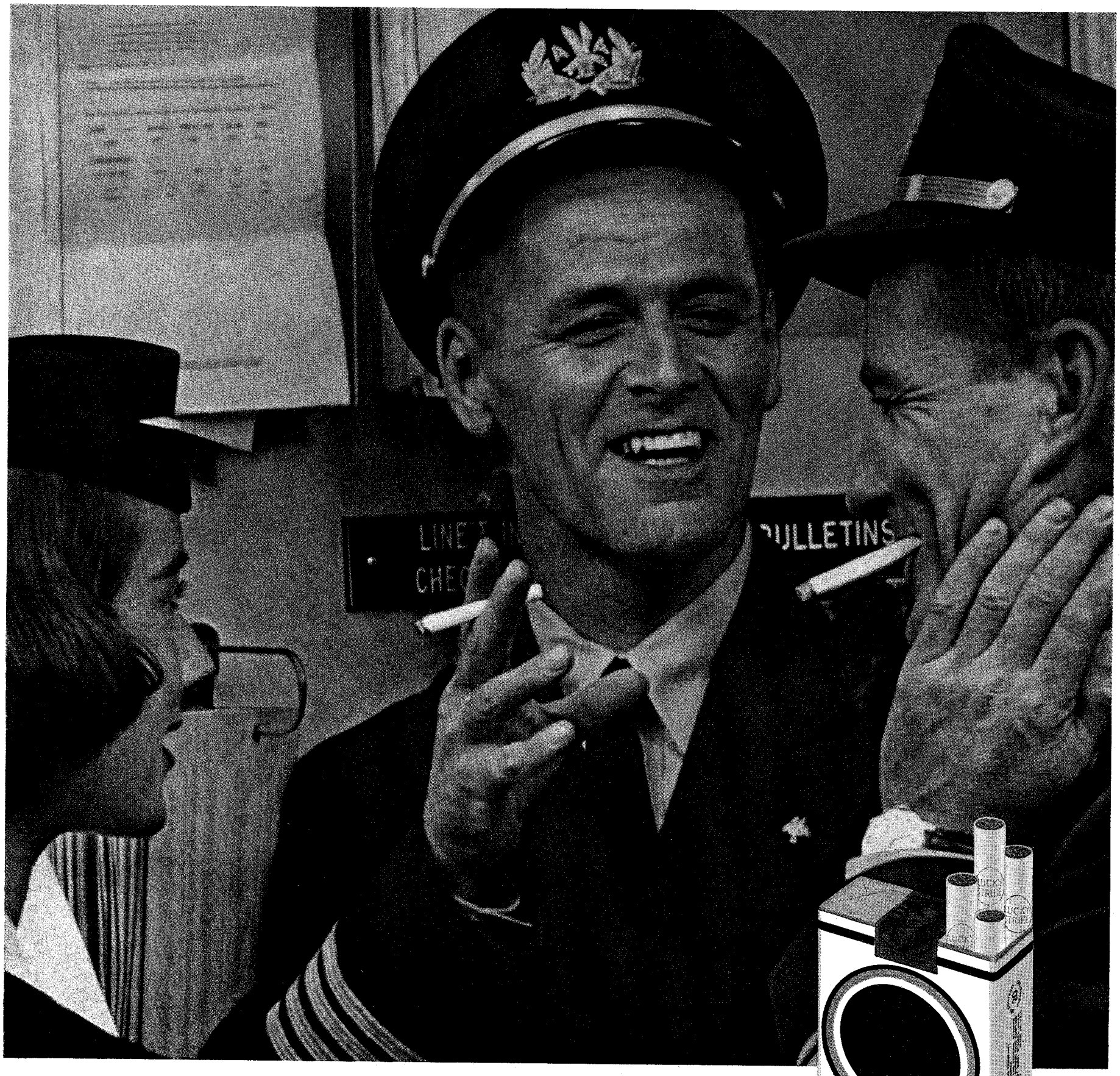

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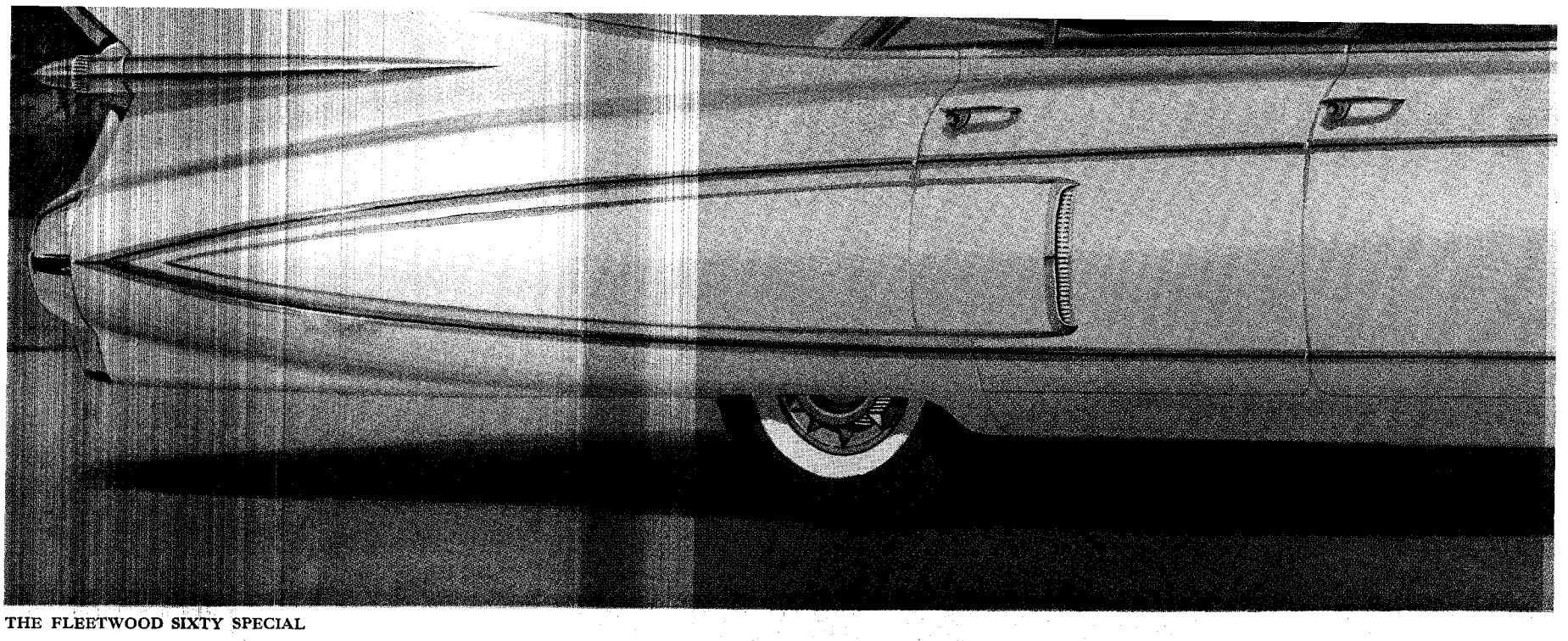

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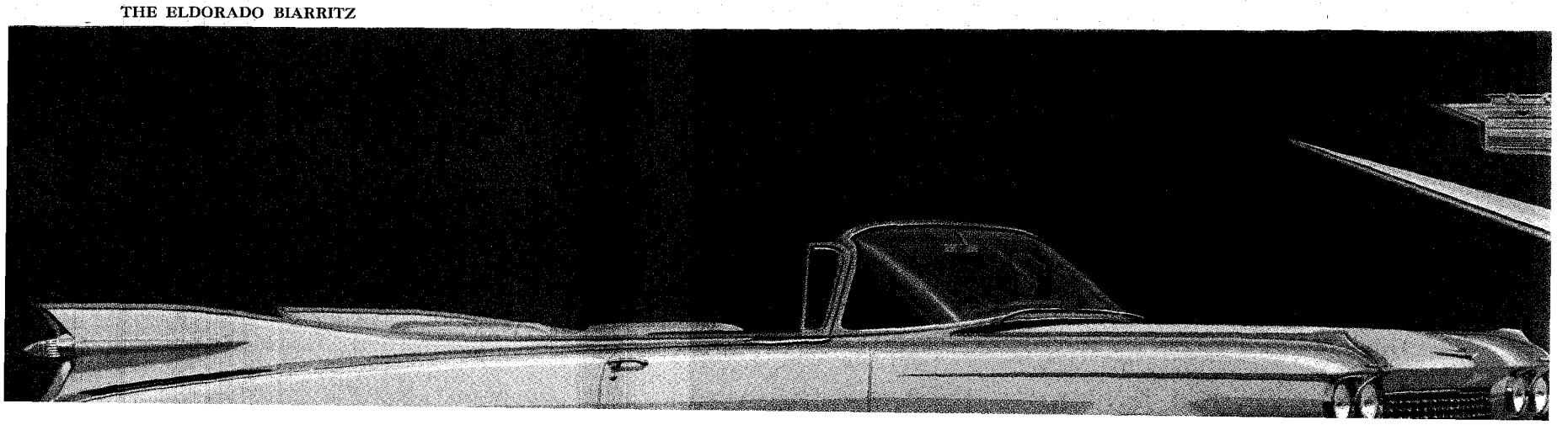

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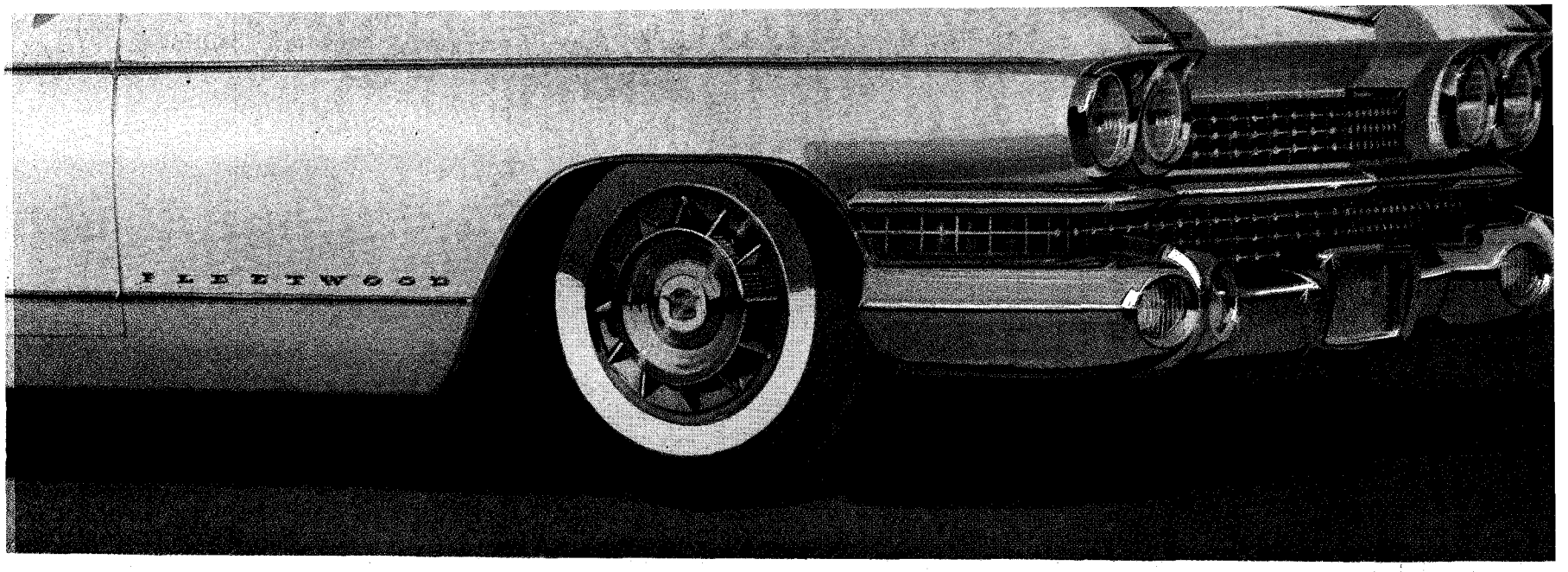

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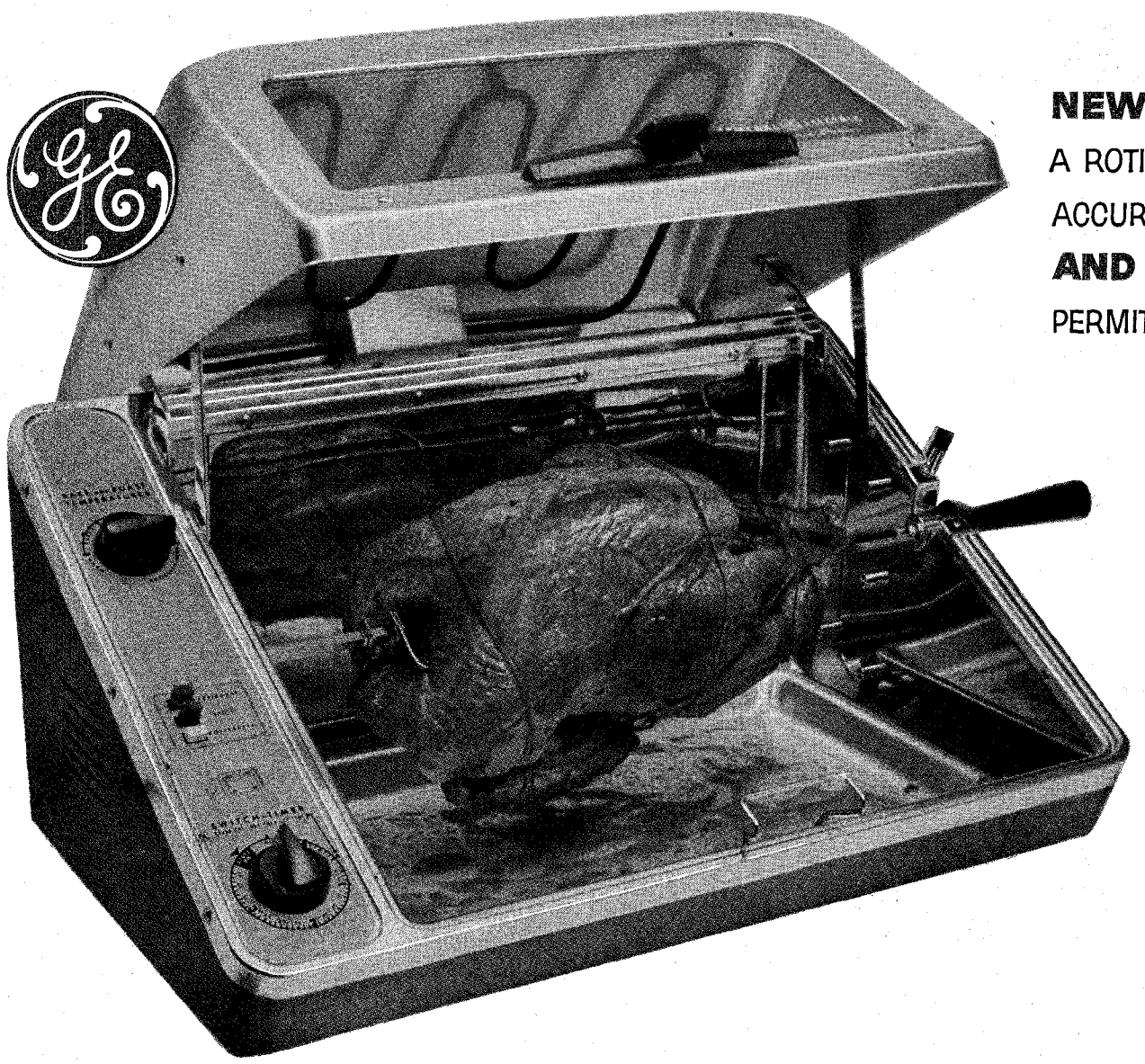

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PERMITS EASY ACCESS, EASY CLEANING!

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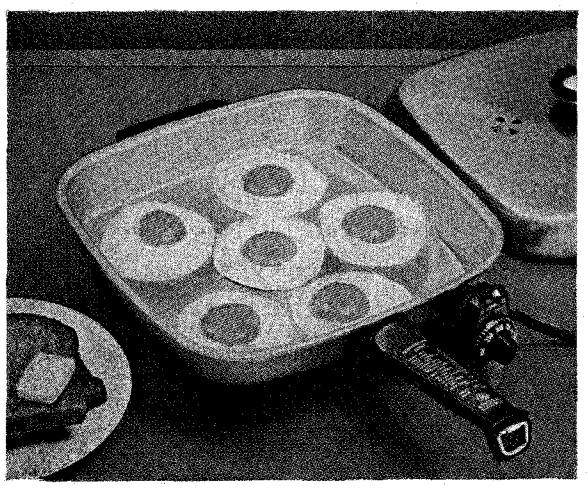

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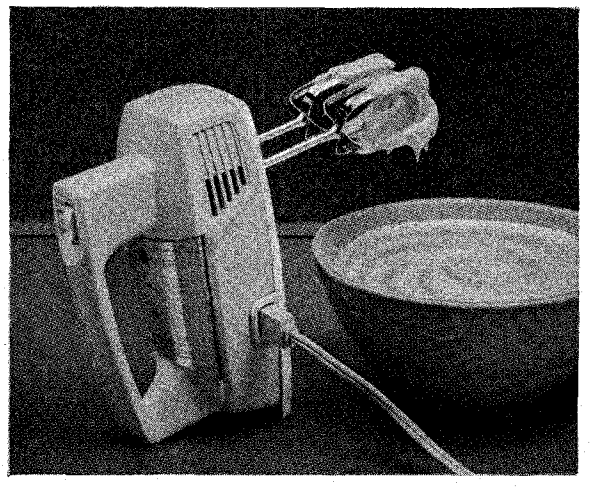

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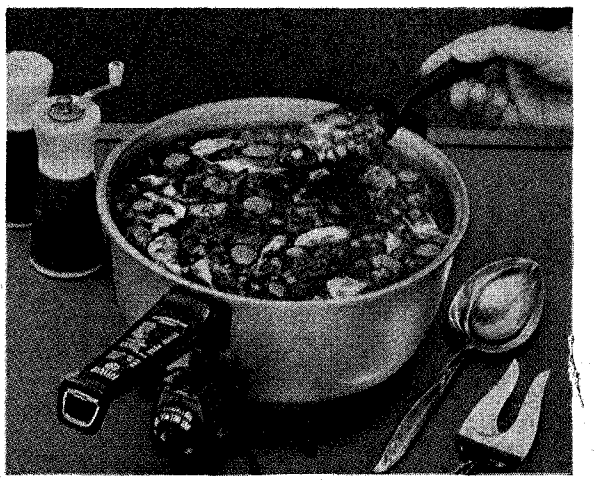

Makes exciting new dishes
PLUS accurate control watches itself!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 44*) plugged in on the rusty track. It was a gray dark day, but there seemed to be a light around him. *Alex, Alex*, her heart cried. Everything else in the world was diminished. She forgot all she had learned about the gentle art of pursuit when you belonged to the weaker sex. She just bolted from the train and flung herself at him.

Well, she thought, that winter was wonderful. She wrote long letters to Alex every single day. She pasted recipes neatly in a notebook, along with household hints and articles on making marriage work.

She offered to type his term papers, so he would see she could share his work. She really left no pebble undisturbed. By saving every penny of her allowance one month, she managed to make a down payment on a transistor radio for him, so they could take it on picnics in the summer. He already had one.

Her A plus average dropped to B minus and skidded dangerously near a C, and her parents began to write anxious letters. The dean called her in and asked if anything was worrying her. Nothing was.

But the next weekend, Alex did not come down. He wrote vaguely that something had come up. She skipped the Saturday-night dance and copied recipes for inexpensive cuts of meat. Betsy said she was out of her mind. She pointed out that you only lived once, everybody said so. But Betsy did not understand. She and Bill had absolutely no fever and fret in their relationship.

So Betsy could not see why Candace collapsed when the news came from the college grapevine—a vigorous, constantly bearing vine—that Alex had been seen at the Copley with a redheaded girl wearing a tight black dress and a fur stole. As she applied cold cloths to Candace's puffed eyes, she said sensibly, "Well, sometimes a man likes a little change. What's one date?"

"I wish I were dead," moaned Candace.

And flunked medieval history. This was pretty silly, for she had to stay at college. You couldn't expect Alex to commute from Boston to Iowa, which was just where she would be. By the time the redheaded girl had gone back to limbo, Candace had made up the exam.

And everything was wonderful again, until the blond secretary came along. That hadn't lasted too long, because she married her boss. And the beautiful perfect summer stretched dreamily ahead.

"So now it's Ellamae," she said aloud, "and I've got to think of something."

She drove slowly down Woodtick Road. There was still light on the water, but the stars were beginning to burn into the sky. As she passed Minister's Prim, she suddenly turned and bounced into the sandy narrow road. At the end, just short of the high-tide mark was the only house, a small half-house weathered and shabby. A kerosene lamp sent a yellow gleam into the yard where unkept roses bloomed.

There was just enough of a turn-around for her to park the jeep, and she jumped down and stuck her flashlight in her pocket, and walked to the shingle. The bay glimmered like pearl, the sands were silver. The wreck of an old dragger made a dark shadow. And by the dragger walked a tall slender woman, swinging a lantern. She wore a long full dress, way out of style, and her hair was long, too, and seemed to float behind her.

There was nobody at all on the beach except the woman with her lantern. Candace shivered. This was the one they talked about, the one they called SHE as if saying her name might be dangerous. But Candace remembered little scraps of talk from here and there. She walked right up to the woman and spoke, breathlessly.

"Are you a witch?" she asked. Tact had never been her best feature.

The woman lifted her lantern and looked Candace all over. There was no sound at all except the slip of ripples as the tide moved in. Then suddenly the woman laughed.

"Why, that's as may be," she said. "Do you need a witch?"

"Oh, yes, I do," said Candace earnestly. "Oh, how I need a nice reliable witch!"

"Sit down," said the woman, waving toward the wreck. Her dove-colored eyes were still full of laughter, but her mouth was serious. "Tell me about it."

Candace immediately plunged into her troubles. "And now he is off with an absolutely impossible girl named Ellamae," she concluded. "She will ruin his life! She can't even swim."

"He used to call me Miss Lavender," said the woman, bending over to trace in the sand with a bit of driftwood, "because he said I was like the sea lavender.

... ...

Low-Cost Holocaust

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Aroused, his ire
Is a raging fire
That nothing can snuff
Or palliate,
But which, be it marked,
Is never sparked
By anyone tough
And big enough
To call his bluff
And retaliate!

... ...

Of course that is not my name." When she looked up, her face was younger, but Candace could not say how old she was really. She made a circle in the damp sand, and held the lantern up so she could see it while she crossed it with an X.

"What you reach for," she said, "you do not get. What you grasp, you can never hold."

She picked up a handful of sand and let it sift through her fingers. "See," she said; "sand is beautiful, but not for being imprisoned in a hand. If you learn what I have said, you will have the magic. I learned these things when it was too late," she said, standing up; "but I know them now." She put out a long finger and touched Candace on the forehead. "There is the magic," she said, "from a good reliable witch."

"Why was it too late?" asked Candace.

"Because he went away with an easy woman," she said. "But he comes back sometimes when the moon is full, and this is what they say is strange, because his headstone is weathering on the hill."

She started to walk away, swinging the lantern gently.

Then she turned and looked over her shoulder. "It isn't the magic," she said, "so much as knowing how to use it. Remember I gave it to you."

Did she vanish behind the beach plum or over the low dune? Candace rubbed her eyes. There was light now, for the full moon stood over the sea. "Miss Lavender," she called, "I want to ask you ——"

But there was no answer. So she pushed the button on her flashlight and went back to the jeep. She rabbited back over Minister's Prim and took the road back to the cottage, and lugged the pails of clams in and added the cold spring water and a dousing of cornmeal so they would be clean by the time her mother needed them. But she did it all automatically, for she was trying to make something of what the witch had said. No use asking Betsy. Betsy would laugh and say Miss Lavender was a crazy old woman, everybody knew that. Candace was lucky she didn't get a knife in her chest.

No, she wasn't going to tell anybody about this, not anybody. She was going to figure it out by herself. She got undressed and took a shower, washing the salt and sand away. In her cotton pajamas she slippered along to the kitchen and had a light snack of cocoa with a soggy marshmallow, two toasted cheese sandwiches and a few brownies. Then she went to her room and wrote down every single word Miss Lavender had said, right in her journal under the entry, "Why, when I do *everything* for him—why—why ——"

The next morning, she got up early, put on her blue shorts and top and had breakfast with her mother. Her father was in bed with a headache from eating so late.

"Besides, he insisted on taking a short cut home and we got stuck in the sand and had to get pulled out," her mother said. "What did you do?"

"Oh, just fooled around," said Candace vaguely. "The gang is going to sail to Highead this morning. May I take some of the chicken for the sandwiches?"

"If there's any left. There is some salami anyway, and a jar of roasted sweet red peppers, if you have to piece out with grinders." She added, "I have to help at the flower show, but if you want to bring Alex for supper, I'll be back—and there are plenty of clams. One more won't matter."

"I guess Alex will be busy," said Candace briefly.

She distinctly heard her mother say, "Oh, not all that again," as she went for the picnic basket.

There were five of them in the sailboat, which held four. Bill, who was a fine sailor, took charge. Betsy cast off, as usual. Alex and Ellamae sat in the stern, and Candace perched by the mast. Ellamae looked scared and kept squealing as the boat got under way. "It tips," she cried; "it tips."

"It's a sailboat," said Betsy coldly. "When Bill says lean, you just lean."

Alex said to Candace softly, "Miss me yesterday?"

Candace heard over his words the other words, "What you grasp, you can never hold." Now she knew what they meant.

"I didn't realize you were gone," she said casually. "I had a date." Well, she had; a date with a witch.

He looked uneasy. "Say," he said, "I tried to phone you around seven-thirty."

"I was out," she said calmly.

"Out where?"

"Just out," she said. "What does it matter? You better go sit down with Ellamae or you'll tip us. It's stiff today."

He had a funny look on his face. It was not a happy look.

"You come heah," said Ellamae; "you know ah cain't swim."

The first waves spanked the hull and the Seaspray met them. When Bill tacked, Candace crept up forward and said, "I hate to bother you, but the wind is boxing the compass."

Bill grinned. "We'll get to the lee of Tern Island and eat there and come in easy on the turn of the tide. Slacks then. Isn't this super? She really goes."

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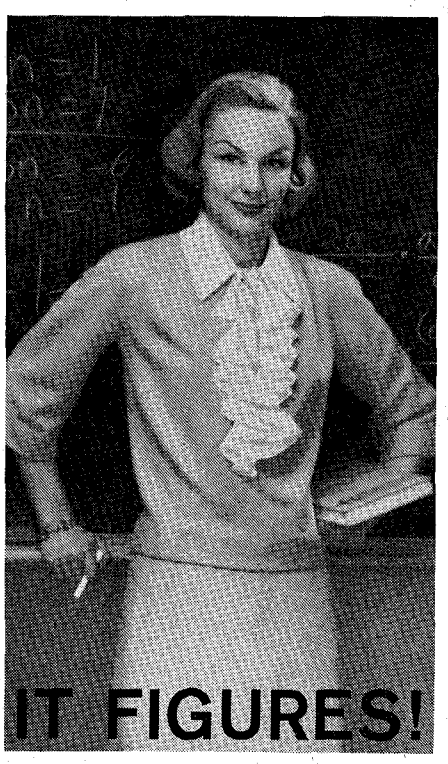

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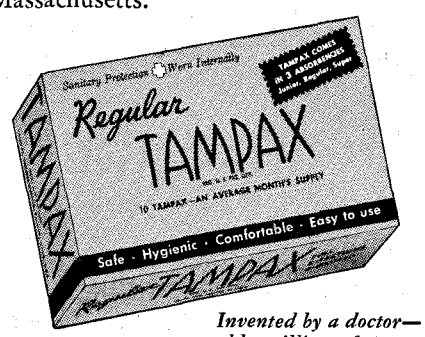
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She really did. One gunwale dipped, then the other. Ellamae turned a pinkish green, very unbecoming, and clutched Alex. Candace liked that unhappy look on Alex's face. It boded good.

And as the sea gulls dipped and the spray whipped, she felt suddenly that she had the magic. Nobody she ever knew had met a witch and been advised. She, Candace, was full of magic. She could do anything at all, anything.

The thought curved her lips in a secret, mysterious smile and kept her calm as the wind rose and Ellamae screamed and the Seaspray shipped too much water for comfort. Bill was calling orders now, and Betsy and Candace followed them. Alex had to hold Ellamae to keep her from capsizing the boat. From what she could see, through her wet hair, Candace thought he looked just plain mad.

The real squall came so suddenly that one minute it was not there, and the next it was, and the boat heeled over. Rain slashed down and the wind roared. Three of them worked, the two others might have been called ballast.

Candace was humming as the Seaspray went over, for she was magicked. Bill and Betsy had had a lot of spills and they were just busy. But Ellamae was not a pretty sight as she squawked into the water. And she had a strangle hold on Alex so that his eyes were popping when Candace fought down the lee of the boat and gave Ellamae a long-overdue punch.

"Lug her in," she said, spitting seawater; "she is all yours."

You would think an overturned sailboat was an atomic disaster, the way Ellamae carried on when they finally beached themselves. She sobbed and screamed alternately, and she clung. She was the original clinging vine. *No*, thought Candace; *I was. In a different way*. "What you reach for, you do not get," she said to herself.

"Quite a sail," said Candace casually, as she wrung out her hair. Then she took an oilskin package from her shirt. "Sandwiches," she said. "Let's eat."

The sun shone again and they dried out, and ate the sandwiches gratefully. Betsy and Bill argued comfortably, without malice, as to whether the Seaspray would not have turned over if they had done something different to the sails. Ellamae cried.

Candace walked along the beach of the islet. This was, she thought, a good clamming beach. She began to feel with her toes. Yes, it was. Bill carried waterproof matches in his jacket. Roasted clams, even without butter and lemon juice and freshly ground pepper—they were still roasted clams. She found a bit of old canvas cast up long ago, and piled the clams in it.

Alex caught up with her as she lugged the clams back.

"Candace," he said, "you—you were simply wonderful."

"Who's wonderful?" she said. "You spill, you get picked up. That's it. Tell Bill to start a fire. I got clams, soft shells, and without digging."

"Look," he said, "I just want to tell you something—I mean I just ——"

She gave him a serene and possibly witched smile. "She can't help it if she can't swim," she said. "Some can, some can't."

Things had changed a lot. Normally she would be waiting on him, drying his clothes, making a fire—and she faced it—grasping for what could not be held. Reaching for what she could not get.

Now she only smiled and said, "I think she'd be warmer if you held her. There is a draft here, even in August, when you are wet."

"I never want to see her again," he said fiercely; "or any other girl but you. Candace, they just don't—they haven't—they don't seem to—could you just once more take me back?"

Her heart went like an egg beater. She could have died of love for this sandy, lanky guy.

"Sand is beautiful, but not for being imprisoned in a hand." She heard the words quite distinctly, over the sound of the surf.

She heard her own voice, from far off, and it had the quality of Miss Lavender's. "I haven't an inkling," she said. "Who knows which way the cookie crumbles? But Ellamae is a very sweet girl."

"Sweet!" he groaned. "She bored me to death. They all have. I mean, as I said at first, you're my girl. I just get—restless or something."

Candace did not fly to his arms as she always had. She said, "Tell Bill to get a fire going. I have the clams."

"But what's happened to you?" he cried. "Don't you care any more? Look, baby, a date now and then—what is that? But it is always you."

Candace said, "But it might not always be you. Have you ever thought of that? Sometimes a woman likes a little change. I think we better be unpinned for a while. I have not made up my mind to settle down. I mean—a girl has to think."

It's easy to identify the children whose parents ignore child psychology. Just look for youngsters with manners.

HAL CHADWICK

She held out the pin, which had never left her since he first gave it to her. She would take it back, that she knew. She would marry Alex, and there might always be new faces, new women, but if you knew, you could still have your man, and a good life with recipes and the right drapes and all the rest. She would have him, but she knew how to manage.

"I think you'd better get back to poor Ellamae. After all, she can't even swim."

Candace could swim all right. And from now on, Alex would send the presents and do the worrying. She would not reach.

Alex looked perfectly miserable as they went back to the group. But Candace hung back, looking for shells as he carried the clams. She sat idly with her hands clasped while the fire was built too high and burned down. And she let Alex bring not only Ellamae's clams but hers. They weren't, she noted, cooked as well as she could have done them. She had read an article—well, never mind. She picked up a handful of sand and let it drift through her fingers. *All the rest of my life*, she thought, *I must remember about sand. It is not for being imprisoned in a hand.*

When the Coast Guard cutter came to take them off, Candace spent the time asking questions of the young captain. She had a fine visit. By the time they docked, she had learned a lot, including that the Coast Guard did a practice launching of lifeboats the next day and welcomed visitors.

They separated and went home as soon as the cutter left them. Betsy and Bill were busy with plans for getting the Seaspray salvaged. Alex was hauling Ellamae along to his jalopy while she complained. Candace walked lightly along the beach.

"Have a good time?" asked her mother.

"The best," she said.

She dished up a big bowl of clam chowder, with crusty bits of salt pork and plenty of onion in it. And a few common crackers dipped in milk and baked golden with butter. Then she changed her clothes. She put on her lilac linen with the swoopy neckline. Her good pearls. And tiptoeing into her mother's room, she borrowed—never to return—a good spraying of Fatal perfume.

Of course, we might all have been drowned, she thought, *but I certainly feel it was a good day.*

When Alex came, her parents had gone next door for the evening. She heard his familiar tread sandpapering the porch, and went down slowly.

"Oh—hi," she said. "You still around?"

"Candace," he said, sounding as if he had swallowed a stone and choked on it, "Candace, I just had to come over. I had to."

"Well, come in then," she said, swirling her skirt. "I'll get some ginger ale. I decided not to go out tonight—just stay home. Too much sun, I guess. Nice day, wasn't it?"

"Nice?" He strode in rather like a cowboy in a Western, ready for the draw. "Nice, you call it? With that soapsuds queen all over me and you not giving me a look?"

He reached for her, but this time she seemed to melt away from him.

"Maybe you need an aspirin," she said. "All the sun and water and stuff."

"Candace," he said. Then she was in his arms, tight and tighter, and he kissed her, and the old feeling shook her to her toes. But as she was just ready to breathe the words of forgiveness, love, forever and forever love, she heard a faint whisper. Or maybe she dreamed it. "What you reach for, you never get. What you grasp, you can never hold."

"Well," she said, "let's not get all serious."

"Serious?" he cried. "When you got all those recipes and household hints and stuff?" He shook her. "Serious? When you send me all that junk to check off on being happily married? What do you mean, not serious?"

"Do sit down," said Candace, "and stop shaking. It's nothing to get all bothered over if a girl decides not to decide on anything. I mean, who wants to be tied down?"

"I do," he said. "I've had it. I just want you, now and always."

Candace was mentally deciding that rose-patterned chintz made a lively living room and that she better practice some of those pot roasts on her helpless parents. But she said nothing of this; she only said, "I think it's kind of silly to be pinned and unpinned all the time. I'm going to be unpinned until I make up my mind for good. Run along now, and be sure to phone Ellamae in the morning to see how her sunburn is."

It was so bright with the full moon you could read by it. After Alex had gone, Candace walked to the beach and picked a bunch of the just-budding sea lavender. Then she got the jeep out as quietly as anybody could get a jeep out and drove back to the bayside, down Minister's Prim, and so to the beach. She used her flash to find a place in the dragger timbers to tuck the bouquet, and she left the note pinned with a pine twig.

Dear Miss Lavender: I guess there comes a time when every girl needs a nice reliable witch. I am so glad it was you. Love, CANDACE.

The whole bay was gold with the moontrack as she left. But Candace felt the gold was all over the universe. For her secret magic worked, and would always work.

THE END

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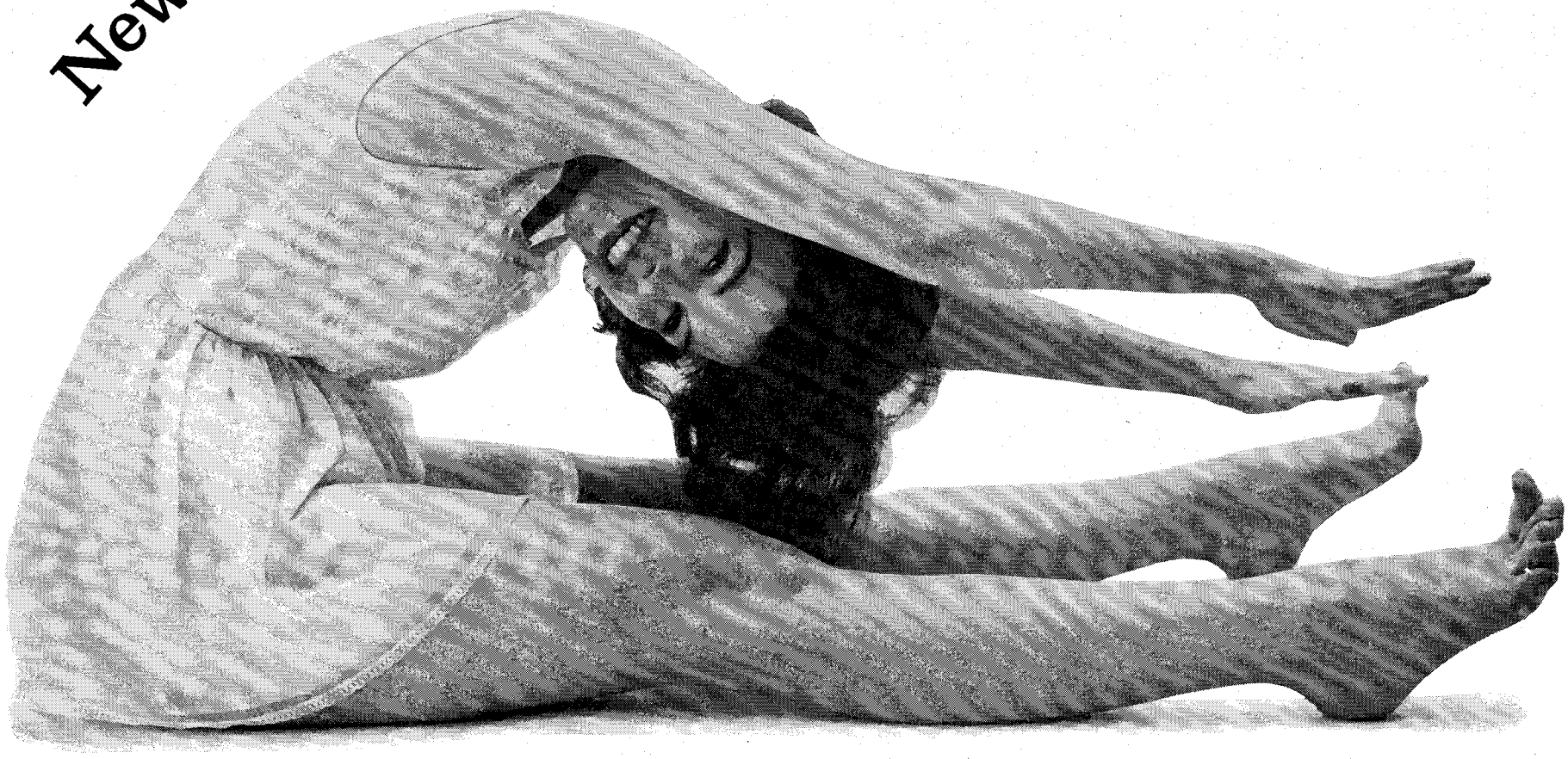

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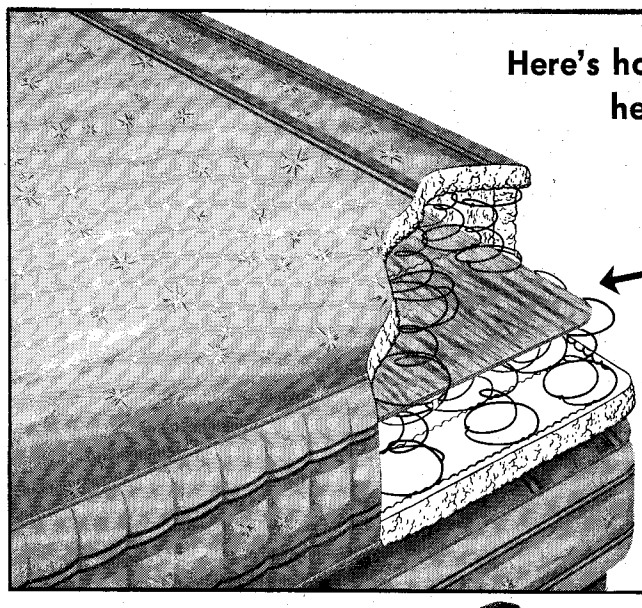

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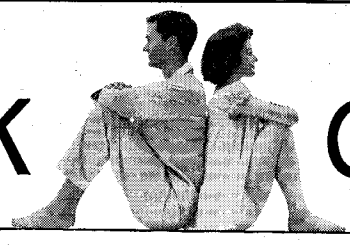

BACK CARE

WITH BUILT-IN BEDBOARD

by SIMMONS

PATENT PENDING

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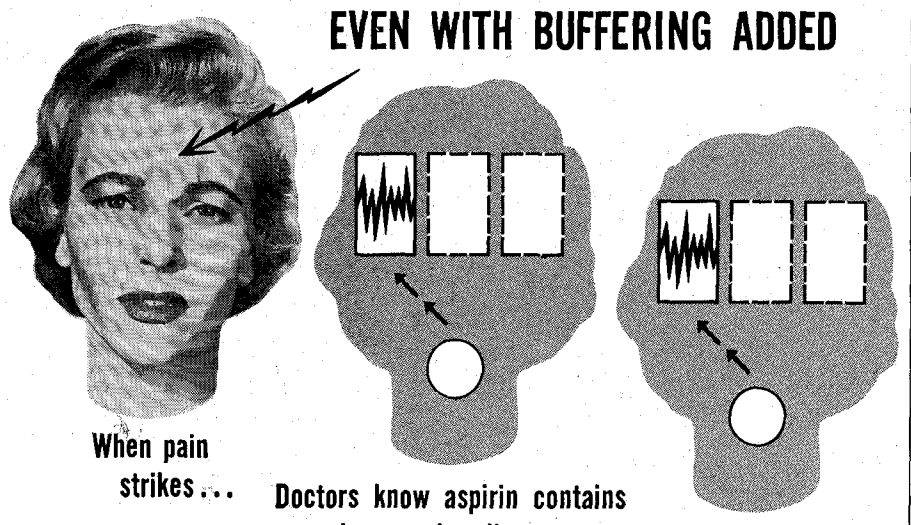

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FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF

The Test (Continued from Page 30)

"Sounds like it," I said.

There really wasn't much doubt that somebody had shot the doe. It was a middling straight ridge, and there aren't many bucks about to go charging downwind along ridges when the traffic is all headed the other way.

"We'll swing out off the ridge," I said. "Then did the fellow miss her and decide to hike for his car, we'll be between him and the road. Did he hit her, we can walk him up easy."

This was the kind of a bind you get into, where having a sheriff as a hunting partner offers something besides trouble. He's kind of a handy fellow, times like this. Maybe he feels the same way about me, come occasions when somebody sets up in the bank-robbing business. Anyhow, between us we save the county the cost of a deputy sheriff and a deputy game warden.

Anyway, we cut for the road, but it took a little longer than I figured. The sun was dropping fast and the dark came up faster out of the hollows. We came out on the road without cutting any trail, and for a minute it looked as though our friend heard us coming.

Then the sheriff pointed suddenly: an open sandy spot as big as your hand in the middle of the trail, and a wisp of smoke from where a pipe had been emptied.

We didn't have to discuss it. He went off the trail on one side and I went off on the other, and I had the right side. Or that's one way of looking at it. I wasn't ten feet into the brush when somebody humped up ahead of me and ran, just a blur in the dark woods. I took after him and lost him for a second and tripped over a log, and while I still was on my hands and knees I got belted over the head with a tree branch.

"Oh, my gosh," a young voice said thankfully. "It's you, warden. I thought it was that durn sheriff."

"I wish it was," I said, rubbing my head. "But you're lucky it wasn't. Now give me that gun and let's talk about this."

"I didn't mean to hurt you," he said apologetically, and by this time I figured out who he was. The old single-barrel shotgun was most as tall as he was. When I broke it, the fired shell still was in it, because the ejector was busted. After a shot, you'd have to pry out the old shell with a jackknife.

"Benjy Gauge," I said, "you ain't old enough to take up pipe smoking, say nothing about deer poaching."

"It was only cornsilk," he said. "I made me a cob pipe."

We were back on the trail now and the sheriff met us. He glowered at Benjy, who was kind of scrawny, even for a boy of twelve.

"That's a middling poor excuse for the pipe-smoking part," I said. "You got a better one for shooting at a doe in buck season?"

Benjy blushed. The sheriff said, "Starting to take after your old man a little early, ain't you?"

"Never mind my old man," Benjy said, flaring up. "He maybe don't see eye to eye with you lawmen about making whisky and borrowing things and stuff, and you got him in your old jail to account for it."

"I ain't got him," the sheriff said. "They got him in the next county. Maybe I'll get him next, though."

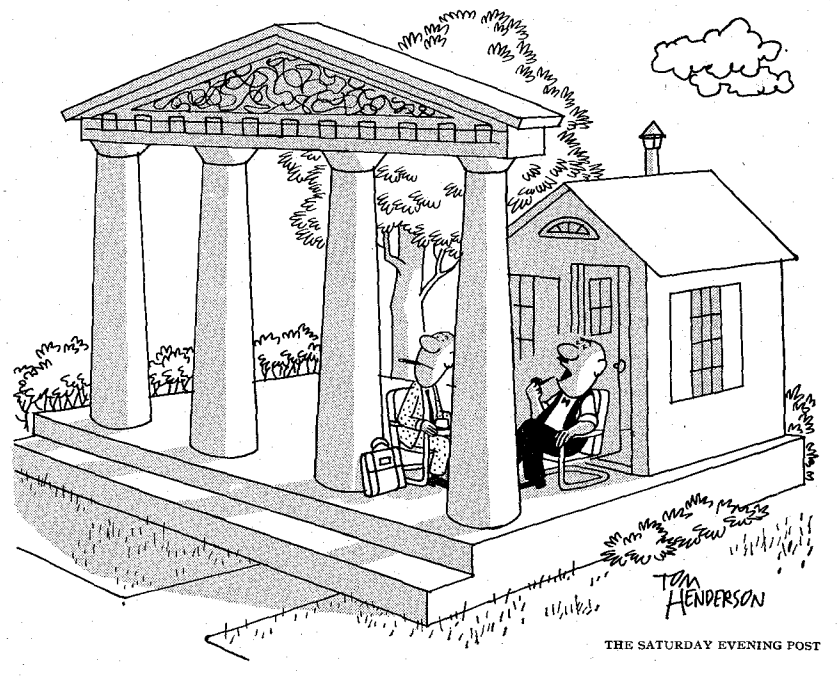
"Anyway"—Benjy's embarrassment was close to tears—"he'll be home by Thanksgiving, and then us Gauges'll be all right. And what's more, I was just fixing to shoot a deer, and that ain't stealing."

I cleared my throat. "Reckon it's the next thing to it, Benjy. The deer running around out in the woods, they belong to everybody. Then we fix us up a set of rules so's we don't kill off too many deer, but always leave enough for next year, and yet so's everybody gets his fair chance at shooting one. Then some feller gets kind of sneaky and takes a deer he ain't got any right to, because it might've belonged to somebody else, fair and square. Ain't that wrong, Benjy?"

"Well," he said, "I guess maybe it is wrong. I guess maybe I even figured it was wrong when I saw that old doe coming right at me, otherwise I wouldn't have missed her."

"All right, then," I said, and clapped him on the shoulder. "Now, you go to work and remember that, and you won't have any more trouble with the likes of the sheriff and me."

Benjy looked kind of baleful at the sheriff, who was muttering something sort of ominous himself; then the young-



"Oh, I had a lot of big ideas when I first started building this house."

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ster grinned. We walked down the fire trail to where my station wagon was parked, then drove on through the straight section road to where the Gauge place was, in a halfhearted sort of a clearing.

It wasn't much of a house. If you want to get right down to it, I'd say the house probably started out as the horse barn and got itself converted when the original house burned down. The sheriff claimed he could remember when it was quite a place, when Benjy's old man married one of the pretty Renfrew girls, despite all the kicking and hollering her kinfolks did, and settled on this place Helen Renfrew's father gave them. Partly it was for a wedding present, I guess, and partly it was to keep them out of town. Marrying Helen Renfrew, the sheriff said, was the only sign of good sense Benjy Gauge's old man ever showed. There'd been a lot of progressively worse signs since, and the worst of all, of course, was when he stole the highway-department truck to move his still from the next county. That's how he got to being a boarder of the neighboring sheriff.

We pulled into the clearing where the brush was getting up some, and Benjy's mother came out with a worried look; the red light and the aerial and the siren on the fender made my old wagon look mighty official.

Right off, I told her nothing serious was the matter; we'd just had a little talk with Benjy and everything was going to be all right. She kissed him and shooed him into the house. She didn't ask us in, but I saw through the door that while there wasn't much to speak of in the way of furniture, everything was neat. The pine floor was scrubbed white and there were curtains at the windows. After all, she was a Renfrew, and it appeared that she gave up hard on some things.

Anyway, after Benjy was in, she stayed outside with us. She wasn't exactly cordial, but she wanted to talk. Her face was calm; I guess you might say it had a still look about it, as though she'd seen some things she'd just as soon not looked at, and expected to see some more, and figured she could stand it but she didn't have to like it.

"I'm not one to come asking favors for nothing," she said, "but it appears to me you lawmen have an interest in this. And I tell you I'm some worried about how Benjy's going to turn out."

"Well," I said, feeling more uncomfortable by the minute.

She looked at me, lamplight from the window shining on that quiet face with the level eyes. Pushing women and kids around isn't quite my line, and I can't work up a good glower to cover it up, the way the sheriff does.

"My brother Ted Renfrew is alone in the big house in town since his wife died," Benjy's mother said. "He'd be right glad to have the boy with him. Benjy could go to school there and have a proper bringing up."

I was getting tired of saying "Well."

"I know what you're thinking," Benjy's ma said. "But the boy is set against going. We haven't had much, in his time, but we've got the place, such as there is left of it." She let the sheriff share that level look. "And I can't very well explain to him how it's been run down, and why, and how come he'd be in a lot better shape to making something of it in after years if he had some bringing up now."

It was the sheriff's turn. He said, "Well ——"

"A woman can't hold a boy's father up, just to shame him," Benjy's mother said quietly. "It isn't proper. And on the other hand, I have an idea what it does to folks, inside, to make them do things they don't want to do, things they can't see reason to."

Her voice never got away from her at all. But it dropped a little when she said, "He's not much more than a little boy, and he hasn't had much except crowding, most of his days."

"Maybe we can think of something," I said.

She watched us get in the car. Just before I closed the door she said civilly, "I thank you kindly, warden."

Most of the way back to town, the station wagon was pretty quiet. Finally the sheriff said, "All right. You got something in mind. Let's hear it."

"Nothing at all," I said. "Matter of fact, I was just sitting here driving and reflecting to myself on the great benefits accruing to a man in connection with his associating with bird dogs. That's one of the things I got against deer hunting, outside of a few personal items. Deer hunting, I don't have the beneficial company of a class bird dog to offset the ornery human company."

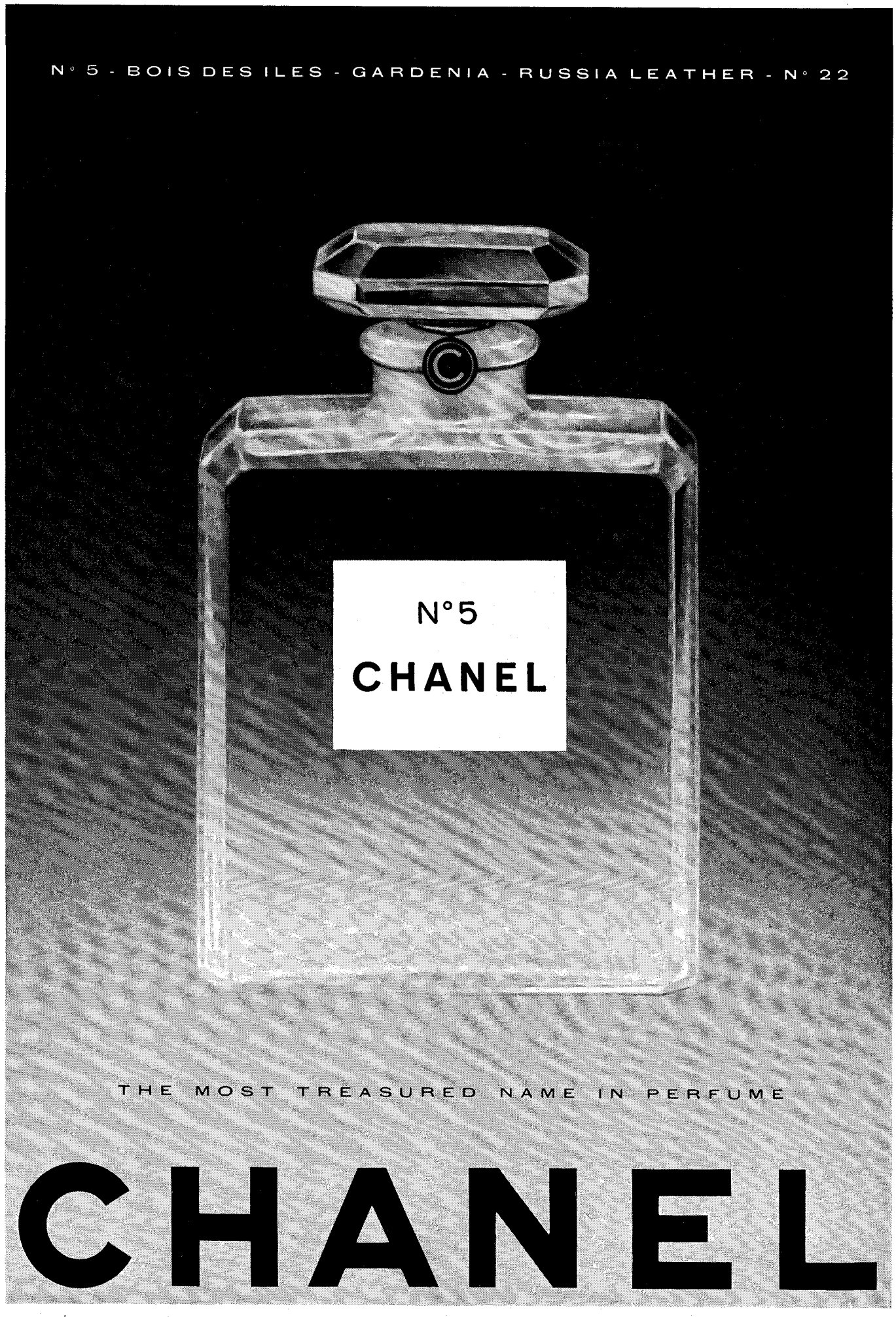
"You," said the sheriff, alert now, "are trying to distract me with some irrelevant insults. What've bird dogs got to do with Benjy Gauge?"

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing at all. He ain't even got one."

"Now just a minute," the sheriff said. "You ain't going to take one of the Maid's pups out there to that old shack and deliver it to a certain bad end?"

"It ain't the end that a dog, or a man, either, comes to that worries me," I said. "Not so much as how he gets there. Anyhow, the Maid went and had herself nine spanking puppies, you know."

(*Continued on Page 56*)



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We believe that fine whiskey enhances the good life. It is a luxury, however, to be enjoyed in one way and one way only–wisely, in moderation.

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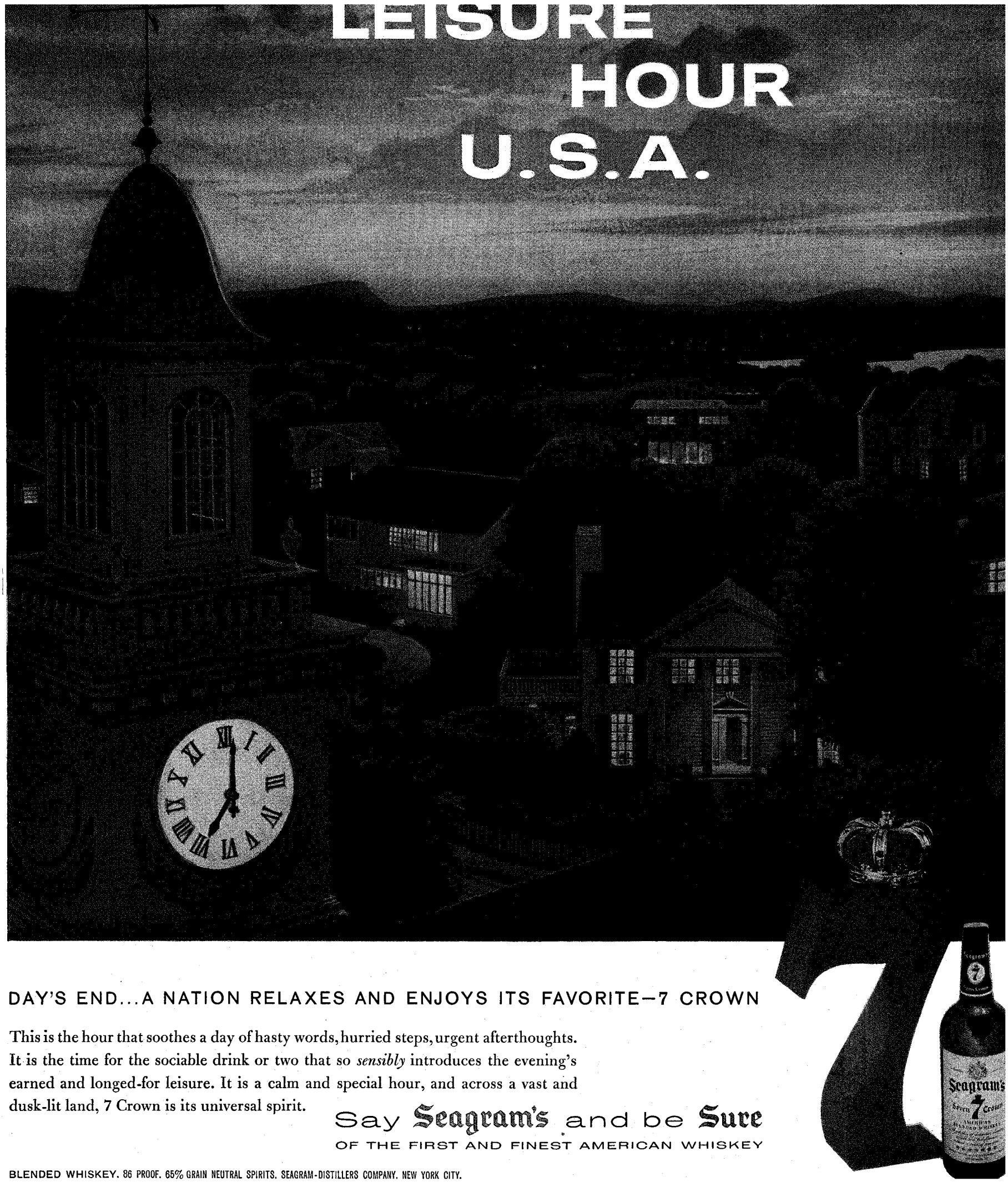

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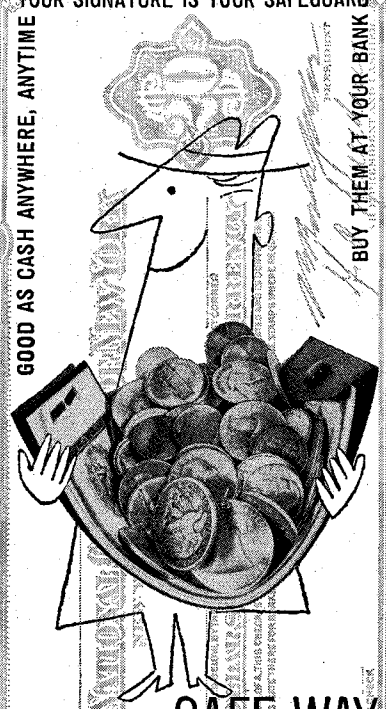

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FULL REFUND IF LOST OR STOLEN
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(*Continued from Page 53*) "Yes, sure she did. And you know good and well you got 'em all sold; you got some of them sold to bird-dog men five hundred miles away before they were born."

"I know," I said. "But Maid ain't so terrible old yet. And some of them city fellows are real patient. Some of them been waiting for two litters past now, and won't mind waiting another."

The next morning I went out to the kennel and picked Benjy out a dog. The pups were past three months old, and starting out for their regular homes any minute. They were getting rangy and starting to grow teeth, and there was this big one with liver ears and a cocky white blaze on his forehead, bold and brassy and just right for what I wanted. He was marked out for a city hunter who was a real nice fellow and who would be real disappointed too. I don't know, though. Maybe I know more about dogs than I do about kids, but I figured there were some kids worth risking a good dog on.

I put the pup in the wagon and drove on out to the Gauge place. Benjy was in the clearing, back near to where the old house used to be before the fire, chopping wood. His mother came out, too, and stood on the stoop of the shack. Neither one said anything.

I took the pup out and set him down and he looked around, sort of testing the air; then he saw Benjy and his ears came up, those liver ears that on a pup that age seem twice as big as he'll ever have any use for. The long white tail flagged and the pup started for the boy, big-footed and wagging, and Benjy's face lighted up and he squatted down. The pup put his front feet on Benjy's knees, unmannerly as anything.

Then Benjy stood up suddenly, and his face had that funny look you don't like to see too often, and seeing it at all on a kid's face is too often.

"What's the puppy for?" he asked warily. "Why you want to bring a puppy around here?"

"Thought you might like to see him," I said casually. "Thought you might like to handle a class puppy like that."

"Well," he said, trying not to look down at the ears and the wagging, "there ain't no call for you to be doing me any favors."

A grimy hand strayed toward ears, then was jerked back.

"I bet my ma talked to you about this," he said indignantly. "I bet she asked you to bring this puppy out here for a joy gift."

I could see his mother's face, there on the stoop. It hurt a little. I said briskly, "Your mother didn't say anything about joy gifts. And neither did I, that I know of. Did I now?"

He blushed, seeing that he'd been impolite.

"Main reason I stopped," I said, "was to see if you might do me a favor. This here pup, now, is a right promising dog. But he needs a lot of handling and this is a busy time of year for me. I ain't got time to spend fooling with puppies. I thought you might tell me somebody who'd keep him and give him a little handling now and then, see how he turns out."

"Well," Benjy said, "that's different. Yes, sir." He took a big important breath. "I'm right busy myself too," he said. "But it might so happen that I could handle him a little, were you willing to let me try."

"You know," I said, "I never thought of that. But it sure would be nice of you to accommodate me that way."

Benjy squatted down again, and his face was all right this time. His face was fine. I got into the station wagon, and said, "He's a class dog, now, like I told you. And he has to eat kind of fancy, so I'll bring a sack of feed out for him."

"I'll be real careful about feeding him," Benjy said.

"His name is Chippewa Boy."

Benjy said, "I think I'll call him Chip."

That was the day after deer season opened, which was early that year. Every week or so I stopped out at the Gauge place, and I want to tell you it was a wonder the way that boy worked with the pup. By some lights I suppose it was throwing away a good dog, because no boy like Benjy could possibly train a bird dog to regular standards, the standards being about as well known to him as the rules for conduct at a White House reception. But a high-bred dog is born knowing more about the hunting part of the bird-dog business than any man can teach him, and the rest doesn't really amount to so much.

The deer season went on and closed without any more trouble than usual, and the bird season came on. The sheriff was with me one time when we stopped out at the Gauges', and Benjy showed us how he'd taught Chip to hunt dead and to make the search for a downed bird that he hadn't seen fall. The way they performed pretty near made the sheriff grin before he recollected himself.

I said something about how I'd bet there wasn't another boy in the whole eighth grade back in the town school who could train a five-month-old pup to hunt dead, and the sheriff said he'd bet that too. And I said maybe some of the other boys knew about tying neckties and even dancing with girls, but shucks, a fellow could learn things like that right smart, but he couldn't just go out and pick up handling sense.

Benjy glowed at the talk, but when we were through, he looked up and said, "I know what you fellers are driving at, but I ain't going. I got to cut another cord of wood right now."

We figured we'd been dismissed. His mother told us about the wood cutting. It turned out he'd made a deal with some of the neighbors to take some cordwood off the place, so's he could buy a turkey and all the trimmings for Thanksgiving, when his father would be home. Benjy sure had big plans, his mother said.

If nothing more had happened, the whole thing would have turned out the way most things turn out in this life—not real good nor real bad, maybe, and maybe not even very decisive one way or another.

But then one night, two days before Thanksgiving it was, the rangers called up from the fire tower and said they'd been watching some flickering out in the woods that they thought first was a little fire. But it wasn't. It looked more like my kind of business. When a man back in the hills figures he needs himself a deer out of season, he generally goes out and shoots it and goes home. But when the lights keep showing up, it's more likely a sign of regular commercial poaching, a gang shooting a whole truckful of deer in one night to take into the city and sell. And since this is what you might call the combined bank holdup and grand larceny of the game-management business, I invited the sheriff along to look into it. We talked to a couple of the towers on the radio, and they finally pinned down a reading for us on the map.

There was a good moon and we could drive along (*Continued on Page 59*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

On the opening day of the duck season, Rogerby slipped some shells into the magazine of his automatic shotgun and drove off to Loon Lake to bag his limit. En route, a game warden stopped him, inspected his gun and arrested him for violating a state game law against driving with a "loaded shotgun."

"There were shells in the magazine, so there is no question about the gun being loaded," the warden testified in court.

"A gun isn't loaded unless there's a shell in the chamber, ready to shoot," Rogerby argued back. "My gun was no more loaded than if the shells had been in the pocket of my hunting jacket."

If you were the judge, would you hold Rogerby guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty. The court said Rogerby's argument might hold good if the law was to protect people from accidental discharges, but the purpose of this law was to protect game from being shot from cars. When Rogerby inserted shells in the magazine, the court ruled, his gun was "ready for firing and therefore loaded."

Based upon a 1934 Wisconsin decision.

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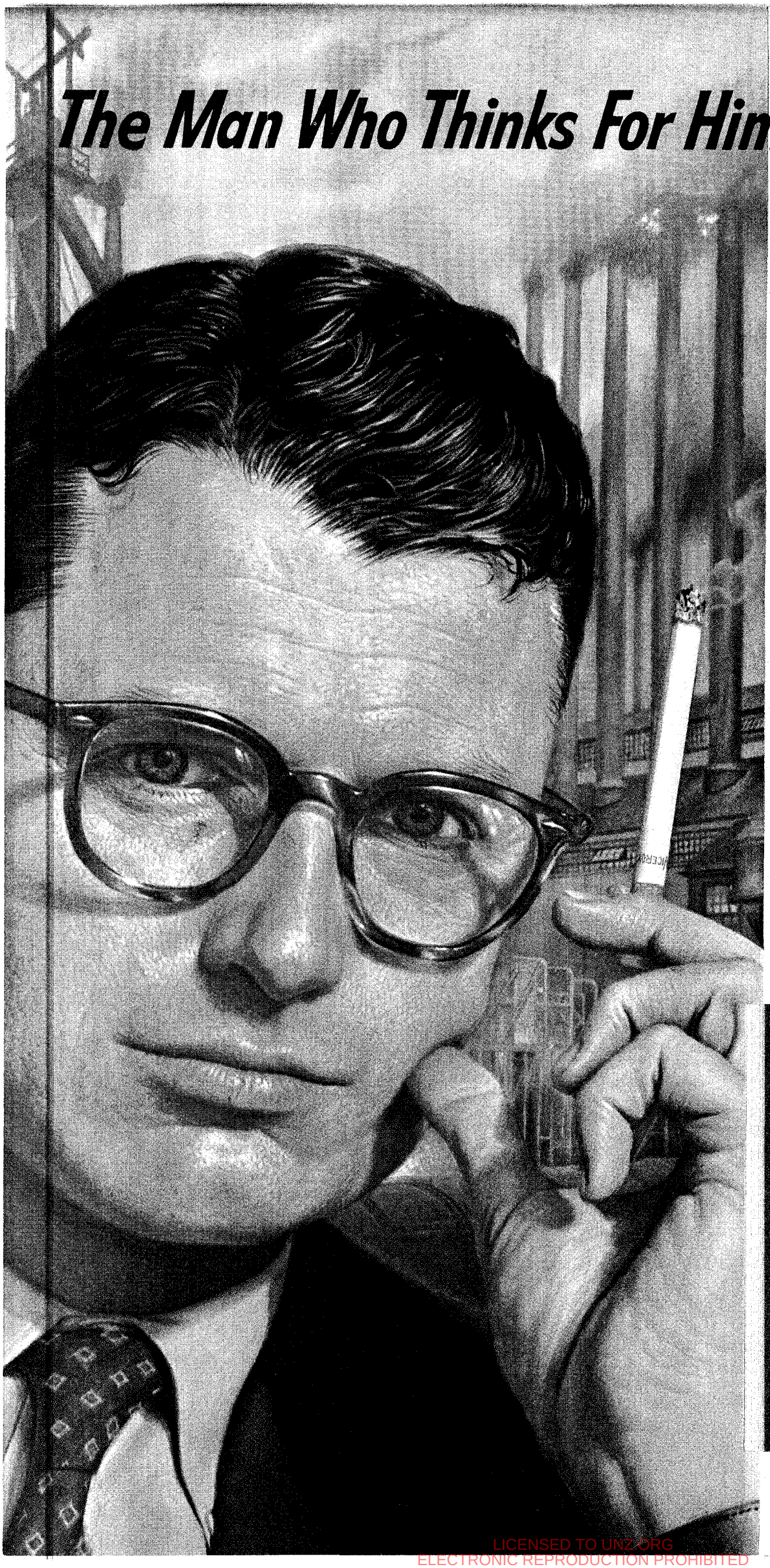
The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...



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Such a man usually smokes VICEROY.
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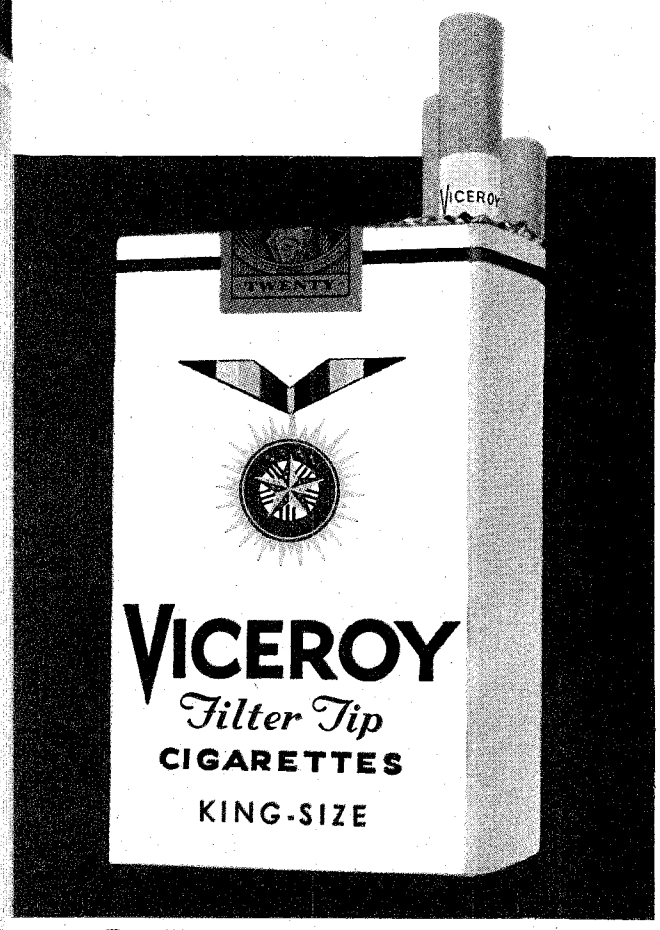

Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

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(*Continued from Page 56*) the back roads without the car lights on, which is a good idea. But when we turned off on the fire lane that looked closest to the spot where the light had been, there was no sign of any other car or truck being in ahead of us. We got out of the station wagon and listened, until the small brush noises that had been quieted by our coming came back again.

The sheriff leaned over and said against my ear, "Only about a half mile from the Gauge place. And I got a release notice from the next county. They turned Benjy's old man loose today."

I didn't say anything, because I didn't have to. We were both thinking about how Benjy's pa was just the kind who might decide to go out and poach a few deer while he got the still working, and how the things we'd tried to do to help Benjy and his mother could all go for nothing.

We waited a little longer, and suddenly there was a flash of light down off the ridge, only a couple of hundred yards away. There was the light and then there was a gun shot. The big noise killed the small brush noises dead in the dark and set the rustles in the woods going away from it quickly, like water wings.

We started running. There was enough moon so that you could keep from running into the big trees, but the brush and the deadfalls were in shadow and you thumped your shins on them. Then we were in close enough to hear the thrashing and a dog barking and somebody yelling, and then we were right on it, with the moon giving one kind of eerie light and a flashlight on the ground giving another kind, even more eerie.

There was a big buck deer, down behind but still pivoting on his forelegs, a good deer with antlers glinting in the light and the whites of his eyes showing and puffs of steam coming from his nostrils. There was a pointer pup barking and the kid—no doubt about the kid with the dog and the old gun—trying frantically to get an empty shell out of the gun because the ejector didn't work, and the deer lunging and almost getting up, and the kid crying and swearing at the gun and finally swinging it at the deer. But a big buck is nothing to fool with at some times of the year, not when the antler points are polished and the neck is swelled and the whites of the eyes show. The buck made a lunging kind of a scramble. The kid tripped and fell almost under him, and the pointer pup made a shrill challenge and charged the deer.

The buck met him with a forefoot as quick and sharp as a swung hatchet, and there was the crunch you do not have to think about when you hear it—it is the sound of things breaking.

The kid saw the dog fall as he was rolling away himself. With the dog down, the kid found his feet and suddenly started to walk with a crazy barehanded lurch back toward that buck, and while I still was slipping the rifle sling off my shoulder, the sheriff's hand came out from under his coat. There was a big blossom of orange flame and the crashing sound of the .357. The deer went down and over and halfway over again, and was very quiet.

And then everything was very quiet. The kid looked at the deer; then he turned to look at the dog, and then he went down on his knees very slowly, as though something in him was breaking apart in sections, and put his arms around the dog.

I looked at him for a minute, using the flashlight that had been on the ground, but keeping the light away from the dog. Benjy kept his face down, against the puppy. The puppy didn't move.

"I didn't calculate to do anything like this," Benjy said. "Things kind of got to crowding me."

"Your old man made you do it. Where is he?"

My voice sounded harsh, even to me. Anger can do that, and disappointment and some other feelings you might have under the circumstances. Later, you might sort them out.

"I guess he did make me, at that," Benjy said. "But not the way you think. My old man come home today. We all run out to see him and tell him about the swell Thanksgiving dinner we were going to have, with him back and all." He pressed his face against the dog. "My old man said never mind. He told us we never brought him nothing but trouble and he was going to leave us. So he took some stuff from the house and left."

The sheriff whistled through his teeth, remembering. A woman can't hold a boy's father up to shame him, Benjy's mother said. Well, the way this worked out, she didn't need to.

• •

Wild Goose

By Curtis Heath

He climbs the wind above
green clouds of pine,
Honking to hail the
gathering migration,
And, arching toward the
south, pulls to align
His flight into the great
spearhead formation.

He'll find a bayou land of
hidden pools,
And bask amid lush fern
and water lily
Far from the frozen world
of earth-bound fools
Who, shivering, maintain
that geese are silly.

• •

"He took the money I got from the cordwood," Benjy said. "I was fixing to buy a turkey tomorrow, all by myself. But he took the money when he went away. There ain't nothing in the house to eat but grits and a few eggs, and Thanksgiving day after tomorrow."

"So you killed a deer," I said.

"It's an old buck and won't hurt the herd none," Benjy said. "I let a couple others go by. I done wrong, but it don't seem right that a man's mother should have to eat grits and eggs for Thanksgiving, after a feller made her a promise."

He huddled there, looking up at us. The sheriff did not say anything and I did not want to say anything either, but this was the time to say something. There would never be any better time to say the hard things that needed to be said.

"Seems to me," I said, "that there are times when a man has to do something, right enough. Then the thing he has to decide, is does he do something easy, even if it's wrong, or does he do something right, even if it's hard."

The kid looked at me. It probably wasn't such a long time, but it seemed most of the night.

"Like going to school and living in town," he said, just a touch of the old curl on his lip. "Reckon that would make everything all right again."

"Seems to me"—I wasn't going to let go of it now—"seems to me that when things been going wrong long enough, and far enough, you can't do one right thing and expect everything will be all right again. You have to start kind of gradual, and it's hard. But you have to start."

Benjy looked at me. His eyes were wide, but he wasn't crying any more. The puppy made a small movement in his arms and he said, "What can we do for Chip?"

The puppy moved again, but he did not try to bite, the way they will when they are hurting badly. He moved his nose up against the boy's face, but he did not lick either. His eyes came open, and now he was not hurting any more. He had stopped hurting. The look in his eyes meant that he was seeing into a far field and he would be there soon and it was all right, except that he was sorry he had not had a chance to learn all the things he was born wanting to know. Then he put his muzzle down very sadly against the boy's hand and closed his eyes and sighed. The boy held him with both arms tightly and put his face against him.

"Benjy," I said, "he's dead now."

"I know," Benjy said. "There's nothing we can do."

"Yes," I said. "Though it's not an easy thing either. But we can bury him proper. That's the last thing anybody can do for anybody, is bury him proper."

"I know a place," Benjy said. "There's an old apple tree out behind the house. It's back by the foundation of where the big house used to be, before the fire. I can remember when I was a little kid there was a swing there, and my ma used to push me on it. I was a little bit of a kid. I can remember swinging there when there was blossoms on it, and later on when there was apples and I'd try to grab one when I was swinging. Once I fell out of the swing, trying."

"That sounds like a good place," I said.

The sheriff coughed.

"If you two are fixing to do something with that dog," he said, "I'll dress out the deer and bring it along in the station wagon."

I took the guns and the flashlight, and Benjy walked ahead carrying the dog, the puppy legs dangling awkwardly from his arms. We walked the half mile to the shack, and walked past it, back to the old foundation. There was the apple tree, bare-branched and kind of strange in the moonlight. There was a shovel against an outbuilding, and I started digging. There was a little frost in the ground, but after the first couple of inches it went all right.

"I'll help," Benjy said.

"Digging a grave for a friend ain't among the easiest things you can do."

"I want to."

"You don't really have to."

"I helped him all I could, up to now."

"All right."

"After this I can't do anything for him."

"Well, in a way you can," I said. "You want to remember that the only reason we keep dogs is for the help and comfort we get from them. We don't keep a penful of kiyoodles just to hear the racket. We keep dogs that are gentlefolk, and we do what we can for them and they do what they can for us, and Chip here tried to do something for you."

Benjy's mother had seen the light and came out of the shack. She had an old shawl over her shoulders. She looked at me and the boy and the dog, her face very still, but she did not say anything. There had been some good things in her life, but I guess there'd been a quantity more of the other kind, and she was always ready for them.

"He done a lot of things for me." Benjy still was talking about the dog.

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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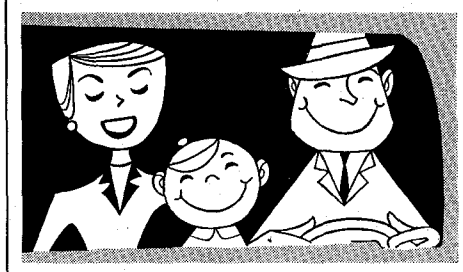

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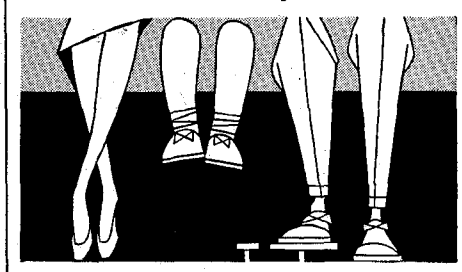

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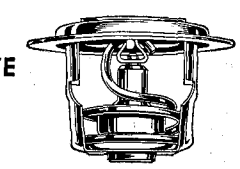

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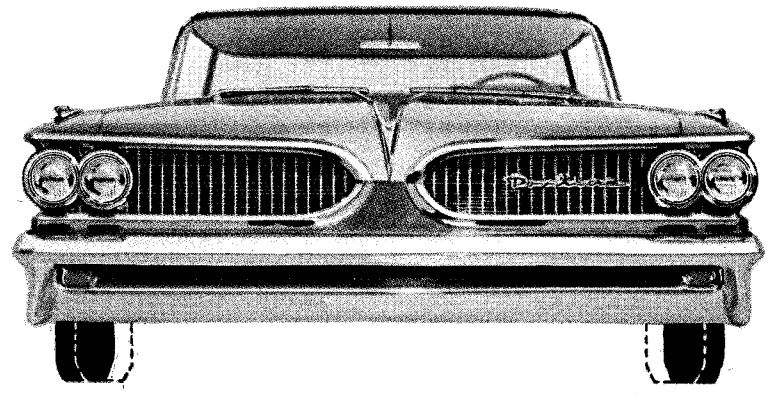

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(*Continued from Page 59*) "Main thing," I said, "he showed that when the time comes, you do what you have to do. I don't reckon he wanted to charge that buck much. But according to his lights, he had to."

"He didn't have much chance," Benjy said.

"Sometimes you don't get much chance," I said. "And you do it anyway. That's better than when you have the chance and don't even try."

Benjy said, "He showed me something, all right." Then he said, "It's kind of cold to put him in the ground there with nothing to lay on. In the house, he most generally figured out some way to get a old piece of rug or something to lay on. Ma," he said, "do you reckon it would be all right to wrap him up in this old shirt?"

His mother said quietly, "I reckon it would be all right, son."

So the boy took off his jacket and peeled off the old shirt. His bare skin gleaming in the cold moonlight, he wrapped the puppy in the shirt and put him gently in the bottom of the hole. He did not cry any more. We filled in the dirt and walked back to the shack. The sheriff was driving my station wagon into the clearing.

Benjy said, "Ma, reckon Uncle Ted would like to have you and me both move into town with him?"

His mother looked at him quickly and sharply, then looked away.

"I reckon he might be right pleased," she said. Her voice was perfectly casual. "I wouldn't be surprised at all, the way things turned out, if he was right tickled."

"Reckon we could do it before school starts, after the holiday vacation?"

"I'll study on it," his mother said. "If you really want to go."

"A man," Benjy said, "does what he has to do, when the time comes." Then he said, "It ain't even a very hard thing to do, ma, now I got to it. It ain't like we're leaving the place for good. We can come out here most any time, and after while maybe I'll be able to fix things up a little, like they used to be."

He worked up to spit on the ground and said, "What kind of a game preserve would this place make, anyway, and what kind of studying would I have to do for that?"

"That takes a parcel of studying," I said. "Some of us figure we never quite get to the end of studying about wildlife management. But you kind of get used to it."

His mother went past him into the shack. They weren't much for clouding up and raining all over people, the Renfrews weren't.

From inside, she said, "I can offer you lawmen a cup of chicory to warm you."

The sheriff made a face, but I said, "We'd be right proud to join you, ma'am."

He went on in with Benjy. I said I happened to think of something, and went back to the station wagon. There was something I had to put into the lean-to behind the shack. Then I went back inside and we drank a cup of the hot bitter black stuff, and after that we left.

On the way back to town the sheriff said, "Well, maybe a brand got saved from the burning, after all."

"You do what you can, but you don't deserve any credit unless you want to count the times you messed things up," I said. "Reckon my average ain't too good. Even this time, it took some burning first."

"It most generally does," the sheriff said. Then he said, "But if that kid's old man shows up again, I'll burn him to where he'll stay burned."

"He won't," I said. "Seems like he played out the string."

We drove quite a distance in silence, then the sheriff turned in the seat to scratch a match on the rear deck.

"Hey," he said. "What happened to that deer?"

I drove another quarter mile. "What deer?" I said.

The sheriff said, "You know good and well what deer. You're supposed to confiscate that deer and turn it over to the welfare people or something."

"Well," I said, "I do seem to remember that part. But this here deer you're talking about, now. Killed out of season, was it?"

"Dang it," the sheriff said righteously, "not only out of season, but by unlawful means, jacklighting and all."

I clucked my tongue.

"Sounds powerful illegal, all right. Was this deer killed by a sidearm, too, instead of a proper shotgun or rifle? A .357 maybe?"

The sheriff kept an uneasy silence, of a sudden.

"Does seem a little clearer now," I said. "Was this deer killed out of season and with a sidearm, by a real honest-to-John officer of the law, a feller sworn to uphold the statutes?" The sheriff didn't say anything at all. I went on, kind of thoughtfully, "Seems to me if that was the case, I'd probably have to bring all kinds of charges. The governor'd probably hear about it too. Misfeasance, malfeasance, all them unpleasant words."

"You're letting your imagination run away with you," the sheriff said, kind of grinning. "Like you said, I don't remember any deer." THE END

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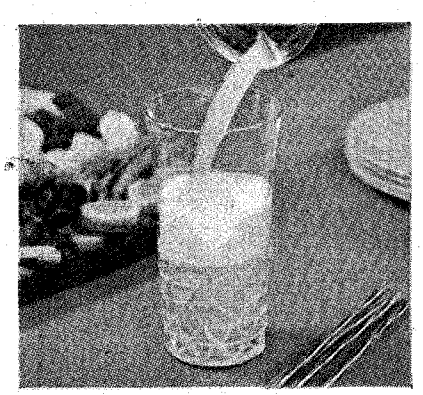

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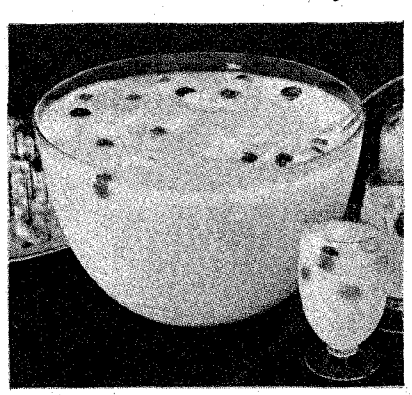

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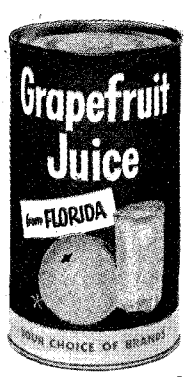

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The Preposterous Pet (Continued from Page 37)

books before dinner. The phone rang and sombebody said, "That's for you, Brady boy," just joking.

But he untangled himself from the chair he was wrapped around and loped out to answer, and I could hear him say, "Yeah, this is Cooper." He listened a minute and then said, "Yeah, sure, I'll take him. Right now?"

As soon as he hung up the phone, he stuck his head back around the door and waggled a thumb at me. "Want to come along, Wick?"

He didn't say what he had in mind, but he didn't have to. I shut up my constitutional law and said, "Yeah, man!" Nobody ever asked Brady what he had in mind. You just went along.

We went out and squatted in this crazy little red car of his—makes him look like Paul Bunyan in a teacup—and zoomed off down Hillcrest. "Got to go pick up a lion," he said after a minute.

I thought I wasn't hearing right, and I shook my head and said, "A what?" It came out sort of a squawk.

"A lion," he said impatiently, and glanced over as though to say, *What's wrong with your ears?* Then after a moment, he added kindly, "Guy's got a lion he doesn't want, and he said I could have it."

Well, that wasn't so all-fired screwy. If I had a lion I didn't want, most likely I'd think of Brady too. "Who's got it?"

"You remember Todd, that sold me Hepzi here?"

I nodded. Hepzi was the car. Everyone names cars, but Brady picked old-maid names for his. Hester and Hepzibah and Samantha and Abigail—that's all I can remember right now. He had a way of running through cars.

I asked cautiously, "How come?"

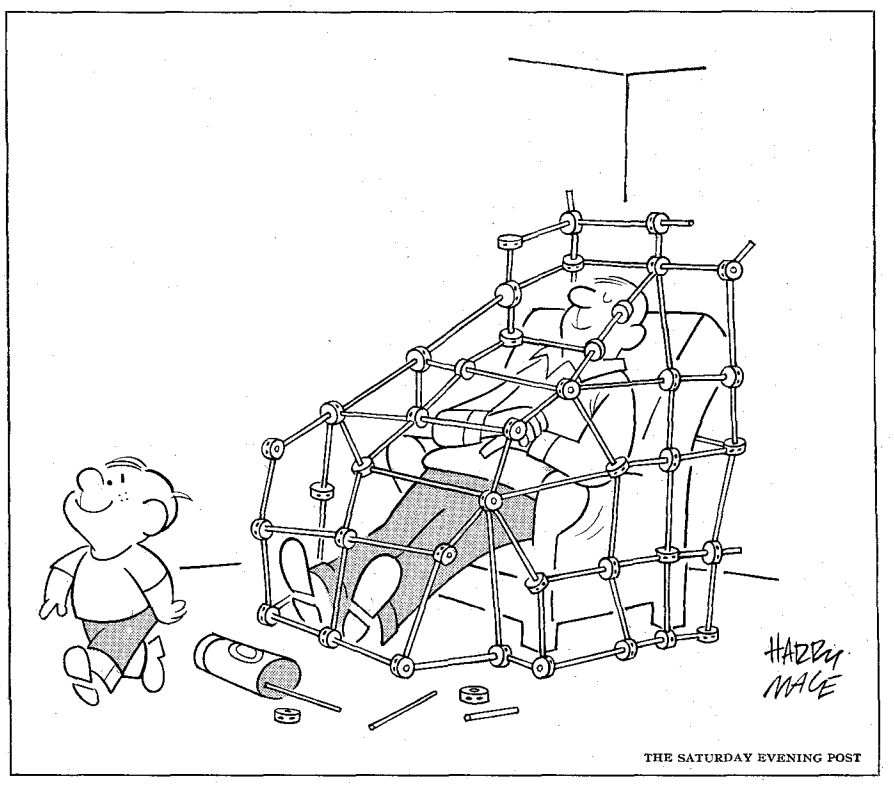
"Picked up a truck he'd sold a carnival. They weren't making their payments. Todd had quite a time running the truck down and when he found it, he just up and drove it off. Got it back to the garage and found out there was a lion in it."

Before I could think of anything pertinent to say, we were there. Todd was waiting for us, and I mean waiting. He was a soft, paunchy guy, with purple cheeks and a strong whisky breath, stronger than ever right now. He was trying to act nonchalant, as though he had lions to give away every day, but it wasn't easy.

Brady levered himself out of Hepzibah and said, "This the truck?" Todd nodded. He had a right ingratiating look on his face, for a change.

It was a ramshackle old truck, one of those closed vans with a little window in the side. Brady hoisted himself up and peered in through the window.

"Can't see him very well." He meandered around to the back and fiddled with the door a minute and then let it down, the kind of door that makes a ramp.



"You gonna let him out?" I didn't mean that to sound like a squawk, either, but it did.

"Oh, he's in a cage," Brady said.

So I got out, too, and went over and looked in. Brady was hunkered there on the floor of the truck, gazing at the lion, and the lion was gazing right back at him.

"Lazy-looking cuss, isn't he?" Brady said.

Well, maybe he was. I've never had much experience with lions, and I didn't know whether that sleepy look was laziness or foxiness. He was a mangy beast, musty-colored, with some rubbed spots on his shoulders and a musty smell.

Brady teetered back on his heels, got out a cigarette and lit it, still examining the lion reflectively. After a minute he stuck his head out around the end of the truck to speak to Todd, who hovered near, but not too near, with the look of a man geared up for a sudden exit. "O.K. to borrow this truck for a while, Todd?"

"Sure; sure, Brady. Glad to let you have it. Long as you like. Just bring it back when you—when you're finished."

Brady said, "O.K., come on, Wick. We can come back and get my car later."

He vaulted out of the van, shut the door and went around and got in the front. The old wreck of a truck sputtered and jerked, but finally started. I waited until we'd headed away from the lot before venturing a question. "Where you going to take him, Brady?"

"Over to old Scud." He flicked his cigarette out the window. "Scud will like this old boy. He's crazy about animals."

I nodded, but I had a doubt or two. Scud Harman was crazy about animals, all right. He was always picking up stray cats, and he kept a couple of horses at a stable near

(*Continued on Page 67*)

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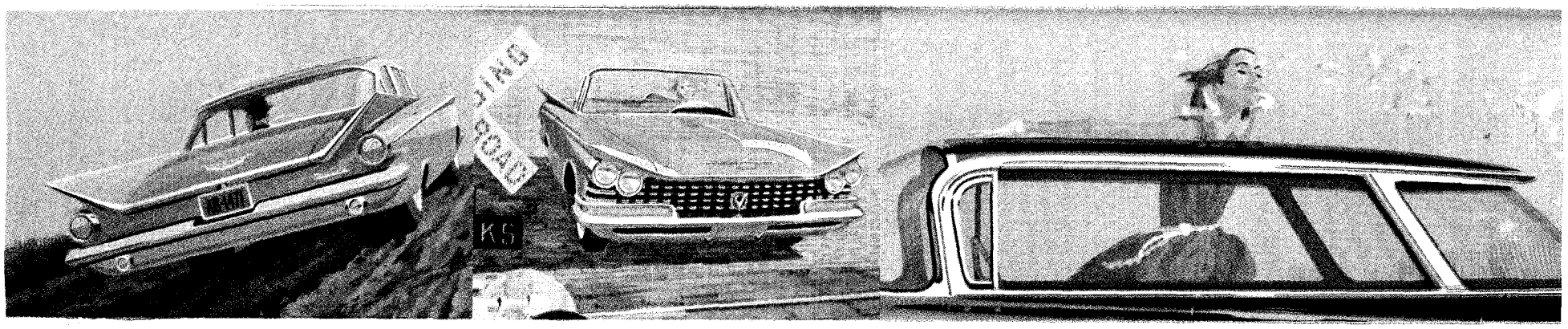

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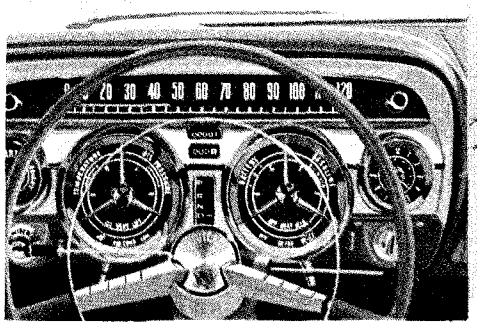

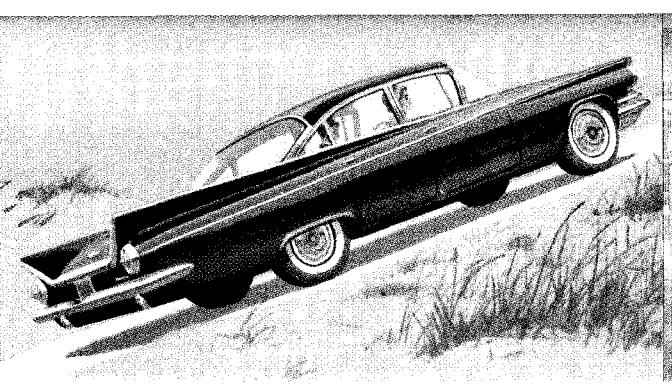

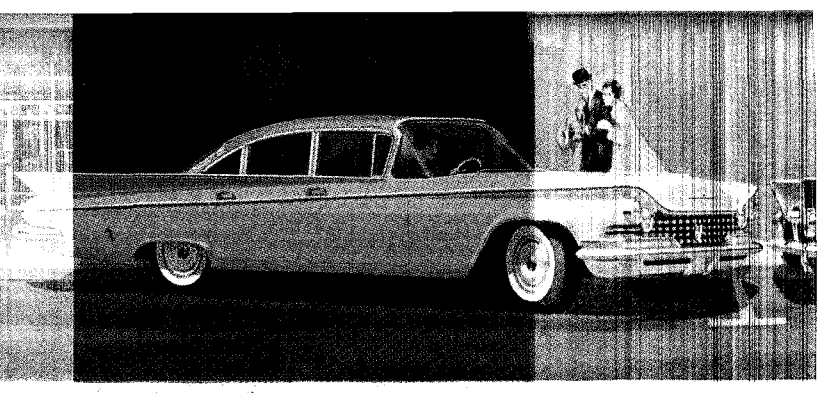

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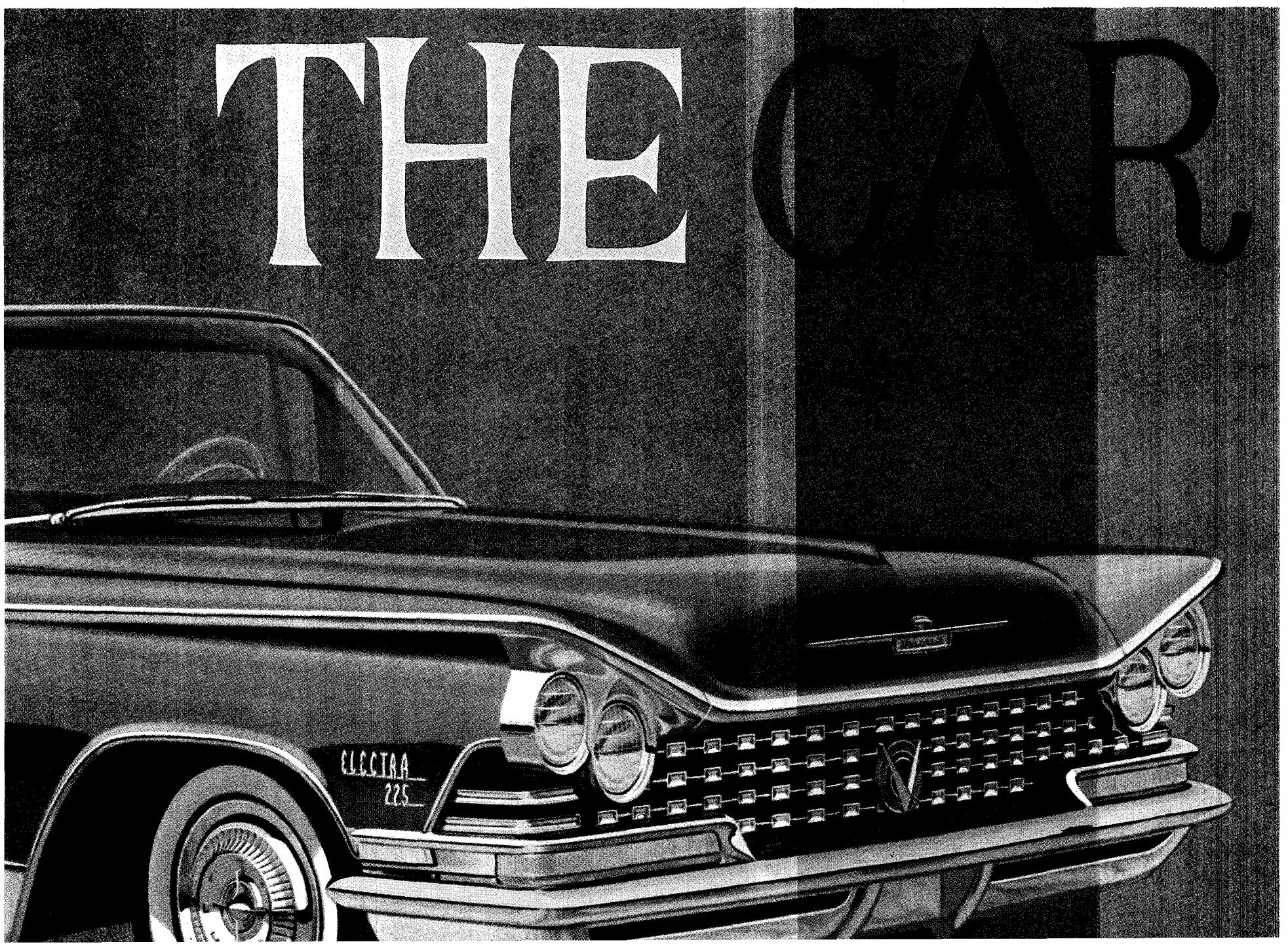

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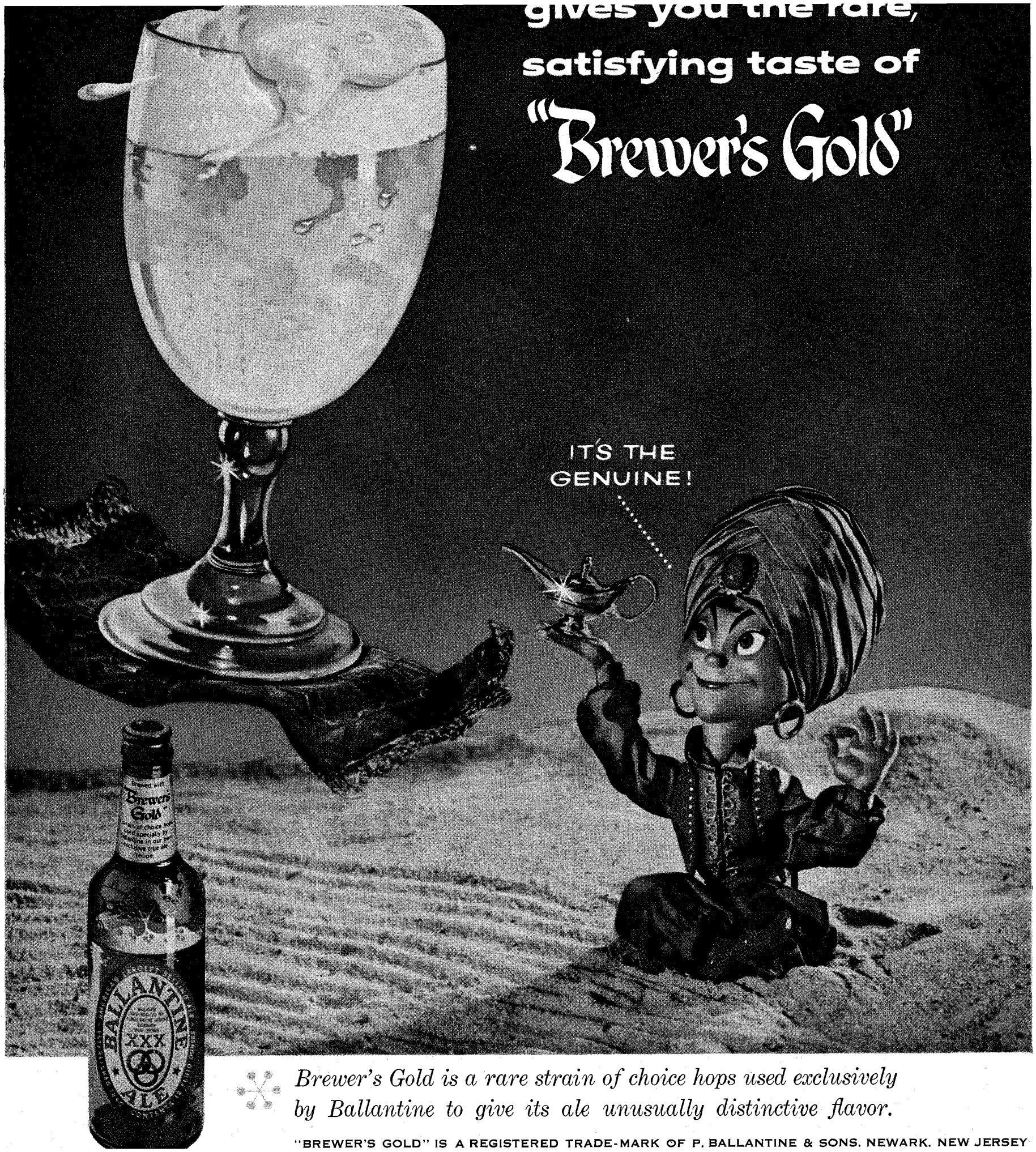

Brewer's Gold is a rare strain of choice hops used exclusively by Ballantine to give its ale unusually distinctive flavor.

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(*Continued from Page 63*) town, and he had three dogs and God knows how many other beasts, turtles and parakeets and such. But a lion —— And Scud hadn't been feeling too hot either. As a matter of fact, he'd been on the edge of a nervous breakdown, and was supposed to be living a real flat life right now. He'd gotten married last year, and what with Millie and cracking the lawbooks till all hours of the night, he was a shade shaky. So I wondered how happy he'd be to see a lion,no matter how much he liked animals. Liking animals is one thing, but it seems to me maybe liking lions is something else.

Scud and Millie were living in a little house over near the campus, and we pulled up and parked in their driveway. We started to get out, but Tom Daniels hailed us from the rooming house next door, where he was sitting out on the stoop having a beer. "Looking for Scudder, Brady? They've gone over to the Plaza for a few minutes. Be back in half an hour or so. How's things?"

"Mellow, fellow." Brady leaned over the side of the truck door. "Half an hour, huh? You gonna be here?"

Tom was wandering over our way, beer in hand, flapping his gaudy sport shirt to fan up a little breeze. "Yeah, I'll be here. You want me to tell them something?"

"Yeah," Brady said. "Tell old Scud I've brought him a lion. I'll go do something else and come back in a little while."

Tom jerked to a stop in mid-step, spilling part of his beer, and began to back away. "You kiddin' or something, Brady?"

"No, I'm not kidding," Brady said mildly. He started the truck again, and raised his voice over the racket. "Just tell Scud it's a real lulu of a lion for him."

We hadn't heard a peep out of our passenger. I kept trying not to cast uneasy looks back over my shoulder, but hauling a lion around is a touch nerve-racking. "Where we going now, Brady?"

"Over to pick up Peg."

I thought that over a minute. "Uh—you sure Peg will want to ride with a lion, Brady?"

"Oh, yeah, sure. She'll be glad to go along," he said easily.

Well, maybe so, I thought. Since he seemed so sure of it. Peg was usually glad to go along, all right, but this was a mite different. Peg Kimberley was a cute, quiet girl that Brady went with off and on, never seeming very serious about her, any more than he did anyone else, but always coming back to her. A nice girl and a good Joe. She wasn't a campus queen or anything like that, but she always had a date; if not with Brady, with somebody else. The girls all liked her too.

She lived in a big, old rambling house on Turtle Creek and when we rattled up, we could see Peg's mother in the sun porch. The house was that old, it still had a sun porch. Not a den or a family room, but an old-fashioned sun porch. Come to think of it, Peg's family were like the house, comfortable and frankly old-fashioned about some things.

Brady got out of the truck and went to the side entrance and I could see him and Mrs. Kimberley talking, and in a minute Mrs. Kimberley called up the stairs, "Peg, Brady wants you to go for a ride." She had a sweet, thin, lady voice.

I could hear Peg's warmer, younger voice float down from somewhere above. "All right, I'll be right out." With most girls, you'd settle down for a long wait, but not Peg. She was out in less than a minute. She had on pedal pushers and a checkered shirt and her short, dark hair was wet on the edges and crinkly. "Just got back from swimming. Hi, Wick," she said amiably. She glanced at the truck with some curiosity, but she didn't say anything. She wasn't much of a girl to chatter. I got out to let her sit in the middle, and Brady cranked up again.

"We're taking a lion over to Scudder," Brady explained.

I was watching Peg out of the corner of my eye, and for a minute she looked pretty shook-up. She didn't quite flinch, but the effect was there, and she did rather consciously sit up straighter, as though preparing for an onslaught from behind.

She said, "Oh ——" and then, rather delicately, as if to skirt any suggestion of nagging, "But, Brady, are you sure Scudder will want a—a lion? I should think—well, won't it be some trouble to keep?"

I couldn't help it; I tried not to laugh, but I choked, trying. Some trouble to keep! Nobody but Peg Kimberley would find exactly that phrase.

"Old Scud'll be crazy about it," Brady assured her seriously. Peg looked thoughtful, but she didn't say anything else, and in a few minutes we were back at Scudder's place.

Tom Daniels was still sitting out front, with a fresh beer, and he must have passed the word around some, because nearly all the folks on the block had decided to water their yard or lean in their windows, or start a barbecue or something.

Tom stood up, warily, and he didn't come over this time. "Scud's back, Brady. Just got here, if you want to ring his bell."

"Did you tell him I'd been here?"

"Well, no," Tom said apologetically. "I thought I'd let you ——" His voice trailed off. I could see how he felt, all right. It would be a little hard to figure out how to tell a man that a lion was about to arrive at his front door. You'd need to work up to it some.

Brady went up to Scud's house and rang and then shoved open the door and sang out, "Hey, Scudder, where are you?"

After a minute Scud appeared in the doorway. He looked pretty ragged, dark circles under his eyes and sort of a tightness about his mouth. But he grinned at Brady and said, "What cooks, boy?"

"Come on out, Scud. Got something for you."

Millie came out then. She was a natural-born flutterer, and she fluttered now. "Oh, Brady, how nice of you. What is it?"

Scud came down the steps and Millie tagged right behind him. Peg and I were still sitting in the truck and Peg looked worried. She said, sort of under her breath, "Brady, don't ——"

Then she shut her mouth firmly and squared her shoulders again. I opened the door of the cab and craned around so I could see.

Well, Millie kept on making little bleats of anticipation and Scud was looking pleased and interested, and Brady, of course, was perfectly matter-of-fact. Tom Daniels next door was standing on his porch with one hand on the screen door and an expression of unwilling fascination on his face.

Brady opened the door of the van with quite a flourish, and Millie gave a little yelp and began climbing all over Scudder. Scud gave her a none-too-gentle push and said, "What the hell, Brady!" He didn't seem a bit inclined to go up the ramp and embrace his present. In fact, he began to look a little gray around the gills. I couldn't see what the lion was doing.

Brady leaned against the side of the ramp and gazed fondly up at the lion, not seeming to notice the marked lack of enthusiasm in Scudder's voice. "A fellow gave him to me and I thought you'd like to have him, Scud. That shed around in back of your garage would hold the cage all right, if you want to help me get him out."

Scud looked at the lion, and at Brady, and then back at the lion. He began shaking his head, and kept on shaking it, as though he couldn't quit. After a minute he turned around to Millie and said in a helpless, strangled voice, "I think I'll go to bed, Millie."

He put a trembling arm around her shoulder and started back toward the house, leaning heavily on her. Millie cast one enraged and reproachful glance at Brady and began to talk baby talk to Scud in a soothing tone.

Brady stood gazing after them, and when the door had closed, very firmly, behind them, he said with honest surprise, "Well, what do you know; old Scud didn't want him!"

I didn't say it, but I hoped getting a lion for a gift hadn't set Scud's recovery back too far.

Peg heaved a sigh—of relief, I guess—and relaxed a little, as Brady climbed back into the truck. His spirits were only momentarily dampened by Scudder's ungracious rejection of the gift, and he brightened now and said, "Let's take him out to Abe's place. Abe would like to see him."

I figured he was joking, and I grinned and said, "Sure," going along with the gag. Because there was some reason for assuming Scudder Harman might be interested in a lion, but none at all for thinking Abe Gross would be. Abe was a book man, not an animal man. He subscribed to Partisan Review and The New Republic, all that kind of stuff. He was shrewd and witty and easy, but you always had a feeling, seeing him around the gang, that a lot of Abe waited in the wings.

Well, Brady hadn't been joking; we were on the way out to Abe's place. One of the things that made Abe different was the kind of establishment he ran. All the rest of us in law school, except for the married students like Scudder, lived in the frat houses or a rooming house or shacked up in a junky apartment together; but Abe had a house, all by himself, out near the lake, with a man-of-all-work to do for him. It wasn't any thrown-together deal either. He treated it like a home, not just a place to camp. He'd browse around the art museum or go poke into some artist's studio and come out with a painting or a piece of sculpture, maybe, and then go home and find exactly the right place for it. I don't know anything about colors and such, but something about Abe's house, all the books and everything, made a fellow feel pretty satisfied in it.

We got out on the lake drive and started up the winding little road to Abe's place and we could smell the smoke drifting down. Abe and the colored man were out in the back, getting a fire started for a steak.

When we pulled the truck around the drive, Abe peered at us in curiosity and then took off his heavy gloves and came out with a wide grin. "I was just about to mix a drink while the fire gets started. Get down and join me, boys and girls."

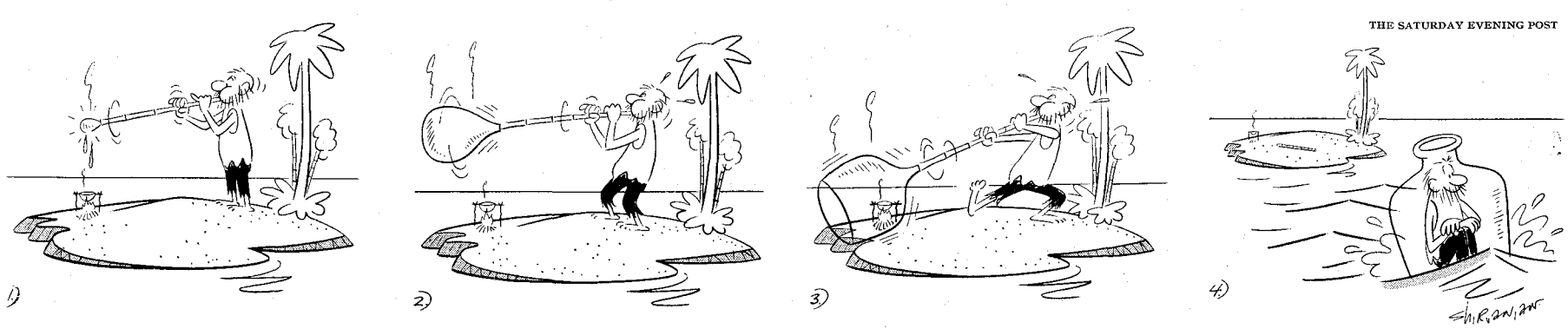
So we got down and Abe sent Jimson, the colored man, into the house for more ice. Abe was real polite and waited until everybody had a drink before casting another curious glance at the truck. Brady wasn't volunteering anything; I guess he knew he could count on old Abe to quiz him sooner or later. I kept expecting the lion to let out a growl or something to announce himself, but he was a right quiet lion, sedentary to the point of coma, in fact, from all the signs so far. I caught Peg throwing a slightly apprehensive glance at the truck now and then, but she didn't give Brady's show away either. As always, she just sort of went along.

We sat down in the lawn chairs and gazed out over the little piece of White Rock Lake that was visible and began to work on our drinks. Abe got up to fuss with the fire a couple of times; he had the steak laid out and the sauce all made, everything organized like a housewife. And it would be good too. Abe was a pretty decent cook.

Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. "What's with the new boat, Brady? You trade Hepzi off?"

"Naw," Brady said, stretching his long legs and taking another bite of his drink. "I just borrowed this rattletrap. Brought along something I thought you might keep for me a while—you got all this space here." He waved a hand in a wide gesture of amplitude, and for a minute it almost seemed that Abe's pocket-sized back yard strained at its neat fences. Brady had a way of making almost anything believably bigger than it was.

"Oh?" Abe said. "So?" I thought there was the tiniest note of healthy skepticism



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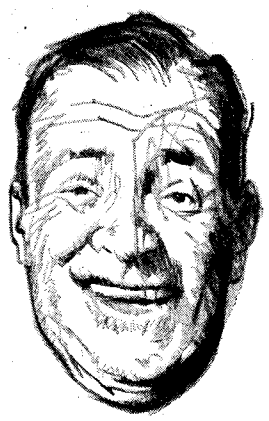
Cattleman

Salesman



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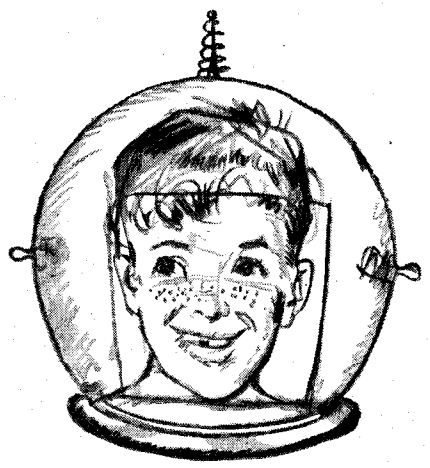

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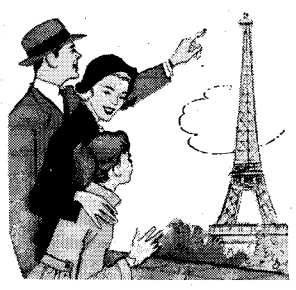

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in his voice, a sort of I'll-see-it-first-and-then-thank-you note. He picked up his glass and began to saunter around toward the truck. "Come on, let's see this thing you want me to keep."

So Brady went over, very offhand, and unlocked the back door of the truck and let down the ramp and said proudly, "See, Abe? How do you like him?"

Peg and I had followed them, not wanting to miss Abe's reaction, and we all stood there gawking at the lion, which lay about the way he had down at Todd's, looking tired and musty and some bored with the whole thing. There were flies buzzing around him and he flicked his tail now and then, without much real interest or hope of scatting the flies.

Abe showed blank astonishment for about a second, but he covered it up quick and put on a judicious, considering expression. He propped one foot up on the ramp and worked on his drink a minute, and then turned around to Brady and said, his voice as judicious as his face, "What'd you plan to pay me for keeping him?"

Brady let out a howl. "Why, you darned cheapskate! I was going to give him to you!"

Maybe the lion was allergic to people howling around him, but anyway all of a sudden he stood up, a lot faster than you'd have thought he could move. He switched his tail a time or two in a much more businesslike fashion and took a couple of steps, which brought him over to the front of the cage. Peg made a little sound and smothered it immediately, and I wondered what kind of a commotion that caged-up cat would create in there if he got irritated. Brady wasn't paying much attention to him; he was playing at being furious with Abe.

The lion loomed there a minute, gazing out at us. I was trying to read his expression, but as I say, I hadn't had much experience with lions, and I couldn't tell whether he was getting sore or whether that tight-leashed feeling was all in my own head.

Just then the big cat sort of turned his shoulder and leaned against the cage as though to rub himself, and the door of the cage clicked and fell open. Well, I don't know whether the lion was surprised, but the rest of us sure were. I started backing away, right now, and Abe got his foot off the ramp in a big hurry. Peg dropped her glass and said, "Oh, dear!" in an extremely distressed voice.

Brady's face bore a ludicrous glaze of shock, comical if there'd been time to appreciate it. He began to make little shooing gestures at the lion. "Whoa, boy! Get on back in there, boy!" He said frantically over his shoulder, "What the devil do you suppose his name is, anyway?"

Well, the lion paid no attention at all to Brady. Maybe he didn't understand English. He started on down the ramp, and Abe gave him all the room there was. He placed his paws in a slow, careful fashion, curling under the front ones, the way you always want to do going down a slope. He didn't seem to be in any hurry, and his gait was slow and lumbering, but even a slow lion breeds considerable respect, I can tell you.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jimson, over by the fire, take one startled gander and drop the bag of charcoal he was carrying. He croaked, "Oh, sweet heaven!" and then shot around the corner of the house, nothing left of him but the sound of his feet thudding and sliding on the gravel drive. I figured Abe had just lost a good man.

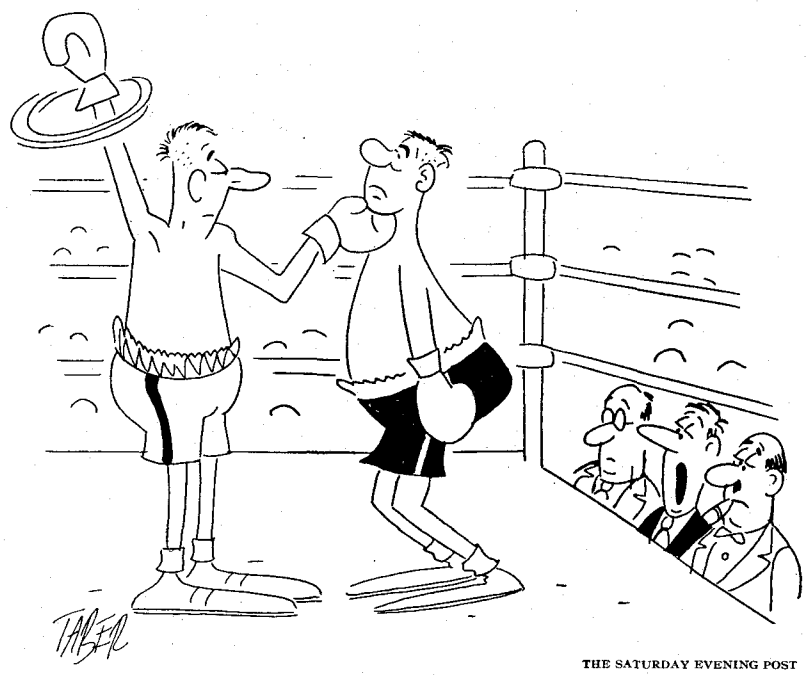
I'd gradually backed off until I was pretty close to the porch, and I had a mental grip on the door, with a fleeting wonder as to whether a simple little slab of wood would stop a lion that really wanted to get through.

Peg was mired in her tracks as though frozen, watching the beast, and I said in a squawk, "Peg, come on ——"

I saw Brady's head swivel toward Peg, and real fright leaped in his eyes for the first time. He made one swift movement across the lion's path, gripped Peg's arm and shoved her roughly over beside me. "Inside, Peg!" His voice sounded tight and angry. I opened the door for her, but Peg didn't go in. She said, in a small, shaky breath, "No ——" and stayed there with me, watching.

The lion stood at the bottom of the ramp for a moment, slowly swinging his head back and forth, just looking. His eyes were rheumy, like an old man's. His mane, or whatever it's called on a lion, was tangled and dirty, and that musty animal smell hung heavily around him. I tried hard to go back to thinking of him as an old, tired, harmless beast, but the plain truth was I was scared to death. I couldn't take my eyes off him, and I'm not sure I could have dodged if he'd lunged straight for me.

All this time he hadn't made a sound, but now suddenly he switched his tail



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I have a feeling it will never go the distance."

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again and emitted a sort of rumbling mutter; not a growl, exactly, just the threat of one.

Brady said, in a hard, cold voice, "Abe, get your gun!" And Abe walked around the lion with light, unhurried steps, past us into the house. I heard him hit the stairs at a run.

Peg said, "Brady, what ——"

"I'll shoot him," Brady said, in that same cold voice, not looking at Peg. "I told you to get inside, Peg. See that she does, Wick."

I took hold of Peg's arm urgently, because though the lion was still just standing, peering about, that low guttural sound came from him intermittently, and I had a nasty feeling that when Abe came back with the gun, the lion might know what it was and not like the sight. Also, as far as I knew, the only gun Abe owned was an old service revolver, and it might take quite a while to stop a really determined lion with that.

But Peg shook off my hand and said in a clear voice, "Brady, you'll not." And before I could stop her, she had darted away, not toward the lion or Brady, but across to the barbecue where Abe's steak lay. She picked it up and then flitted slowly across the yard, obliquely between the lion and the truck, swinging the thick bloody hunk of meat from one hand. She said firmly to Brady, scolding, "I'll bet he's just hungry. We can't shoot him for that."

She stopped a few steps the other side of the lion and dangled the steak at arm's length, almost under the tawny nose. The lion's shaggy head came up. He snuffled, and the rheumy eyes blinked. Peg retreated quickly and waited until the lion made one slow pad toward her, then she backed toward the truck, her eyes riveted on the beast, which moved with more alacrity now. At the bottom of the ramp, Peg turned and tossed the steak up into the cage. In one smooth, lithe leap, the lion was after it.

Peg said, a quick breathless murmur, "Now, Brady!" But Brady had already pounced, right behind the lion, and slammed the cage door shut, yanking the ramp up in the next swift motion, dropping the heavy bar into place with a sharp thud.

Abe came rushing back then, carrying his revolver, and Brady said in a queer, quiet voice, "It's all right, Abe. Put it up." Brady stood there leaning against the back of the truck as though he wanted to make awfully sure it stayed shut forever, and gazing at Peg with a kind of set look about his mouth. After a minute, he shook himself and said in a nearly normal voice, "Now that drink's really in order, boy!"

And Abe put the gun down there on the step, but I noticed he didn't hurry any about taking it back upstairs, and made us all fresh drinks, with a new glass for Peg, because hers still lay where she'd dropped it. In five minutes, it was almost as though nothing at all had happened.

But Brady didn't joke any more about the lion. In fact, nobody mentioned him. For a few minutes, there were snuffling, chewing noises from inside the truck and then a funny sound like a battered-up golf ball rolling around, that I finally figured out came from the lion worrying the bone. Everybody else heard it, too, but nobody wanted to talk about it.

After a while, we got into the cab of the truck and started off toward town. All of a sudden I'd begun to feel awfully beat, and I guess Peg and Brady did, too, because nobody said anything for a long time.

But finally Brady said, in an intent voice, as we pulled up to a stop sign on Mockingbird, "You know, Peg, when we get a house, let's have Abe help us build a barbecue like his. That's a good one."

I jerked my head around, wondering if I'd heard right. Brady put the truck in gear and jogged on through the intersection. Peg was looking straight ahead. Her lips quivered a little, and she said very soberly, "Why, yes, it is a good one, Brady."

I was still staring when Brady turned his head briefly toward Peg. It was the first time I'd ever seen hesitance and questioning on his face. "How soon do you think, Peg?"

Peg's eyes began to shine, and her lips quirked up a little at the corners. "Why, Brady, I think next Saturday would be a nice day for a wedding." There was just a hint of mischief in the casual voice.

Brady took a deep breath of relief. He began to grin, a huge, happy grin. "O.K., Peg. O.K. Saturday it is."

I finally found my voice, and there I was squawking again. "Hey, are you two serious?"

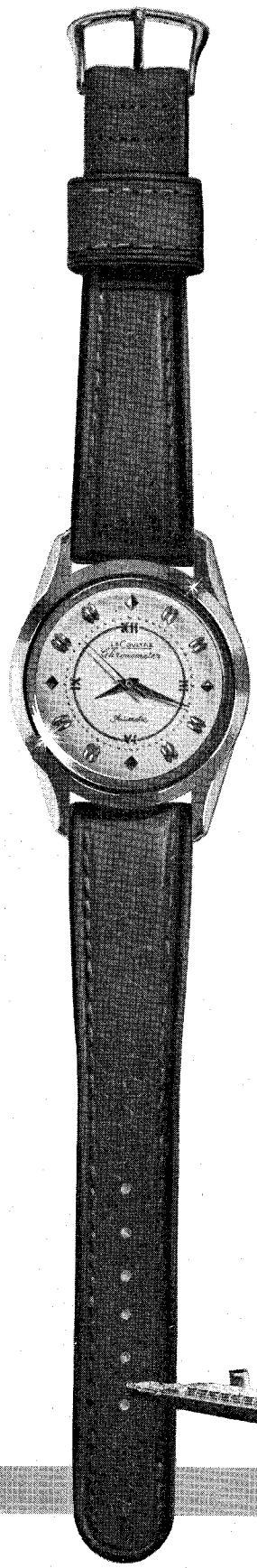
"Darn tootin' we're serious," Brady said, and there was nothing hesitant or questioning about him now.

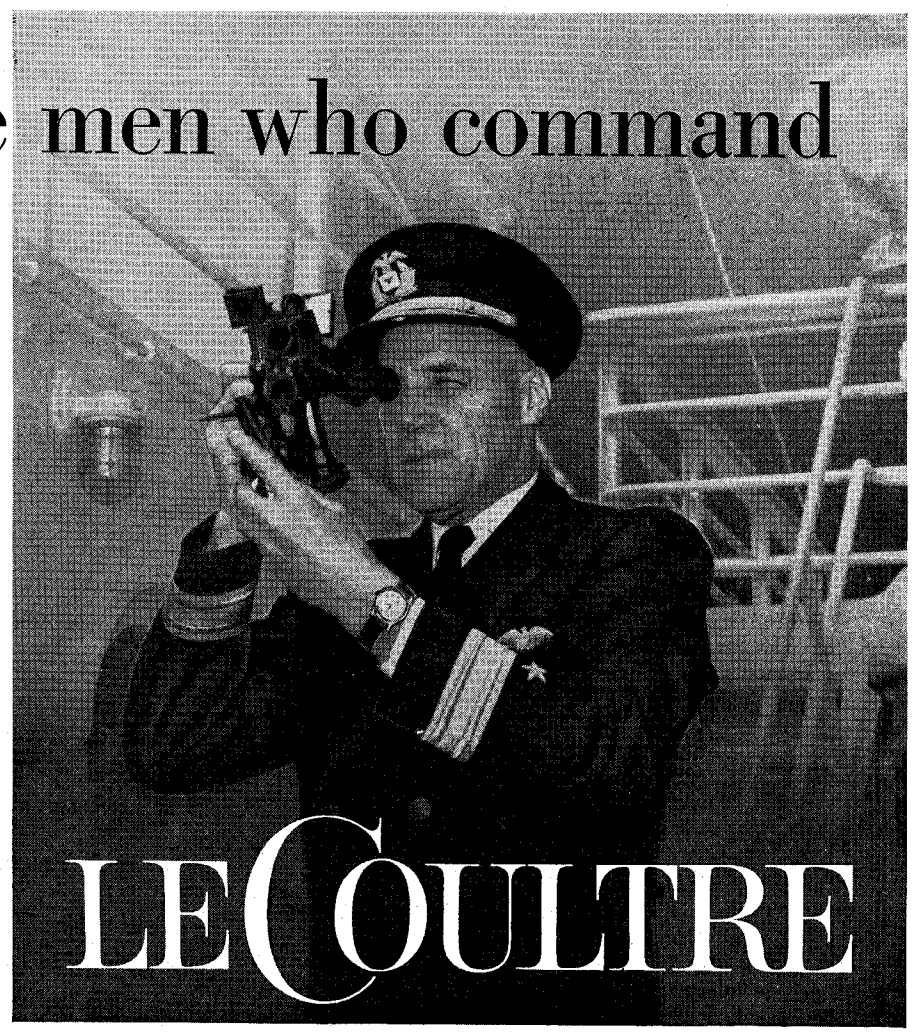
When we pulled into the car lot, Todd came hurrying out to greet us. He said with great confidence, "Where did you leave the lion? Got rid of it all right, huh?"

Brady swung out of the cab and reached up to boost Peg down, then said over his shoulder, "Oh, the lion. Well, we decided we couldn't use him, after all, Todd."

I glanced back as Brady shot the little red car exuberantly out into the street. Man, that Todd had the unhappiest look on his pan I ever did see. THE END

For the men who command





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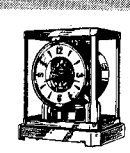

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Orbit Flight (Continued from Page 22)

now—to decide. In or out." Laning lifted his arm and glanced at his wrist watch. "Here comes the hack. Ready. Now."

Colonel Jones felt the hair prickle on his scalp. This sudden shock treatment was typical of Laning. No warning. Nice big smile. Two minutes. In or out.

How rough can we get? Jones thought. Last weekend Laning had given them a short briefing on how to use a diving lung—then popped them into a tankful of water and slammed the lid shut. "You'll be fairly isolated in the X-15B out in space," he'd said. "This little tank of water should weed out the boys who don't like to be alone."

Colonel Jones stopped himself from licking his lips. Colonel Laning caught little details like that and filed them away on that photographic plate he used for a brain. Jones glanced at the other officers. There was Colonel Hugh Collins, pale-eyed, cold as ice. Collins had written the book on Space Medicine: boiling blood, exploding tissue, weightlessness, ultraviolet burns. But he was no desk-bound researcher. Last summer he'd bailed out of a balloon at 78,000 feet and fallen ten miles, making personal observations, before pulling the string. Jones didn't expect any cracks to appear in Collins, not even hair-line type.

Beyond Collins was Major Harold Bartholemew, a banty rooster of a man with a battered fighter's face, scarred white from ancient encounters with Korean MIGs. Jones detested Bartholemew. Maybe it was because they were both fighter pilots. No fighter pilot worth his salt believes there is a man living who can whip him—and it shows.

Major Hix, next in line to Bartholemew, was the one Jones liked best. Hix had missed his footing on the four-inch catwalk they'd had to cross fifty feet in the air, and had fallen heavily in the safety net on his neck and head. He'd been out cold for several minutes. But when he revived, he climbed the tower and tried again—and this time he made it. Hix had got a high mark on that one, even from hard-boiled little Laning.

Last in line was a slim, dark-haired captain named Al Diondi, the only man in the group with rocket time. He'd flown the evaluation tests on the "space controls" which would be used in the X-15B. These controls had been installed in an old Bell X-1 rocket plane and Diondi had gone to 80,000 feet, where the air was very thin. He'd rolled, climbed, dived, turned. Not with conventional ailerons, elevators and rudder—the controls used in air. But with tiny high-powered jets of steam—stabbing briefly from the wing tips and nose section.

Laning checked his watch and looked at them brightly. "Well, gentlemen—I'm accepting resignations now. Anybody for out?"

None of them moved or spoke.

"Good," Laning said. "We'll get on with it. One man at a time. No second chances. Colonel Collins, if you please, sir."

Collins rose and followed Laning into a passage which led to the Hot Room, a gruesome place fitted with a battery of infrared lamps strong enough to melt brass. They'd all had a dose of the Hot Room, wearing MC-2 pressure suits which were aluminized to reflect heat and cooled by air ducts next the body. Laning had given them 400 degrees Fahrenheit, and demonstrated it by tossing a crumpled newspaper on their laps. Within a few seconds, the newspaper grew brown, then burst into flame. None of them felt any heat to speak of, or were bothered by the demonstration—except Hix. Hix had gone rigid when the newspaper flared up in his lap and shut his eyes against the fire.

Now, as they waited, Major Hix said, "You don't suppose old buddy is in there frying Collins alive?"

Jones looked at Hix. Hix was smiling, but there was sweat on his face in the air-conditioned room, and his eyes were queer. "Speed I don't mind," Hix said. "Falling on my head I don't mind. But fire ——"

"Why fire?" Diondi said. "You're just as dead, in the end, no matter which ticket you were holding."

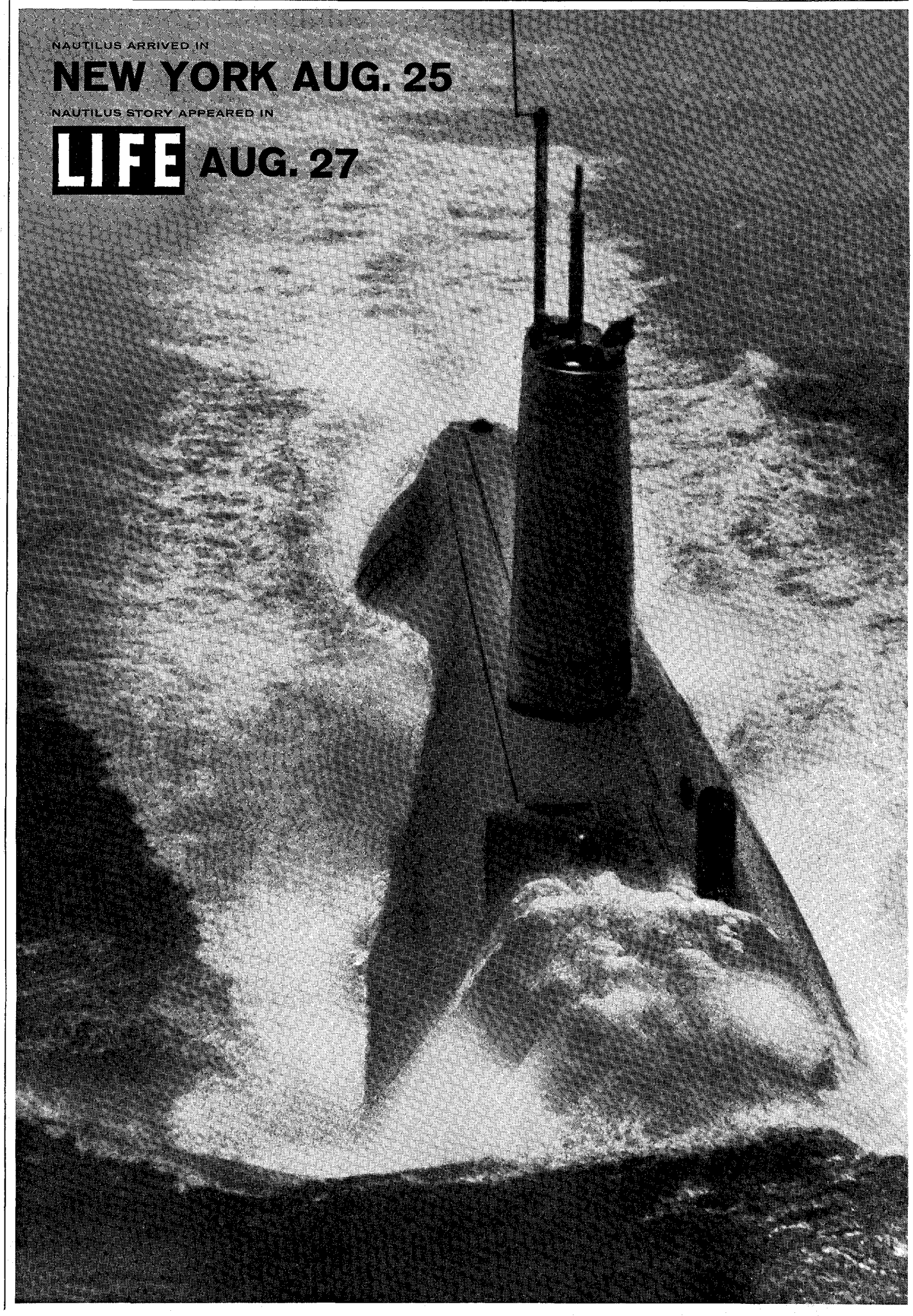
Hix unbuttoned his cuff and pulled up his sleeve. The forearm was a glossy mass of scar tissue. "We were kids," Hix said. "It was one of those crazy Indian games. They tied me up and started this fire ——"

"If you're scared of fire," Bartholemew said, "you better quit now. They tell me this X-15B gets red-hot when she comes back into the air from outer space."

Hix's red face tightened. He started to speak, but stopped himself at the sound of footsteps. In a moment Laning reappeared, and behind him, cool and self-possessed, walked Colonel Collins.

"Next," Laning said. "Captain Diondi, please."

Diondi rose and followed Collins into the passageway. Jones felt let down. He'd been tense for something truly ferocious. And then Collins had returned as unruffled as if he'd been at a tea party. Four minutes passed. Jones was almost beginning to be bored when the screaming



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began. It was hoarse, horrible, like an animal in agony—and it went on and on, and then, quite suddenly, it stopped.

Hix started to his feet. Then he sat down. They waited. In several minutes Laning came out, alone. They stared at him. Up to now they'd respected and disliked him. Now it was different. Now there was hate in the room. Hix said, in a low voice, "Where's Diondi, colonel?"

"He's all right," Laning said. "But—he wanted to leave by another exit." Laning smiled slightly. "I suppose that's understandable. Hix—next, please."

Hix was on his feet. His red face was working, but for a moment he could not speak. Then he said, violently, "What are you trying to pull here, Laning? Some little personal torture kick?"

"Pardon?"

"Don't be coy. You're not fooling anyone. It's obvious you gave Diondi a different test than Collins. You play it by ear. One routine for colonels. One for captains ——"

"That's enough!"

"You bet it's enough. I'm pulling out of this rat race right now. And if these other officers have any sense, they'll join me." Hix turned and ran out.

Colonel Laning said, "All right, Colonel Jones. Next."

Jones rose and followed the colonel into the Hot Room. In addition to heat lamps, there was a mock-up of the X-15B cockpit in one corner. Laning said, "Climb in, Colonel Jones. Buckle down as you would for a rocket-boosted lift-off."

Jones climbed into the contoured seat, his legs quivering, and tightened the straps. He was familiar with every detail of the cockpit. He had taken the trouble to come in after hours and practice in it until he could locate any item instantly—with his eyes shut.

"You know the cockpit well?" Colonel Laning asked, standing outside.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the emergency procedures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good," Laning said. "Then you'll know how to handle this one."

He brought the hand grenade up from under the sill, where he'd held it out of sight, pulled the pin which triggered the high explosive—and placed the live grenade on the flight console eighteen inches from Colonel Jones' tightly strapped body. Then Laning whirled and ran.

For an instant Jones panicked. A scream of terror bulged in his throat and he wrenched his face frantically away from the grenade. The straps held him inexorably—and his training took over. He reached forward with his left hand, picked up the grenade and shoved it into the disposal port on the left side of the cockpit. It thumped on the floor of the Hot Room. He squeezed his eyes tight shut and shoved his head down on his chest, tense for the blast. It didn't come. Footsteps did. Laning peered into the cockpit. He was holding the dummy grenade, replacing the pin, and grinning. "Nasty bit, eh?"

Jones didn't reply. He was having trouble with his breathing.

"O.K.," Laning said. "We'll see how Major Bartholemew does. Unless I'm badly mistaken, he'll have no trouble."

Colonel Laning was not mistaken. Jones timed Bartholemew. The little guy came strutting out of the chamber, grinning, before four minutes were up.

"We'll break for lunch now," Laning said. "Be back by one o'clock. And one little tip. Go light on the food." Laning grinned. "Or at least eat something which won't scratch coming up."

Christine Jones was slicing an egg when her husband parked beside the house they'd been assigned for the duration of the test, on a knoll overlooking the dry lake. Christine Jones was a little girl, on the thin side, with bright blue eyes and short brown hair. She was merely pretty until she smiled. Then she made you feel good, just looking at her. The smile was a nose-wrinkling, white-toothed glow, like a light being turned on in a dark room. "Hi, hon," she said. "I'm a little late with the food. Be ready in a minute."

"No food," George said. "Just a milkshake. Things got down to the short strokes this morning. Two men were eliminated."

"Who?"

"Hix and Diondi. Hix really flipped. It seems the poor guy had a bad burn when he was a kid—and never got over being scared of fire. He thought Laning was going to fry him alive in the Hot Room, I guess."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN SEED

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"Your little colonel," Christine said, "is probably the most horrible man I've ever known. I'm sorry about Major Hix—but I'm really surprised at Captain Diondi. Wasn't he the one who had all that experience in rocket planes?"

Jones smiled grimly. "Yep. Didn't help him much this morning. The guy almost shoved a hole in the console—pushing the panic button."

Christine Jones did not ask the nature of the tests which had eliminated the other pilots. She did not want to know. She looked at her husband. He was no pretty boy. He had freckles and his light skin was always peeling from fresh sunburn and when he got a haircut the barber always seemed to shave the sides naked and leave a red thatch on top, which made him look like a hick. Christine knew this man was no hick. She knew how tough and quick his body was, and how tough and quick his mind was. He'd knocked down eight MIGs in Korea. The Japanese had a word for men like George: *honcho*, boss man.

She put the milk in front of him, rich and foamy from the mixer. She had a feeling, which had been growing steadily for weeks, that if somebody sneaked up behind her and yelled, she'd fly into a million pieces. She thought, *I hate those metal beasts they've got chained down there in the desert. They'll let them loose, sooner or later, and when they do, somebody'll get killed.*

Colonel Laning got right to the point when he picked the three officers up in the staff car at one o'clock. "We'll be using the Highspeed Rocket Acceleration Track for the next test," he said. "So I'm going to save time by briefing you as we drive over. You'll be subjected to heavy G loads when the final stage of the X-15B boosters is fired. And you'll have to fire that last stage manually—yourselves. So we have to find out if you can take it."

Jones caught a glimpse of Bartholemew's face, beside him in the back seat. Bart was grinning. He wasn't scared of big acceleration forces. His tough little body was made to order for a rugged rocket ride.

"All of you will wear the MC-2 pressure suit," Laning went on. "The face plate will be closed. There will be a doctor on duty at the down-range end of the track, just in case. Colonel Stapp was blinded for a while after his sled ride. All he could see was a blood-colored mist."

Jones felt his stomach get sick and tight. Every man had his own private thumbscrew. With Jones it was blindness. He'd rather be dead—dead twenty times—than blind.

The rocket track was forty miles from Edwards—a die-straight ribbon of steel that lost itself in the heat shimmer of the desert. The sled was a framework of tubing, driven by solid-fuel boosters. The rider sat on top like a man on a small diving tower. When they arrived, Laning directed Major Bartholemew to put on the pressure suit, and supervised the strapping on the sled. Then they all went into the firing blockhouse.

"We're ready to fire," Laning said over the public-address system. "If you are prepared, Major Bartholemew, please signal by moving your right hand."

The gloved hand fluttered immediately.

"Very well. I'm starting the count. Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . fire!"

A pink sheet, full of blazing shock diamonds, jutted stiffly from the boosters; there was a shattering roar, a boil of dust, and the sled was gone. Very soon—almost immediately, it seemed to Jones—a voice came over the PA system. "Hello, Air Force pitcher. This is Air Force catcher. The sled is here. Deceleration normal. We'll have word on the test subject in a moment."

The dust settled. The desert was again visible. The PA system said, "Test subject has been unstrapped. The doctor is examining him. He—he's getting up alone—so I guess he's all right. Yes, he's all right. The doctor has just given us the thumbs up."

Colonel Hugh Collins was next. He put on the suit and helmet and waited for the sled to be returned and armed. While he was being strapped in, Collins showed no signs of nerves at all. The shot, this time, was exactly the same as it had been for Bartholemew: a stab of fire, an earsplitting roar, and dust settling. The first down-range report came at once. The sled's deceleration was normal and the doctor was proceeding with his examination.

Several minutes passed. There was no further transmission from down range. Finally Colonel Laning picked up the mike. "Hello, Air Force catcher. This is Colonel Laning, project officer. What's the hold?"

For several moments there was no reply. Then a voice said, "This is Air Force catcher. The doctor is busy, Colonel Laning. He can't talk to you. But—well, it doesn't look too good, sir. The test subject has been blinded. All he can make out is a red fog."

"I'm on my way," Laning said curtly. "Tell the doctor to keep Colonel Collins flat on his back. And quiet! He may have detached retinas!"

"Yes, sir!"

When Laning was gone, Jones took out a cigarette and lighted it. He was now very frightened. He looked at the track. The light had changed from dazzling white to molten yellow. The ridges of the Mojave were bronze in the low light. High overhead were the crisscross contrails of test jets. It had never seemed more beautiful before. Jones shut his eyes. It was black. He opened them again—quickly.

"Blind," somebody said softly, beside him. "Blind. Oh, brother."

The man wasn't talking to anyone in particular. He didn't mean anything. But Jones wanted to turn and smash him in the face. In twenty minutes the sled was back. The crew rearmed it and waited. The sun went down and the desert was luminous in the afterglow. Finally the intercom hummed and Laning's voice said, "Colonel Jones."

He picked up the mike. "Jones here."

"Jones—this is Laning. It looks as if Colonel Collins may be badly hurt. His right eye appears to be coming around nicely. But he's in severe pain and he can't see at all out of his left eye. It may be a detached retina. We can't be sure until we get him to the hospital." Laning paused. "Sled back yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rearmed?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, Jones. Now get this. I'm not going to ask you to ride. Collins is out, of course. But Bartholemew made the run in good shape. So I've got him for first pilot—and you for backup—if you want to abort right now."

George Jones took a deep breath and let it out. He spoke, carefully and deliberately. "I'm not backup, colonel. And I'm not aborting. Now or at any other time." He laid the mike down.

Sixteen minutes later they unstrapped him and opened his face plate at the lower end of the track. He was bleeding from the nose and mouth and there were deep scalding pains across his chest and groin where the straps had snubbed him. But he could see. There was no red fog in front of his eyes. Merely a feeling of fullness and a blinding headache. He pushed the helping hands aside and stood up. *O.K., Bartholemew, he thought. It's you and me, now, boy. Just the two of us.*

Jinny, Colonel Hugh Collins' wife, brought news of the colonel that evening after supper. Jinny had been drinking, but she wasn't drunk. She was merely deliriously happy. The colonel's right eye was back to normal. It was true that he'd had a permanent injury in the left. There would always be a slight fog over the vision of that eye. But it was nothing, Jinny said, nothing at all, compared to what might have happened if Hugh had stayed in the test.

"He's not staying in," Jinny said. "He's out. Colonel Laning said so himself, so it's official. What do you think of that?"

"It's obvious what you think of it," Christine Jones said. "You're so happy you can't stand it."

"Yes, I'm happy," Jinny said. "As these airplane drivers are so fond of saying—you read me loud and clear."

Christine was glad when Jinny Collins left. She didn't blame Jinny. But a slightly hysterical urge had been growing inside her to pick up Jinny's martini glass and throw the drink in her happy, relieved little face. Those metal beasts down in the desert wouldn't get Jinny's Hugh. Not now. Not ever.

The metal beasts were lined up inside their hangar in the morning when Colonel Laning took Jones and Bartholemew inside for a general briefing. He went over the most important items first. He explained that the windscreen was made of double panes of tempered glass—with coolant circulating between—and specially coated to keep out ultraviolet rays. He showed them the small rocket tube which fired straight down out of the belly. This tube was extremely important. They would use it when they were a hundred miles high, and traveling 17,000 miles an hour. First they would rotate the rocket plane until its nose pointed straight out into the blackness of space—and its tail pointed toward the earth—and then they would fire the belly rocket against the direction of motion. The force would be very small. But it would be large enough to cause the X-15B to lose a little speed—to start a gradual descent from airless space into the air blanket. According to plan, the belly rocket would be fired passing Australia.

The descent into the air blanket, of course, was the most critical operation of all. It would be done with utmost precision and delicacy. The rocket plane, actually, would skip along the top surface of the earth's atmosphere—like a stone on a millpond—until it lost enough speed to make a deep penetration for a landing.

"Re-entry is our biggest danger," Laning told them. "The bird will get red-hot. She'll glow like a poker. The nose and the leading edges of the wings may become white-hot. But the outer skin is special nickel alloy. It can take 1500 degrees Fahrenheit without softening or weakening. And the real hot spots are pure ceramic—good for 5000 degrees Fahrenheit if (*Continued on Page 75*)

The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Chatterby, a farm wife, was something less than a good mother to her two high-school youngsters, but she cherished the notion that she could teach them better than anyone on the school staff. Moreover, she voiced her ideas on the subject at every parent-teacher meeting. Teachers were always wrong, and her sometimes spoiled, sometimes neglected youngsters were always right, to hear her tell it. And all because teachers didn't understand children.

"Why," she demanded at one meeting, "what does the average teacher know about children? Most of them are old maids who never had a child in their lives, yet they think they know how to raise children."

There was a moment's silence before a middle-aged spinster teacher spoke up, "Then you think that for a farm wife to raise pigs, she should first bear a litter of them?"

Harry D. Meyer

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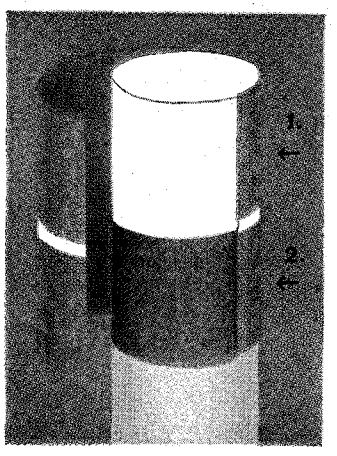

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(*Continued from Page 72*) necessary. You'll be safe if you keep your eyes on your instruments and don't hit the panic button. Play it cool. Go by the gauges."

Bartholemew said, "Could I ask the sixty-four-dollar question, colonel?"

"What's that?"

"When do we fly it?"

Laning grinned. "As soon as you finish ground school."

"When do we know who gets the mission?"

"At the end of the course," Laning said.

Great, Jones thought. *Keep the blowtorch on our necks right up to the last second.* It wasn't impersonal now. It was a man-to-man battle, no quarter asked, none given.

The battle did not extend to the wives. Christine Jones and Betty Bartholemew were drawn together by loneliness, now that the other officers' wives had left the temporary quarters on the knoll. Betty had been a pilot in the WASPS in World War II, ferrying Mustang fighters from California to the East Coast. Bart had been a young fighter pilot on his way to Europe. "I delivered him one of those lovely little Mustangs," Betty said, "and he was so grateful, he married me." Which was just for laughs, of course, because Betty Bartholemew had been trim and cute as a button. Still was: snub nose, full red lips, and dancing eyes under her short gray bob. Christine Jones liked Betty, and trusted her.

When fear got too big, she shared it. "I guess I should have married a grocer," Christine said one day. "These big heroic missions—what do they prove? I'm not interested in having a dead hero's picture over the mantel. I'd rather have a live husband in front of it."

"Chris, honey," Betty said, "I'm not interested in dead heroes either, believe me. Bart's last duty was at Nellis Air Force Base, in Nevada—just across those mountains over there. He led the Crimson Sabres, the Air Force jet team which tours the country and puts on acrobatic shows. I went to every show. I was scared stiff. But that's how it is. There are all kinds of live husbands a girl might keep in front of her fireplace."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning a girl likes to have a man in the house—not just some good-natured fellow who buys the groceries. And if you have a man, you have to accept the kind of work a man does."

The ground training dragged on. It was not just a matter of knowing which button to push: they had to know why, in all the painstaking detail. Jones and Bartholemew lost weight and grew tense and edgy. A blowoff was bound to come. When it came, the reason—as is usual in such circumstances—was ridiculously trivial: a roller towel. Jones had dried his hands and neglected to pull the towel down. Bartholemew looked at it. His blunt-fingered hands, pink and wet, closed to fists. "What's the matter, colonel? Sprain your arm?"

Jones looked quickly from the mirror where he was combing his hair. "Pardon?"

"This towel you used, sir. It's soaked."

Jones put the comb gently into his pocket. "You want a word of advice, major? Take a light grip on the towel and give it a little jerk. You'll find it unrolls to a nice dry part. Clear, major?"

Bartholemew's black eyes glittered. When he spoke his voice was low, almost pleasant. "I've got a little deal for you, colonel. Nothing to do with towels. I know where we can get a couple of jet fighters. If the colonel would care to, I'd like to invite him to meet me at 40,000 feet over the lake—hot guns."

Jones smiled. It was a tigerish thing, the lips drawn tight across the teeth. "The colonel," he said softly, "would be delighted."

Colonel Laning had been standing in the doorway. Now he spoke, pleasant as usual, "I've got news for you two raunchy tigers. You'll meet over the lake. Tomorrow morning. No hot guns. Bartholemew will make the first drop test in the X-15B. Jones, you'll fly chase in a Lockheed F-104." Laning left the doorway, crossed the room and jerked the roller towel smartly downward. He turned to Bartholemew, smiling. "Allow me, major?"

A Boeing B-52 bomber had been converted to carry the X-15B to high altitude over the dry lake and drop it. The first drops were without power. The plane glided down and landed. But gliding in the X-15B was like gliding in a rock. The stubby wings would not hold up the heavy metal body unless the speed was very great.

Both pilots made power-off drops. Then they took up fast jet fighters and flew "weightless parabolas." This was accomplished by pushing over the top of a screaming climb, like a roller coaster in the sky, and holding the stick forward. The plane's centrifugal force exactly canceled out the pull of gravity, and the pilot floated up into his seat harness like a balloon. The practice was necessary because a good portion of their flight around the world in the rocket plane would be weightless—and they must learn to use the controls in this condition.

Meanwhile, at Cape Canaveral, Florida, North American engineers worked steadily to perfect a booster system which would lift the X-15B a hundred miles high, then push it to a screaming 17,000 miles an hour, exactly parallel to the earth's surface. The power had to be enormous. This was a man-carrying rocket plane—not a tiny metal basketball. Two monster Atlas ICBM's were used for the first stage. A Thor IRBM was the second stage. The bird itself, augmented by Areojet solid-fuel bottles fastened to its flanks, was the third stage. All assembled, it was an awesome combination of power. But North American was taking no chances. They'd already fired an exact scale model of the X-15B—mounted on the boosters—out over the South Atlantic test range. Not once, but fifty times. The results had been most satisfactory.

Laning began powered flights in the fourth week of flying. The plan was simple. The X-15B was dropped fifty miles away from the dry lake to give it room to build up speed and altitude. The idea was to reach top speed soon after the drop—coast to max altitude over the lake—and spiral down, empty of fuel, for a landing. Each powered flight was preceded by careful hours in the X-15B flight simulator—a very complex electronic gadget which enabled Jones and Bartholemew to "fly the mission on the ground." Laning insisted on perfection in every detail—perfection and lightning reactions. And, as they grew more skillful, he tossed in progressively more serious emergencies: cockpit decompression, stoppage of oxygen, fire in the air.

"We'll be the hottest mock-up pilots in the Air Force before we're through," Bartholemew growled at Jones. And Jones grinned. They'd been getting along better since the flying began. And he was just as anxious as Bart to take off the wraps and really shove the X-15B out of this world.

It happened, as was routine with Laning, with unexpected suddenness. He told them casually one evening that Bart would go to 200,000 feet the following morning. And at ten o'clock the following morning, Major Bartholemew was in the X-15B, fastened under the B-52, flying northwest of Tehachapi, about sixty miles from Edwards. The count-down for the drop was nearly complete.

"You all set down there, Bart?" Captain Pete Peterson, the drop-panel operator, asked over the radio.

"All set, Pete."

"O.K.—recheck radio contact with your chase plane. You may need him coming down."

"Roger," Bart said.

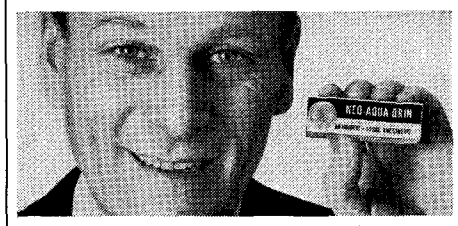
George Jones was flying chase, slightly above and behind the B-52 in a Lockheed F-104 with tip tanks. Bart called him and he rogered. He was tense. This test was going to be considerably higher and faster

"I'd like to marry you, Edith, but I can't afford the premiums on the insurance I sold you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WET FEET

SORE THROAT



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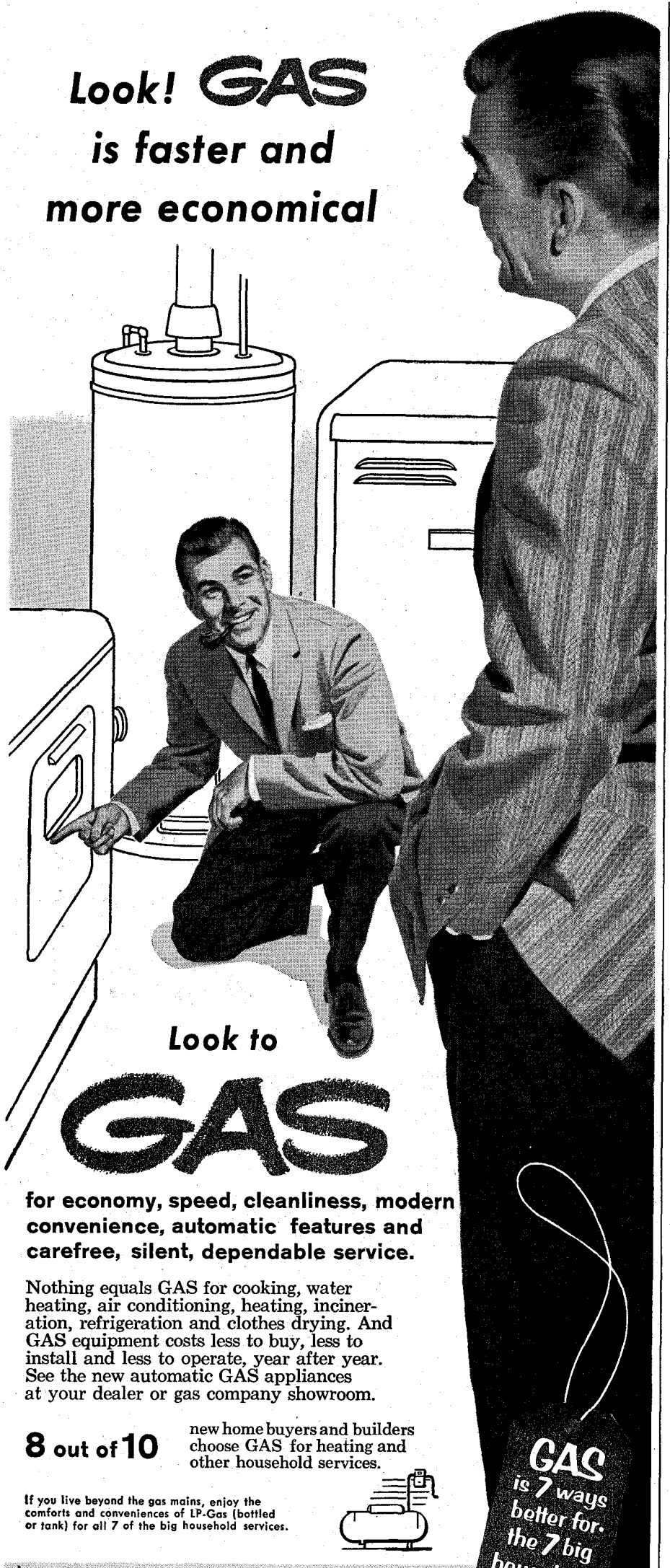
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than any they'd tried. Two hundred thousand feet wasn't the top altitude possible in the X-15B—not by any means—but it was getting up there.

The B-52 pilot, Captain Bob Yule, radioed: "Stand by, Bart. One minute to drop. I'm building up to 600 miles an hour in a shallow dive. I'll be level at 44,000 feet. When I kick you out, you'll be roughly fifty miles from the lake on a southeast heading."

"Right," Bart radioed tautly. "X-15 standing by."

"O.K.—here it comes. Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . Drop her, Pete!"

The X-15B fell cleanly, nose down, and George Jones added throttle and came down with it, edging up abreast, and looked at Bartholemew's white space helmet through the narrow windscreen, pressed tightly back against the contoured headrest, ready for the brutal acceleration of the rocket motor.

"I'm lighting the torch now," Bart's voice said.

Jones peered at the tail. Instantly a cloud of white vapor swished out and trailed behind the steeply gliding plane.

"No light, Bart," Jones radioed. "Just fuel."

There was a short delay. Then Bart's voice said, "I've tried two starts—but she don't seem to catch. The fuel-flow meter races like crazy. But the lox meter seems to be stuck."

"You're getting plenty of something out the back," Jones said. "It's white and it looks like a high-pressure fire hose."

Bart didn't reply. Jones could see him bending forward in the cockpit, his head down. The desert, far below, looked soft as a beige rug in the morning sun. The San Gabriel mountains had flattened out like sand piles. The Los Angeles smog lay in a gray lake almost out to Catalina Island.

Jones checked his altimeter. It stood at 36,000 feet. He spoke into his radio: "We're down to angels thirty-six, Bart. Better stop fooling with a start. You haven't got enough fuel for the mission now, anyhow. Dump everything and head for the lake."

"It's the lox," Bart said, his voice muffled, still bending forward. "I think maybe ——"

"Bart!" Jones said sharply. "Stop kidding around. Dump your fuel and head for the lake. We're down to angels thirty-six!"

Bart's head popped up. He looked out. Instantly Jones saw a huge billow of white as the fuel was dumped. Bart was quick. When he decided to move, he moved! Almost at once the rocket plane's glide became shallower as the great weight of the internal fuel and liquid oxygen was jettisoned. The two planes were passing through 31,000 feet and there was still a long way to glide. Jones now heard Colonel Laning's voice coming from the helicopter which hovered near the lake. "This is Laning, Bart. What's up?"

"I couldn't get her lit. I'm coming in, dead stick. Estimate touch down in less than ten minutes."

"Where are you?"

"Northwest. Quite a ways out. But I've dumped fuel. I'll make it, no sweat."

But Jones was sweating. They were at 26,000 feet. The X-15B's glide angle, even empty of fuel, was steeper than any plane which had ever flown. It was all "hard metal"—alloy steel, not lightweight aluminum. If Bart let the rocket plane get below 180 miles an hour it would stop flying and start falling like the proverbial stone.

Jones stayed off the radio. He knew how he'd feel in Bart's place. He'd want quiet to think. Because it was going to be close. Already that had become fearsomely evident. If Bartholemew got the X-15B back to the safety of the big white pool table at all, he'd be squeezing it in over the dunes. And he couldn't touch those dunes. Not at 180 miles an hour. They looked soft and level from high altitude, but they were not. They were twenty to fifty feet high, with gullies between.

Now, far ahead, Jones could see the white spread of Rogers Dry Lake, and the new buildings of North Base, toylike, glittering in the sun. He looked for Laning's helicopter. At first he missed it. Then the sun glinted on it, low down, hovering near the touch-down area.

"Hello, Bart," Laning's voice said. "I have you in sight. You look low. Better check your glide range."

Bart did not roger. The X-15B flattened out slightly in the air. Jones knew this because he had to ease his nose slightly higher to stay level. The rocket plane's glide actually seemed to improve, to stretch out, for several moments. Then Jones noticed his altimeter dropping faster than before. It was basic—a thing you learned in your first Cub. Raising the nose did not stretch the glide, if you were slow. It steepened it.

"Bart," Jones said, "you're mushing. Drop your nose."

There was no reply. But the nose came down.

Laning said sharply, "Laning to X-15. You read me, Bart?"

"Yep."

"You can't make it, Bart. You can't glide in. You'll have to bail out."

Bartholemew didn't reply.

Jones moved in quite close now, on the wing. He knew the rocket plane's cockpit, knew the things Bart should be doing to eject. Bart wasn't doing them. He was sitting hunched forward, peering straight ahead at the lake. Jones radioed, "Bart—Laning told you to eject!"

Bart did not turn. His face was hidden by his space helmet. "Bart!" Jones shouted. "Get out of it! Leave it! Quick!"

Bart made no move. The rocket plane was at three thousand feet and Jones could see its shadow—and his own plane's shadow—streaking across the desert below. The horizon was rising up in front of them, a blazing yellow wall, pocked with sage and tumbleweed. The lake, quite close, was partly hidden by the configuration of the dunes. Jones saw a bright flick of metal as Bart jettisoned the stubby ventral fin which jutted downward under the plane's tail. The fin was for directional control in the very thin air of high altitude. It had to be dropped prior to any landing.

Now Jones held his breath. Too late to eject now. Too low. Maybe Bart would make it. Maybe the laws of aerodynamics would be repealed for this one landing and Bart would bring the X-15B in as they did in the movies, skimming the dunes, and grease her on for a perfect three-pointer.

The rocket plane hit half a mile short of the lake. It hit like a huge bright shell, and bounded high in the air, turning slowly, sickeningly on its back, and then it struck again, in a savage tumbling boil of metal and sand and fire.

Christine was waiting when George Jones came into the yard. She was white and her eyes were red; she came directly to him and held him and shook. He said, "Take it easy, hon. Take it easy."

Her voice was muffled against the cloth of his shirt. "I thought it was you! I saw it! We both did. We were out in the yard watching. Oh—when the plane hit—oh ——"

He held her with both hands, tight against him.

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"It was your turn to fly today, wasn't it?"

"We didn't do it by turns," he said. "We did it by blocks of time. Betty saw it, you said?"

"Betty saw it. She thought it was you. Until the phone rang. I couldn't answer it. I just couldn't. Betty answered it." Christine stopped, and he held her, feeling her body quiver. She pulled away and looked up at him, her eyes stary and wet. "They thought—whoever called—that they were talking to me. So they just told Betty. They told her Bart had been killed."

If he'd only ejected, George Jones thought. *If he'd only got out of the thing. He had time. He had warning.*

Betty Bartholemew wanted the funeral at Edwards. It seemed fitting to her. Bart wouldn't want to lie in some musty cemetery with civilians. He'd want to lie in the desert, under the brassy sky, in a grave that would tremble when a jet broke the sound barrier and laid its sonic whip on the earth. Betty was quite calm. Many people came, Air Force people who'd known Bart, flown with him. Some of them made cross-country jumps over great distances. Some had gold lightning on their visored field-grade caps. Some didn't. Bart's friends fitted no pattern. He picked them for one reason only: he liked them. "They show me something," was how Bart put it. Or, if not, "They show me Zilch."

The day of the funeral, Betty rode in General Holton's car and there was an honor guard of pilots, in dress blues, at attention in the 100-degree heat, for two hundred feet on both sides of the main gate at Edwards. Betty Bartholemew waved to them and she didn't cry. She did not cry then, and she might never have cried at all if the Crimson Sabres, greatest jet acrobatic team in the world had not arrived unexpectedly from Nellis Air Force Base to pay their final respects to an old skipper.

They came in very low and tight from the direction of the lake, like four shells, growing big with eerie soundless speed, passing slightly to the right of the cemetery, and the boom of their supersonic passage smashed the desert like a giant fist, and then the four blood-red Sabres pulled straight up in a vise-tight diamond wedge and exploded, high above, in the most spectacular stunt of all—the bomb-burst break-up.

Nice, George Jones thought, peering into the sky.

The fighters tore out into the blue distance, on their backs, toward the four corners of the compass, curved downward, rollercoastered toward the earth, and pulled back toward the cemetery—four crimson bullets streaking together to pass low, directly overhead, in a furious explosive supersonic farewell. George Jones saw Betty Bartholemew then. She was watching the planes, curving into the distance in a join-up, and her cheeks were wet.

"Good show," George Jones said softly. "Bart would have liked that one."

"It was a good show," Christine said, "and I'm sure Bart would have liked it. Could we go home now?"

"Right."

"And please don't say any more about good shows," Christine said. "Not now. Not today. I've had about all the good shows I can stand for about a week, say."

"Take it easy, honey."

"I'll take it easy."

"Good," he said. "Fine."

He drove out of the cemetery and back through the desert toward their house on the knoll. As they neared the house they saw a blue staff car parked in the driveway. Christine said softly, "So help me, if it's that little jerk of a Laning, I'll ——"

"Stop it!" Jones said sharply. "It's not Laning. Laning's in the hospital."

"What!"

"He wasn't there today—so I asked. He's got burns on his face and hands. Bad ones. It seems he thought Bart might still be alive and tried to go into the burning plane after him."

"Oh—oh, gee, honey—I'm so sorry—I didn't know."

"It's all right," Jones said. "I know you didn't." He looked sideways at his wife. "The colonel's quite a little guy. They didn't pick a boy for this one, Chris."

The staff car was empty, but there was a VIP identification sign inside the windshield: General Albert Byrd, Air Research and Development Command.

"Who is it?" Christine asked.

"General Byrd. The big boss himself."

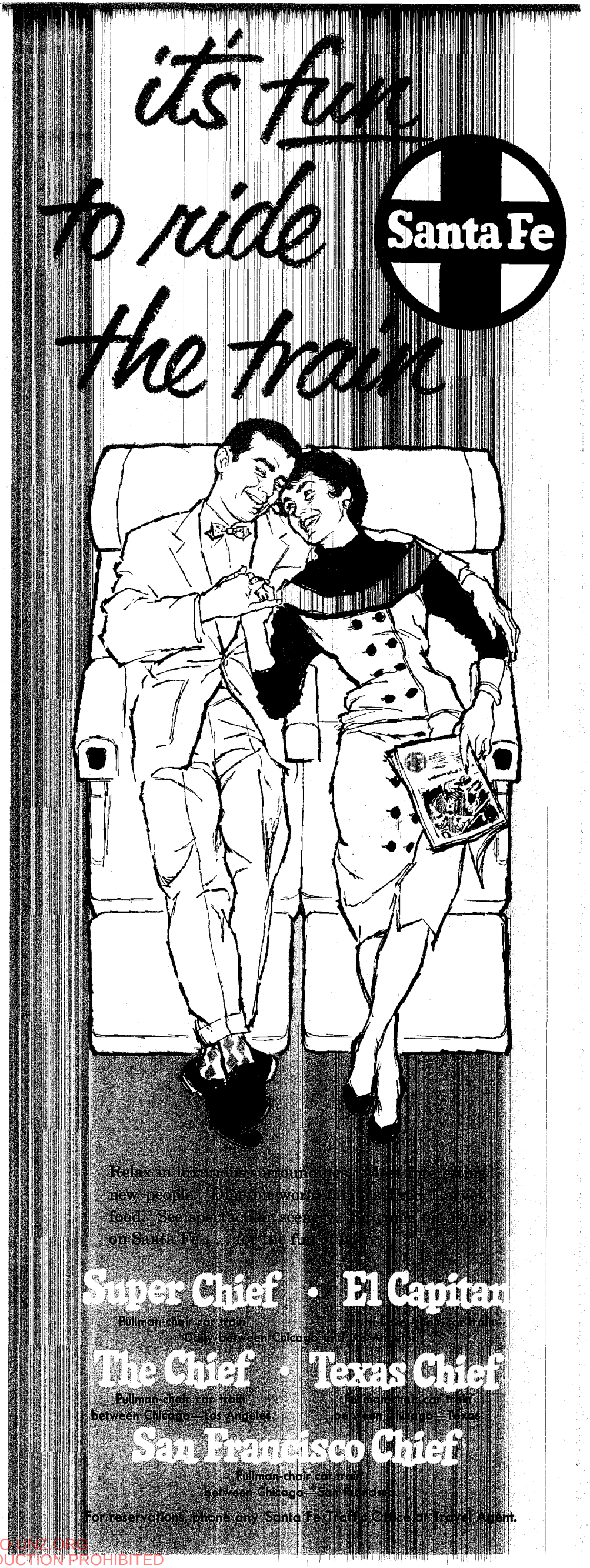
"What do you suppose he wants?"

"I don't know," George said. "I don't know what he wants."

But it was a lie. He did know.

And then General Byrd walked around the corner of the house, followed by his aide, and Colonel Jones came to attention and snapped the general a taut G.I. salute.

TO BE CONCLUDED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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor, Ben Hibbs, Narberth, Pa.

Managing editor, Robert Sherrod, Gladwyne, Pa.

Business manager, None.

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†7/1/57 to 6/30/58

ROBERT FUOSS, Executive Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1958. WILLIAM C. ZIMMERMANN, [Seal] Notary Public

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The Green Treasure of the Andes

(Continued from Page 25)

The Republic of Colombia has the only active emerald workings in the world today, unless the Russians have secretly revived the old mines in the Ural Mountains, which once produced emeralds in commercial quantities. The soldier slogging through the rain was part of the strict control Colombia exercises over the production and sale of the precious gems. A mine may be operated by private interests, or by the government itself, as is Muzo. In either case, Colombia, through its Bank of the Republic in Bogotá, markets all stones and takes from private operators a 50 per cent cut of the net profits. The government's bite, plus the hardships of mining in the Andes, is enough to discourage any great emerald rush by prospectors. Yet there undoubtedly are rich new workings to be found—one has recently been opened at a place called Gachalá.

The capital city of Bogotá is the world center for emeralds, whether in the rough or as cut stones, with buyers coming from as far away as India to dicker over endless cups of *tinta negra*—"black ink"—as Colombians call their coffee. Most of the better stones wind up in New York City, where emeralds bring very high prices, suggesting that diamonds aren't a girl's best friends after all.

But New York markets are remote from the subtropical valley of the Andes in which the Muzo mines are located; so is cosmopolitan Bogotá, 150 road miles to the south. We had motored up from Bogotá, turned west at Chiquinquirá, and crossed an awesome hump in the Andes. The road clung to the sides of mountains more than 10,000 feet above sea level, then dropped down from the chill of the highlands to the lush green semijungle around the town of Muzo.

The improved road went beyond Muzo to a modern steel bridge over Rio Minero, and ended abruptly a few feet past the bridge, running smack dab into the side of a mountain. The rest of the way to the diggings was by muleback. Sure-footed, picking their way like mountain goats, the *mulos* carry travelers along paths where a slip could mean death in a plunge down a mountainside.

I adopted a simple defense against the heights. When we came to a treacherous stretch, and the mule stopped to figure out how it would proceed, I just closed my eyes and said: "*Mulo*, you know the way better than I do. You may continue when ready, and good luck to both of us." By this method we advanced for two hours, herded along by our guide, Julio Marcelo, who brought up the rear.

It is unlikely that the emerald workings ever will be tourist spots, because the gem stones are found where the going is roughest. Tourists aren't welcome anyway, and the diggings are about as romantic as iron-ore mines. They resemble a series of terraced farms on the hillsides around the compound at Muzo, the black, overturned earth contrasting with jungle green in the background.

There are veins that could be followed, but it's much easier to scratch the ground's surface and pick up loose stones, relatively free of matrix. Emeralds are a more or less green variety of beryl, and at Muzo and Gachalá they are found imbedded in white calcite associated with a bituminous black limestone. Some of the calcite is so weathered and decomposed that it can be broken by hand. Such pieces are called *ceniceros*, meaning ash trays or ash pits, which is also the name for the third layer down from the surface of the workings. Topmost is known as the *capa esmeraldifera*, or emerald-bearing layer, and next is the *capa buena*, or good layer.

Since blasting could ruin hidden gems, most of the diggers use seven-foot crowbars to loosen the rocks and soil. Each of the many operations around the Muzo compound is known as a "bank," and is quite literally a bank on the hillside, cut into a series of steps or terraces. Debris from the topmost terrace falls to the next below it, and so on down to the bottom, thus guaranteeing that every bit of gem-bearing calcite will be worked over and over. Each bank has a name, and some are famous for the stones they have produced—Tequendama, Aguardiente, Gallinazo, Puerto Arturo, Animas and Gerena among them.

The typical Muzo miner is a native of mixed ancestry, including Mosca and Chibcha Indian blood. He wears a blue coverall to set him apart from any intruder. In addition to the soldiers and the staff, 150 workers were enrolled when I visited Muzo. Of these, about fifty did the actual mining.

"The rest work on roads, barracks, in the hospital, kitchen or blacksmith shops, tend the mules, or the cows we keep for fresh milk," Captain Machado-Sanin explained. "Beginners are paid 2.30 pesos a day, and experienced workers receive 4.70 pesos daily, including Sunday, when they do not work. They also receive their food, lodgings and medical care."

In North American terms, this is equivalent to about sixty cents, for beginners, one dollar and twenty cents for the others, plus "found." As wages go in South America, this isn't a bad deal, especially since each worker is allotted a piece of land on which he can grow corn, cocoa, barley and bananas and raise pigs, cows, donkeys, mules, horses—almost anything but chickens. He can take his produce outside when he visits his family; workers are not allowed to have their wives on the property.

"No chickens, though," the captain smiled. "Long ago it was found that they would feed small emeralds to chickens and thus steal stones when they took the chickens outside."

There would seem to be little chance for theft. The coverall that the diggers wear as their only garment offers little chance for concealment, and the twenty-four-hour watch by the military police limits opportunities to sneak out at night and recover prime stones that have been concealed during working hours. There are other safeguards along the route the stones take from the mines to the coffers of the Bank of the Republic, but I suspect that thieving goes on anyway. Dishonesty is encouraged in some degree by the state itself, which has no system of giving bonuses to workers who find unusually valuable stones or a large number of stones.

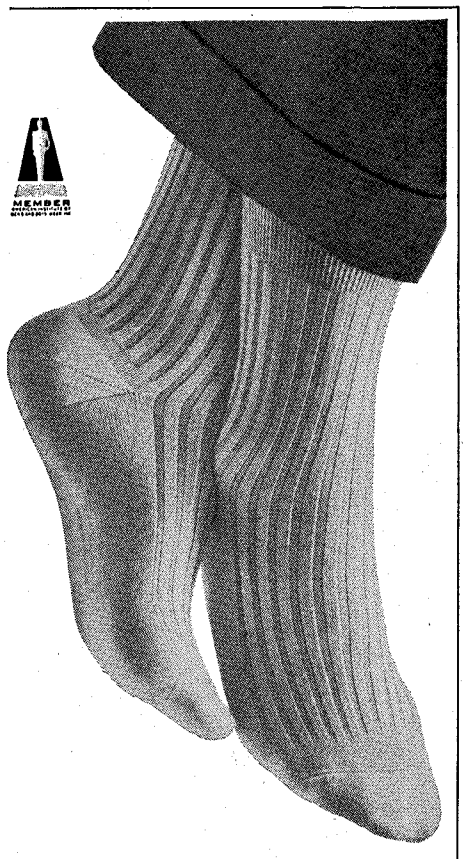
At the mine, one of the staff rides around the compound, making regular collections of unearthed stones, which he carries in a locked saddlebag. The saddlebags' contents are emptied into a safe under the care of Captain Machado-Sanin. He sends the gems outside for transfer to Bogotá, the time and means of the shipments being kept secret. The military operates a radio telephone which connects the mine with the Bank of the Republic in Bogotá, and there is a telephone line from the mine to the bridge across the Rio Minero, so all connected with shipments can be notified.

Bandits and guerrillas abound in the mountains—and it is hard to tell a plain robber from a roving follower of some lost political cause—but they have produced few scares at the mine. Once the mine was put on the alert by the close approach of a strong band; and one night a scare was thrown into the camp by an accident growing out of the workers' favorite sport.

They are fond of a game called *tejo*, which is played throughout Colombia. It is somewhat like quoits, with a heavy metal disk thrown at a target point. The miners embellish this game with explosives. Although dynamite is barred at the actual workings, it is employed in road building and other construction jobs. The miners take a bit of blasting powder, wrap it in red paper and place it on the rock at which the metal disk is thrown. When hit squarely, the powder gives a satisfying bang!

The camp ran out of blasting powder on this occasion, and a guard brought some in from (*Continued on Page 82*)

Muzo and Gachalá, the world's only two operating emerald mines, feed "green gold" to the gem market—and revenue to Colombia.



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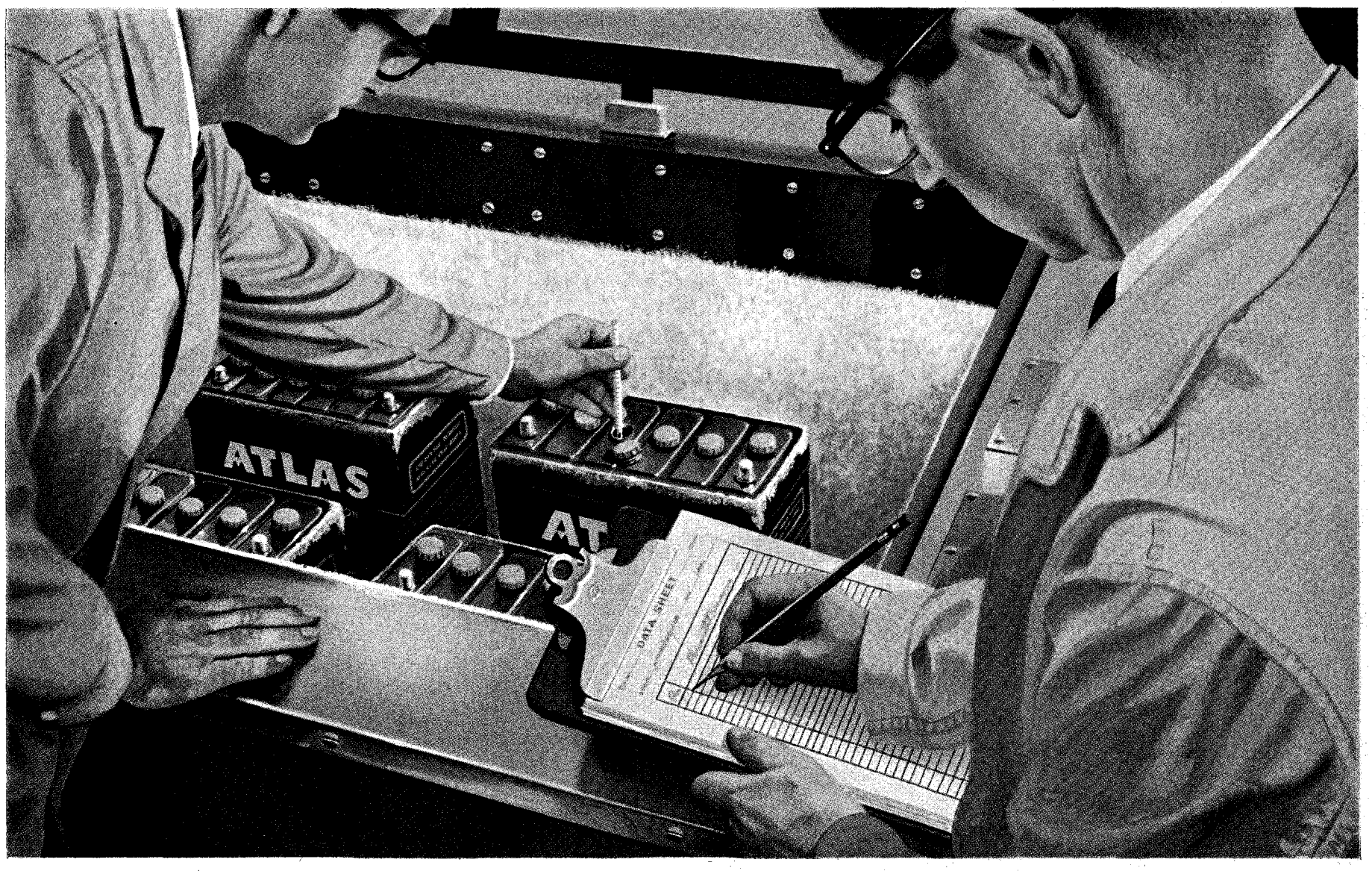
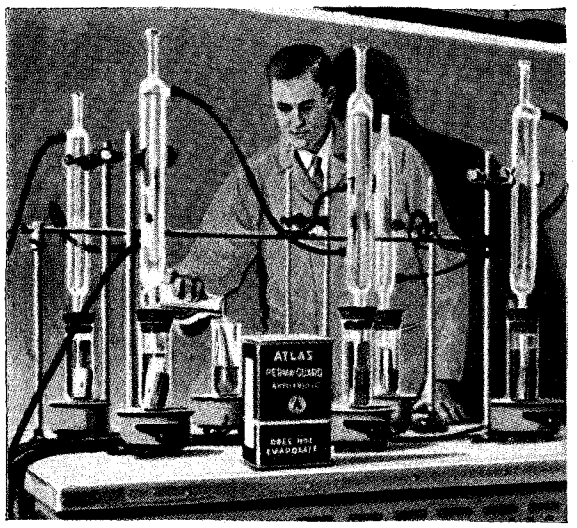


THEY FREEZE 'EM, FRY 'EM, THEN TEAR 'EM APART!



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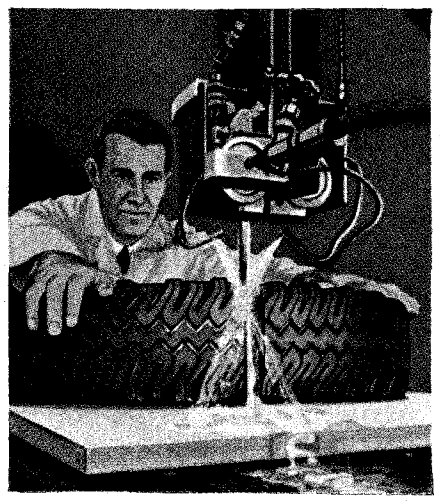

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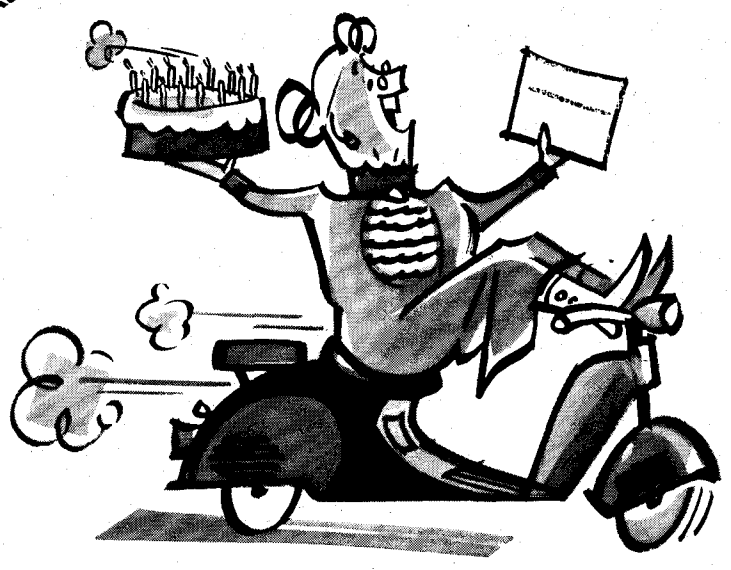

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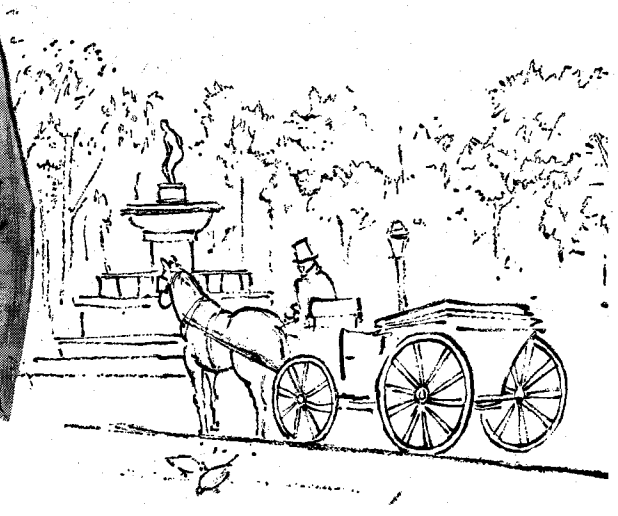

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(*Continued from Page 80*) the outside. That night he wrapped the pinches of powder in paper, placed the devices under the bed and went to sleep. Something, probably a rodent chewing through the paper, set off the powder in a series of small explosions. The guard leaped from his bed and plunged headfirst through the window, but, being rather stout, he didn't make it all the way.

"*Bandidos! Bandidos!*" he screamed. His shouts sent the camp into an uproar, with a great showing of arms and much running about until the matter was cleared up.

The product of all the digging is a green stone possessing a light all its own. Diamonds glitter, emeralds glow. Among the great gem stones—diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds—emeralds are the softest, although their 7.2 to 7.5 rating in the scale of hardness makes them quite hard indeed. The emeralds occur as hexagonal crystals, with some variations from standard within their six-sided pattern. In the most unusual variation a small emerald rides piggyback on top of a larger stone. These are never separated, but cut and polished as a single gem.

Some of the crystals are mere slivers, and are sold in bulk in Bogotá as "emerald rough" for about sixty dollars a pound. It is difficult to set a value on larger crystals, partly because there is no such thing as a really perfect emerald and hence no standardization of price as there is among diamonds. Then, the larger the stone is, the more valuable each carat of its weight is likely to be. A single-carat emerald may sell at a United States jeweler's for $500 to $1000, whereas a ten-carat stone may be worth twenty times as much.

Apart from weight, the value of emeralds depends on their color, luster and freedom from such imperfections as striations and bubbles. Those of Muzo are world-famous for their lovely deep green color and clear light. Emeralds from the new diggings at Gachalá often are larger than Muzo's, but inclined to be lighter in color. The Ural Mountains emeralds are bluish-green. Abandoned Colombian workings at Chivor and Coscuez (Somondoco) produced their own distinctive gems. An expert can tell the origin of an emerald at a glance.

In the past, emeralds have been found in Upper Egypt, the Salzburg Alps, Norway, New South Wales, and in North Carolina, that peculiar sample house for many gems and minerals. The occasional emeralds found around Stony Point, North Carolina, are of fine color and clarity, although small. Many stones are called emeralds, so let the buyer beware of such things as the Oriental emerald (which is green corundum), lithia emerald (hiddenite), Uralian emerald (demantoid), Brazilian emerald (green tourmaline), evening emerald (peridot), pyro-emerald (fluorspar), and mother of emerald (green quartz).

South American emeralds were first encountered by white explorers when Francisco Pizarro sailed down the west coast of the continent more than four centuries ago with a handful of Spanish followers to seize and despoil the Incan empire. Pizarro first helped himself to the precious stones near the River of Emeralds in what is now Ecuador, close to the Colombian border. It is still known as the *Rio Esmeraldas*, and there is a place called Esmeraldas on the coast, but there are no working mines in the vicinity now.

It is possible that some of the emeralds found there and farther south in the heart of the Peruvian empire came from the region north of Bogotá in Colombia. At any rate, no other sources of the Incan emeralds have ever been discovered, although the Incas had incredible numbers of the precious stones. The Colombian Indians apparently used emeralds only in religious ceremonies, and not as personal adornments. There is the ancient [illegible] of the Indian chief who, once a [illegible] boarded a raft and threw into a [illegible] religious objects made of gold and uncut emeralds.

Gachalá, the only new strike made in half a century, and the only operating

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Snow, rain, sleet, gloom of night . . . everything delayed me."

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mine in the world besides Muzo, is eighty miles north of Bogotá. The mountain road leading to it is as terrifying as that to Muzo, without guardrails or even a firm shoulder above giddying depths. Here and there on such Andean roads are wooden crosses to mark spots where travelers have plunged to their deaths. Here, too, are many wayside shrines, each with lighted candles. The truck drivers who must ply these roads, I was told, keep the candles burning.

At the end of the "highway" to Gachalá, there awaits the visitor to the mine an eight-hour muleback ride. The mine, known as the *Vega de San Juan*, is operated by concessionaires; as I have said, they pay to the government 50 per cent of their net profits. The proprietors have introduced a new system, however, which may induce the government to modify its laws on mineral rights.

At Gachalá the workers provide their own tools and feed themselves, but they share in the take, which was $180,000 in the first four months. The workers got 23 per cent of the sum, the proprietors 27 per cent, and Colombia the remaining 50 per cent. If the system works well in its first year, the government may allow proprietors and workers a larger share and take less for itself. Before the government stepped in with its controls, contraband miners are said to have extracted a million dollars' worth of rough stones from the Gachalá section. Later, another band took over the mines at gun point and worked them for four days.

All uncut emeralds, legal or illegal, wind up in Bogotá. Here the world buyers gather to meet dealers. One of the most popular meeting places is El Buen Café on 14th Street, in the heart of the financial district. Although its name was changed some time ago to the Gran Delfin Café, it is still called El Buen by veteran buyers. The entrance to El Buen Café is through a shoe store. This was not arranged for secrecy—although certain unlicensed dealers in uncut stones will shove their wares out of sight if a stranger enters. The shoe store just happens to be in front of El Buen.

Some dealers carry the stones in small leather bags. Others wrap each stone in thin paper, folded in a peculiar way. If a buyer doesn't know how to refold the paper, he betrays himself as inexperienced. If the buyer is experienced, there are bargains to be had.

Despite its inland location on a plain in the Andes, almost 9000 feet above sea level, Bogotá is a cosmopolitan city. Riding from a hotel to the downtown business section by taxi or trolley is an adventure; drivers and motormen seem to feel that their vehicles are meant to intimidate pedestrians. Many times I closed my eyes as we swooped down on a mass of human beings crossing a street, and waited for the shock of collision which somehow never materialized. Some drivers carried a small statuette of a saint above the instrument board. A bulb inside it lighted up every time the brake was applied, which meant that it flickered all the time.

Tourists interested in emeralds are advised to confine their expeditions to the jewelry shops and the collection of stones in the Gold Museum of the Bank of the Republic. But beware even in the jewelry shops. Although Bogotá jewelers are fine workmen in silverware and large gold objects, they cannot mount gems satisfactorily. Working with a heavy hand, they usually bury the stone in gold or platinum when fashioning a ring or necklace. The buyer is better off if he can purchase a cut stone and have it mounted in the States.

Some reflection of the splendor that Pizarro found among the Incas can be seen on special occasions at the Jesuit church of San Ignacio at Bogotá. Most impressive is a 250-year-old monstrance, or *custodia*, the receptacle in which the consecrated Host is exposed. This altar piece is basically of gold. Standing thirty-two inches high, it weighs nineteen pounds, three ounces, and shines with a green light from 1485 Colombian emeralds. These stones, evaluated thirty years ago at $2,000,000, put in the shade the twenty-eight diamonds, thirteen rubies, sixty-two pearls, 168 amethysts, a sapphire and a big topaz that help to embellish the monstrance. The cross at the top contains twenty-two large cut emeralds, with a huge cabochon emerald at its foot. The golden wings of an angel are overlaid with an enamel made of powdered emeralds.

The splendid object was designed and executed by a goldsmith named Joseph de Calaz between 1701 and 1707. Usually kept in a bank vault, it is brought out only for grand occasions. Colombians call it *La Lechuga*, or The Lettuce, for its green color. Its total value is anyone's guess. THE END

By the time a boy reaches the age where he realizes how much he owes his parents, a girl comes along and takes over the indebtedness.

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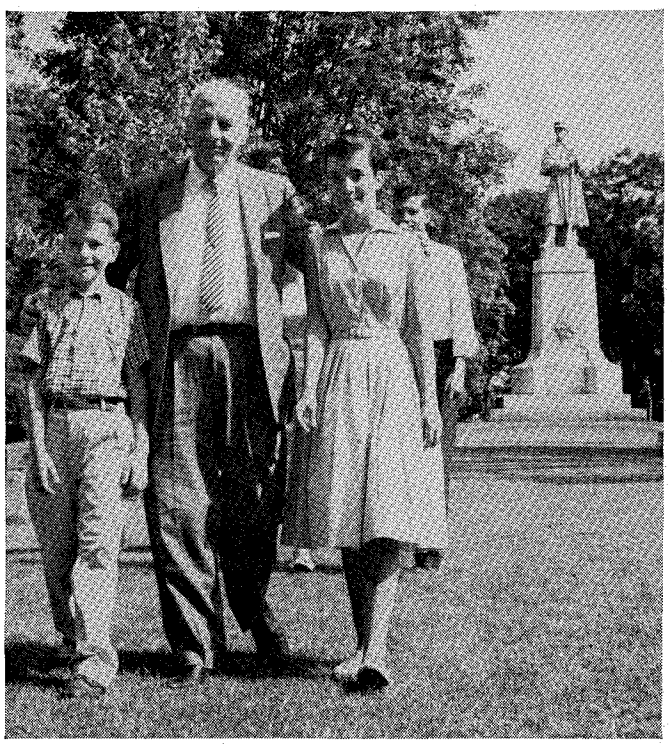
A famous blind general tells why
it's good business to see the
"ability" in "dis**ability**"

Wausau Story

By Major General **MELVIN J. MAAS,** *USMCR, Ret.*
Chairman, the President's Committee on
Employment of the Physically Handicapped

Chairman of the President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped, blind General "Mel" Maas, gets the "feel" of Fairchild's sleek new 40-passenger Propjet liner—the F-27 from Fairchild Aircraft employee, Ernest Kunz (right). Ernie, a physically handicapped worker has a part in the plane's production.

Veteran of three wars, Major General "Mel" Maas, now totally blind, examines historic plaque at famous Civil War battleground of Antietam. Former member of Congress from Minnesota, holder of the Silver Star, Legion of Merit and Purple Heart, General Mass works tirelessly for the employment of the physically handicapped.



At Antietam national battleground site in Maryland, General Maas gets a refresher course in American history as he visits with the family of Ernest Kunz. Kunz who lives and works near the historic site typifies to the General how employment of the physically handicapped rehabilitates entire families and helps everyone.

"As he lay for months paralyzed from a broken neck, Ernest Kunz didn't dare hope that he could ever earn a living and support a family.

"But as I talked recently to this former member of the U.S. Air Force I found a completely rehabilitated man. Ernie, although still classified as 90% physically disabled, is happily and *usefully* employed at Fairchild Aircraft Division in Hagerstown, Maryland. I talked to his wife and children on a family outing and I could just feel their pride in Ernie. I didn't need to *see* their happy faces.

"Thousands of American industries like Fairchild find it's *good business* to hire the physically handicapped. They're hired because of their *ability* to do a job, not because of sympathy for their *disability*. Records prove that *these workers actually produce at higher rates than unimpaired workers on the same jobs* and that they have fewer accidents.

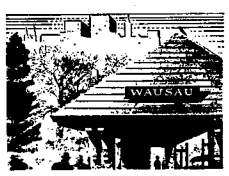
"Fairchild's hiring policy is typical of this enlightened management. It starts with skillful job analysis and placement to fit the handicapped worker's abilities. Then the in-plant physician and safety engineer see that the handicapped employee can meet the job requirements in a safe manner. Working closely with this Fairchild team is the company's workmen's compensation carrier, Employers Mutuals of Wausau. They exemplify the entire insurance industry's helpful and cooperative attitude toward this program.

"I urge *all* employers to see the 'ability' in 'disability'."

. . . . . .

How do insurance companies feel about employing the physically handicapped in industry? The entire insurance industry and especially we at Employers Mutuals of Wausau, as one of the largest in the field of Workmen's Compensation are 100% for the program. We have long had an active part in it. We have seen it time and time again that physically handicapped individuals when properly placed in jobs are less accident or disease prone than other workers. Above all they are loyal and faithful employees. Getting these physically handicapped to become credits instead of debits is good business for everyone. We are deeply grateful to General Maas for helping us bring this important opportunity to the attention of American business.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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A Visit With Bud Wilkinson (Continued from Page 31)

I asked Bud what had happened to the split T—an offense which originally took its name from the fact that the linemen were spaced farther apart than in the regular T.

"Football is a constantly evolving game," he said. "You get a different model every year. If the defense changes, then the offense in turn must change. I don't mean to sound technical about it, but ——"

"Oh, go ahead and be a little technical," I said to him.

"Well, the split T in its original concept was a ball-control offense. We were going to make four yards per try, and maintain possession of the ball until we scored. But changes in the defense have made it more difficult for the pure split T to knock out the consistent four-yard gain."

He explained that, for one thing, the defensive line no longer allows itself to be spread so far apart by the line spacing in the split T. For another thing, the secondary defense has closed in considerably. Where there used to be three deep men stationed ten to fifteen yards behind the line of scrimmage, now the deepest man is only seven or eight yards back.

"So we are trying to make four yards against nine men, or even eleven. Our offensive adjustment to that has been to set flankers, or split an end off. If you can eliminate enough people from the immediate area in which you are going to run, you have a better chance of getting that four yards."

However, Wilkinson isn't completely devoted to the four-yard theory of offense any more. "If you're going to start back deep in your own territory," he said, "you have to put the ball in play so many times that the percentages are against your going all the way without making a drastic error. So what we're trying to do with our attack these days, and what I think everybody is trying to do, is to move into scoring territory more quickly—perhaps with a punt return or with a quick kick or with a novel formation like the swinging-gate thing."

Another innovation at Oklahoma has been its so-called "race-horse" style of running off plays in rapid-fire succession. A national television audience was captivated by the way Oklahoma did this in beating Maryland in the 1956 Orange Bowl game, 20–6.

"You haven't stuck to it consistently since then, have you?" I asked.

"We've tried to," Wilkinson responded. "The reason we used the quick sequence between plays was to avoid letting the defense get settled and look at our line splits. You see, if we are very deliberate at the line of scrimmage, then the defensive line-backer, who is trying to decide whether a split is big enough for him to shoot the gap or whether he'd better play straightaway, has time to study it. His decision is much easier than if we come up and we're down and we go.

"When we don't go quickly, it's generally because of those radical offensive formations I've been talking about. If you run two flankers out wide, the time element in getting those men in position before you snap the ball is maybe six seconds, eight seconds. And they usually operate as potential pass receivers. That means they run way down the field, and when the play's over they must come all the way back to the huddle again. You just cannot run a fast sequence if you're using a broken pattern of offense. But we're still getting the actual plays off as fast as ever, although it may not seem that way to the spectators."

My next question was about the growing defensive technique of "jitterbugging"—meaning that the linemen do a lot of jumping around before the ball is snapped.

"That, Harry, is the chief reason we go rapidly once we get to the line of scrimmage," Bud said. "That type of defense is another thing that has evolved from the splits in the line. They can jitterbug, as you say, into the split, and if the offense closes the split, they jitterbug back out again. It puts pressure on the offensive team.

"So when we get to the line we try to get the ball off right now, because they can't very well jitterbug if you go quickly. Of course, you're more prone to make offensive assignment errors, because your linemen do not get as complete a mental picture of the defense in their area as they would if you gave them ten seconds to study it. But this jitterbugging has eliminated the possibility of studying it, anyway.

"I have a feeling that Navy's defenses are the most effective in college football right now, and they are the leading exponent of that bouncing back and forth. It's the coming thing defensively."

He went on to make it clear that the offense is doing some improvising too. The split-T teams have always had a certain amount of this with their option play—in which the quarterback can choose whether to run with the ball himself or pitch out to another back—and a companion play, the optional pass or run.

"Today every play we run is an option," Bud Wilkinson declared. "We don't have any plays that we feel must go one place. When we run a handoff, for example, we know that we're going to exchange the ball behind our tackle. But we don't know whether the ball carrier is going to go to the other side of our center, or over our guard, or over our tackle, or outside the end. He is supposed to watch the defense reaction at the snap of the ball, and, as he gets the ball, he simply runs for daylight. That's the only possible adjustment to these stunting defenses. There will be some daylight somewhere—at least, I assume there will be if our linemen do a fairly good job."

Moving from the general to the specific, I asked Wilkinson about the game last season in which Notre Dame upset Oklahoma, 7–0, to end the Sooners' record winning streak of forty-seven games.

Bud said, "Well, to begin with, I don't feel the Notre Dame game was an upset at all. They were a better football team. It's my considered opinion that if we'd played Notre Dame ten times, they would have won the majority of the games. A number of people would like to think that it just happened because the law of averages caught up with us, but I don't feel that way at all.

"Our team last year was, I think, a fine college football team, but we lacked offensive striking power. We had to rely on our opponent making some errors which would give us opportunities for touchdowns. If you go over our games last season week by week, I think you'll find that in only a few instances did we take the ball and march it and score. Almost all of our touchdowns were the result of a punt return putting us in position, or an intercepted pass, or a blocked kick, or a fumble, or something of that nature.

"Strangely enough, up to our game, Notre Dame had been somewhat error-prone. From our scouting, we felt that they would probably make a mistake or two. But the day we played Notre Dame, they played an errorless game, at least from the standpoint of giving us any big break."

I inquired, "Was it something of a relief to you to have the pressure of that long winning streak ended?"

"Actually," Bud replied, "there never was any pressure—not in my mind, and I don't believe in our players' minds. You don't set out as a football team to make a record for games won in succession. You try to play each game as a separate entity, and if you win or if you lose, your objectives are still the same the next week.

"So, as far as I am concerned, it is just an incidental result when you happen to build up a big winning streak." He went on with a smile, "The pressure is when you start building up a losing streak. If you're a coach, you know that things had better change in a hurry."

... ...

Conch Shell

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Within the ear lobe of the shell
The pale pink circular canal
Seems winding inward to a drum,
And concentrating on a hum,
As if an auditory nerve
Were hidden just around the curve,
And listening to breakers snore
Upon an unforgotten shore,
While echoing through sounding halls,
Some far-off fog-wreathed Triton calls,
And when I lift the shell to hear,
The sea and I meet ear to ear.

... ...

Seven of the Sooners' ten games each season are with Big Eight conference opponents, and they also have an annual rivalry with Texas, leaving only two openings for teams from other sections. Wilkinson readily conceded that Oklahoma probably would not have run up that winning streak if it had been playing a Big Ten type of schedule.

I asked whether he was entirely satisfied with his scheduling setup.

"Well, yes," said Bud, who is athletic director as well as football coach at Oklahoma. "And that's an unqualified yes. But you have to recognize the assumption that is behind it. This is that, in spite of what many casual observers might believe, football is not the be-all and end-all of college athletics. You also have basketball, swimming, wrestling, baseball, tennis.

"Intersectional games are fine in football, but we could have them only at the expense of our total athletic program"—in other words, by withdrawing from the conference. "And we feel that we have a fine conference. The Big Eight is right up there in most sports. In football I don't think it has been nearly as weak as everybody seems to believe, and it's getting better all the time."

The conversation shifted from what the college football teams are doing on the field to the more controversial subject of what they're doing away from it, in their recruiting of talented high-school players. I had warned Bud that, to a certain extent, I was going to play the devil's advocate, and make this something of a cross-examination.

I began, "Do you think the recruiting situation in recent years has got any better or any worse, or stayed just about the same?"

"I think that over-all it is very much improved," Wilkinson declared. "And I don't mean in the last few years so much as compared to twenty or twenty-five years ago—at least, in my experience. If you think there ever was a time when the boys simply came to school and went out for the team, it's a terrible mistake, because that never did happen, as far as I know, in all the history of intercollegiate athletics. Good athletes have always been encouraged by an alumnus or someone to attend a particular school.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with that," he continued. "This is where I disagree the most with the purists. If you have an interest in an organization of any kind, you want good people to join up with you—whether it be a church, a business or a social group. In the same way, I don't think it's wrong to try to have good athletes participating on your teams."

I asked whether he thought a college should seek out a boy solely because he was a good football player.

"No. I think that the only true basis of control of college athletics—where you have hundred per cent control—is at the academic level," Bud said. "Let me say I don't believe that in the financial area people are apt to break the rules—that's the most grossly exaggerated idea the public has about college athletics. But if you keep the admission and eligibility requirements high enough, then the financial element is eliminated. An unqualified boy won't get to play.

"College athletics remain college athletics as long as bona fide students are playing. Now, I don't believe you should set the academic level ridiculously high for athletes. I think, though, that we have had a tendency to make our eligibility requirements a bit too low. I know some of my friends in coaching would object to this, but I feel very strongly that if eligibility requirements everywhere were that a boy must make normal progress toward graduation, then you'd know that the people competing are college students in every respect. I don't think that making grades equivalent to being able to stay in school is quite good enough. The marginal student—I think in that area you tend to get into trouble."

Wilkinson said that the football players at Oklahoma average better grades than the nonathletes, and that, whereas less than 50 per cent of the nonathletes finish school, more than 90 per cent of football lettermen are graduated.

"Wouldn't this be due in considerable part to the fact that you keep after them to pass their courses, and give them tutoring when they need it, and so forth?" I asked him.

Bud answered, "I think the reason the high percentage graduate is that they have this interest in competing, and they know that unless they keep their grades up they cannot compete. By the time they graduate, though, the reason that they studied well becomes incidental, in my opinion, if they've acquired a good education. And we don't tutor them in the sense that you implied."

He said that they have a compulsory study hall for freshmen three nights a week. "As far as special tutoring is concerned, if a boy brings a slip from his instructor saying that he has made a bona

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fide effort but needs help, then we will get a tutor for him. But we don't let the boys use this as a crutch. If a boy just makes no effort, he'll never get the slip from his instructor.

"We do relatively little tutoring with our upperclassmen. We do a reasonable amount with our freshmen. It's almost necessary in a state school. A number of men on our squad come from very small communities, and they are not quite as well prepared for college as they might be."

My next topic was the National Collegiate Athletic Association's action in putting Oklahoma on probation for two years, back in 1955.

Said Wilkinson, "In any area of regulation you are going to have deviations, like the question of whether you should drive forty miles an hour in a thirty-five-mile-an-hour zone. Well, I think that, in some cases, the schools that have been on probation with the N.C.A.A. feel that this was the type of thing that happened. They did not feel that they were willfully violating anything. But they were in violation, all right, just as we were. And I feel that, in many ways, the fact that the N.C.A.A. put Oklahoma on probation was a great thing for our school. When that happens to you, you're more careful."

There was a report out of Dallas last July that the N.C.A.A. had launched a new investigation of Oklahoma recruiting. The organization's executive director, Walter Byers, declined either to confirm or deny this. Wilkinson said, "I honestly hate to dignify the rumor with a denial."

In the 1955 case the N.C.A.A. found some instances where Oklahoma football boosters had given clothing or other presents to players. In addition, two violations were charged against the athletic department. One was paying medical bills for the wives and children of married players. The other consisted of extending the scholarships of boys who took five years to graduate.

Regarding this last item, Bud said, "When a boy needed additional time in school to get his degree, we asked him to work for us. But we kept him on scholarship instead of paying him for the work that he did. And the rules of our conference say that you cannot award a scholarship to a man who has completed his eligibility—which was an oversight on our part, frankly. So now, anyone who completes his eligibility is automatically off scholarship. But we try to find employment for him, and we usually can."

"Do very many of the football players need five years to graduate?" I asked.

"No; no more than other students. The theory that college is a four-year course is changing every year. It's virtually impossible today to graduate in engineering in four years, and we occasionally have geology majors and students in other technical courses who might not quite finish in four. I would guess that last year, about six or seven people did not complete their work in four years."

I brought up the case of twins Lyle and Lynn Burris—members of a famous Oklahoma football family—who chose for football reasons to stretch out their course to five years. As mentioned last fall by their mother, Mrs. Paul Burris, in a Post article, I'M A FOOTBALL MOTHER, the boys decided on the eve of their junior year that they would have a better chance to make first-string if they sat out a season.

It turned out that the Burris twins have left Oklahoma. "I hate to mention the Burrises," said Wilkinson, "because they're such a great family, but these two boys were not as capable football players as their brothers, and it embarrassed them not to be outstanding players on our team. Well, it seems it was less embarrassing to them to drop out of school and go some place else where they could play football. The last I heard they were at Southeastern, which is a little state college in Oklahoma.

"And that's totally wrong. It doesn't happen often, but it happens just often enough to bother you, that a boy comes to school, and if it doesn't appear that he's going to be a successful football player, he changes in the hope that he might be able to make the team at some other school.

"Well, that's where college athletics are as much at fault as in any of these areas of financial aid that people like to talk about and criticize. When athletics distort a boy's sense of values educationally, then they are at fault."

I said, "You mean you'd rather see boys like that stay here on scholarship and get their diplomas even if they can't help you any?"

"Absolutely; and every college football coach would," Wilkinson declared emphatically. "I'll give you another kind of example. There was a boy from Tulsa on our freshman team last fall who was as good a prospect as we had. He dropped

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The recipe for a good speech includes some shortening.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

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out of school in the second semester, and he is going to Princeton this fall.

"Now, Princeton had tried very hard to get him the year before, but he had elected to come to Oklahoma. He's a truly brilliant boy, and he thinks he wants to be a nuclear physicist. After having been here one semester, he was convinced that he could get a better education in what he wants at Princeton. Well, in spite of the fact that he's a whale of a football player, I think that boy should go to Princeton."

We branched into a discussion of the recruiting competition for prospective football players. Bud maintained that it becomes intense only in the case of "the top-drawer boy," but conceded, "The life of a fine athlete his last semester in high school is harried to the point of ridiculousness by various college representatives—not only coaches, but alumni and self-styled alumni."

Does Oklahoma—which sticks pretty much to its own geographical area, including portions of Texas—put this kind of sales pressure on the boys?

"Well," said Wilkinson, "schools that have had things going their way are in a favorable position—schools where the boys presumably will play in front of large crowds and have a chance to make All-America. And we've been fortunate that way.

"We still have to convince these boys to come here, don't misunderstand me." He smiled. "We've got to show the same interest in them that all the other schools are showing, or they'll decide we don't care if they come. If we were not in the favorable situation I've indicated, it would be necessary for us to do more selling than we actually do. But as it is, if a boy definitely tells us he's not interested in Oklahoma, there are enough people who *are* interested for us to concentrate our efforts there."

Like practically all big-time coaches, Bud Wilkinson says that the boys should openly be awarded full athletic scholarships, as in the Big Eight and most of the other major conferences. He opposes the Ivy League theory of putting aid to athletes on the same basis as aid to nonathletes, with financial need as a determining factor.

"Academically and ideally, you can make a case for need," he declared, "but practically, I think it's virtually impossible to administer. It tends to lead you into the same type of hypocrisy and hedging that you have if you say you aren't going to give any aid at all to athletes."

I asked him whether the athletic-scholarship system wasn't also more ideal in theory than in practice. "Doesn't the full scholarship sometimes tend to be just the starting point in the case of widely sought boys, with the schools offering them extra on the side?"

Wilkinson declared, "I think there's always a case or two probably, but I don't believe it's the common thing. Let me say this, because it sums up my feelings better than anything I've said. We happen to live in an era right now in America where everybody is investigation-conscious. We have tended to adopt a philosophy that everybody is semi-crooked, whether it be a labor leader or management or a banker or a senator or the highway commission.

"I think it's a very unfortunate thing to have crept into American life. Maybe we have deserved this, but the average person today doesn't think there are any honest men. And this has carried over into college athletics. They don't believe we adhere to the rules, because they believe that hardly anybody in our social structure is adhering to the rules."

I had one more question concerning the Ivy League approach to football. I began, "Below the varsity level here at Oklahoma, is there much football available for the students? I mean intramural football."

"No," Bud said. "We have intramural touch football. It's very widely played. But we don't have regular football. The problem is that football is an expensive game to play. You can't have football without proper equipment and playing conditions."

I observed, "Places like Harvard and Yale have extensive intramural football programs for the fellow who isn't good enough to make the varsity, but still wants to play."

"Well," said Wilkinson, "I share their enthusiasm for the program. That's one of the things that Ivy League schools have that all of the state universities would like to have. We would like to have the Harvard library, and the Harvard faculty, and we would like to be able to pay our professors what Harvard is able to pay.

"But there simply isn't enough money available to do everything that we would like to do. Intramural football at the present time is not high enough in the scale of values to receive financial support, and we do not make enough money in intercollegiate athletics to have enough left over to support such a program. I wish there were some way of making football a low-cost game, because I am sold on its values."

Getting back to the Oklahoma program, I inquired, "You have approximately eighty football-scholarship men?"

"Yes. The figure varies a little bit, Harry, but that is the way we set our budget up."

"And those are all full four-year scholarships?"

"Yes. They're awarded for one year at a time, but if the boy meets the academic requirements the renewal of the scholarship each year is automatic."

"Are there very many full scholarships here for nonathletes?"

"I don't know offhand," Bud replied. "We have a large number of tuition scholarships. But I would guess that most undergraduate scholarships at the University of Oklahoma that are grants beyond tuition fees would be athletic. The theory of the athletic scholarship is that the boy is devoting time to competing in athletics and does not have the time to work—at least on a legitimate job. Well, those people who have tuition scholarships are able to go out and work for their room and board, and it probably doesn't take them any longer than the time the athlete spends in athletics."

Wilkinson went on. "The concept of an amateur, as the purists think of it, evolved back when only the upper class went to college, or had the leisure time for sports. Well, we've come a long way since then. Because of this background, though, people seem constantly to be trying to read things into the scholarship program of giving an athlete room and board because he can't work. They say, 'Now aren't you paying him to compete?' I personally don't feel so. I think it's more a result of changing times."

I said, "You'd draw a line between amateurism and professionalism somewhere, wouldn't you? I don't suppose you'd want the boys to be getting one hundred dollars a week or something like that, in addition to their full scholarships."

Bud replied, "As of right now, I don't think a boy ought to have anything more than a scholarship. And when I say scholarship, I mean his bare school expenses."

The son of a Minneapolis mortgage banker, Bud Wilkinson neither had nor needed an athletic scholarship at the University of Minnesota, where he played football from 1934 through 1936. His own sons—Pat, eighteen, and Jay, sixteen—both played for the Norman High School team last year. The older boy, who was a cocaptain, is at Stanford this fall—his father felt that it would be better for everybody if Pat didn't go to Oklahoma.

Bud himself is set at Oklahoma for a long time to come. Back in 1952 he signed a ten-year contract at $15,000 a year. A Sunday television program during the football season brings him additional income.

"I'm sure our teams cannot be as successful in the future as they have in the past," Wilkinson declared. "It's the law of averages and many other factors. The competition is better. And I'm sure there will come a day when people will think I'm not doing as good a job as I did in the past, and when that time comes they probably will want me to do something else, all right. But as of now, I have no feeling that I ought to quit while I'm ahead."

I had run through all my questions. "Is there anything else you'd like to say that I haven't already asked you about?"

Said Bud, "Well, here's something that I think is totally misunderstood by the average fan. I think the average person is apt to look at a football coach as he does a baseball manager. Now I have no criticism of baseball managers, but their job is strictly to get a team together and win.

"A football coach had better do that, too, if he wants to maintain his employment. But I don't think the man in coaching goes into it with that approach. I honestly don't. I think he goes into it because he likes to work with young people.

"Part of his job, if it's competitive, is to try to win, of course. But essentially it's to prepare his people to play as well as he can teach them to play. And if he can do that, I think he feels, in spite of what other people might say, that he has accomplished his purpose." THE END

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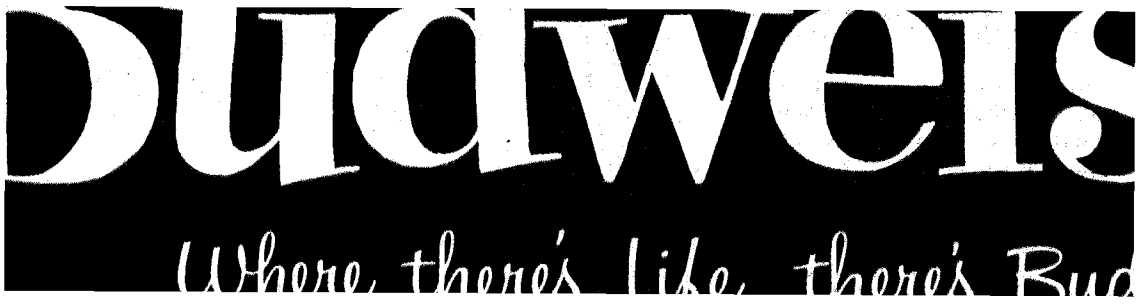

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The Saints Roll Up Their Sleeves

(Continued from Page 35)

Manager Hill. "We always call out a big crew for the annual spring farm cleanup."

Provo Stake Farm grows potatoes, corn, sugar beets, hay and grain. For any weekend, or any weekday, for that matter, Hill can call on the bishops of the Provo stake wards for a dozen or a hundred workers. So can the managers of four other welfare fruit farms owned by the stake. The bishops round up the unhired hands "by invitation" from the ranks of the 5000 members of the stake.

This unique, self-sustaining welfare plan has its roots in the Mormon belief that idleness and waste are sinful. Back in the rugged depression years, canny Heber J. Grant, then president of the church, took direct action to solve the paradox of unemployed workers who were going hungry while food-processing plants stood idle and food crops, which farmers couldn't afford to harvest, rotted in the fields. President Grant instructed his bishops to round up unemployed Mormons to work on the farms, taking their pay in shares of the crops they harvested and then processed in idle canneries. The surplus of food thus salvaged was the beginning of the bishop's storehouse. The stakes owned no farms at the time, but in 1937 and 1938 the church adopted the welfare plan as a permanent program and admonished all stake and ward leaders to acquire farms and fill storehouses.

Each of Grant's successors has enlarged the Mormons' practical plan "to supply clothing to the scantily clad, to furnish ample food to those whose table is thinly spread, to give activity to those who are fighting desperately the despair that comes from enforced idleness, and to do this in a helpful and dignified manner with an element of spirituality," as present Church President David O. McKay aptly sums up the bishops' storehouse objective.

Welfare farms aren't confined to the Mormons' traditional promised land of the Deseret in Utah. Managers of such farms near metropolitan centers such as New York, Washington, New Orleans, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco can quickly mobilize crews of volunteer workers. Wherever they are, whatever their status, good Mormons heed the calls of their 2500 ward, or parish, bishops.

"We've had some of the biggest figures in Washington out there pitching manure on our dairy farm in Virginia," said L. Blaine Liljenquist, chairman of the stake's agricultural committee.

"Bountiful Farm," on the Leesburg Pike, was purchased for $125,000 in 1955 by the Mormons residing in the District of Columbia area. It consists of 768 acres of pasture, 100 acres of woodland, has a dozen farm and dairy buildings, is stocked with both dairy and beef cattle. During the summer months, Liljenquist calls on the bishops of the area for thirty to forty volunteers each week. The line-up usually includes Government officials, merchants, lawyers, lobbyists, military men and occasionally a farm hand from the President's Cabinet named Ezra Taft Benson.

The Mormons have a sure-fire way of raising capital to launch such a farming operation. Every member of the stake is asked to contribute a "fast offering," to help the needy or to build up the bishop's storehouses. This is the price of two meals a month he is expected not to eat. The fast offering is turned over to the ward bishop who delivers it to the stake president. This offering is over and above tithes, which go directly to support the church, and soon runs into a kitty sufficient to make a one-fourth down payment on a farm.

The other three fourths of the purchase price may be borrowed from a revolving church-loan fund, to be repaid by continued contributions or other money-raising methods, at which the Mormons are quite versatile. The women of Sharon Stake, in Orem, Utah, put on a bazaar and banquet that brought in $10,000, after which the men turned out 350 strong and planted 1700 young trees in a single morning. The stake at West Pocatello, Idaho, paid for two farms costing $39,000 largely with the profits of a musical show, Melody Time, staged each year in the high-school auditorium. Last year the two farms angeled by Melody Time delivered to the bishop's storehouse 17,000 pounds of dressed beef, 8000 pounds of pork, 5600 dozen eggs, 795 pounds of poultry, 3300 pounds of fruit, 14,500 pounds of vegetables and 116 tons of sugar beets.

Once paid for, welfare farms run largely on their own momentum, producing not only the harvest quota assigned by the Church Welfare Committee in Salt Lake City but also a surplus to sell for operating cash. In 1957, some 250,000 volunteers donated roughly 1,500,000 man-hours to produce 20,000,000 pounds of food for the bishops' storehouses. Also many of the farms yielded products which the storehouses couldn't handle. These extras were sold for cash to buy materials which then were made into 250,000 other useful storehouse items. Cotton and wool were exchanged for fabrics to make clothing. Washington Stake's storehouse couldn't utilize all the milk produced on Bountiful Farm, so the dairy's surplus output was sold to provide ready money for the over-all welfare plan, which helped 67,800 needy people, some non-Mormons, keep their names off the 1957 relief rolls.

Roughly half—or about 600,000—Mormons live outside the Salt Lake area, scattered from coast to coast. Wherever they live, the members of each stake are urged to own a farm and to devote the land to the crops it can best produce. The quota for each farm is assigned by the General Welfare Committee, whose managing director, Harold B. Lee, is one of the twelve apostles constituting the board of directors of the church. Lee and two other apostles, Henry D. Moyle and Marion G. Romney, give the welfare plan their full attention. They have a paid coordinator, Arben O. Clark, with a small staff, to see that their orders are carried out.

"Every fall, and again in the spring, we estimate what we will have to produce to keep the bishops' storehouses filled," explained Lee. "Then we assign each stake farm its harvest quota. If the harvest exceeds the quota, the surplus is sold to buy equipment or make improvements. If there isn't any surplus, these are paid for out of contributions."

Each farm's output is meshed into the whole welfare plan. Seattle Stake, in the Pacific Northwest, runs a small but high-yield farm that specializes in berries and string beans. Stake President Wilford Payne thinks nothing of mobilizing as many as 800 harvest hands on a single morning to pick beans.

"Beans won't wait," says Payne.

The string beans are canned and the berries are turned into jam at a rented cannery by volunteers working under the direction of professionals. The cans are hauled to Welfare Square in Salt Lake City, which serves as the distribution exchange for the 140 bishops' storehouses.

Mormons seem to keep their touch for agriculture, even those long accustomed

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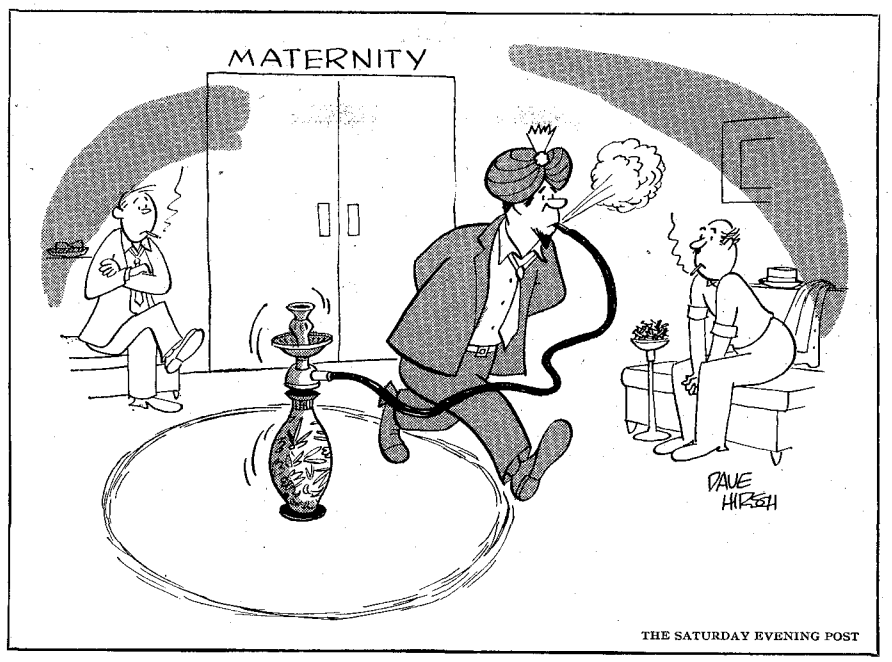
to big-city life. The ambitious Detroit Stake has a welfare farm at Merrill, Michigan, a $200,000 enterprise promoted and directed by George Romney, president both of the Mormon stake and of American Motors. Romney's farm hands consist almost entirely of professional men from nearby cities. Their crops are wheat, barley, corn, sugar beets, and hay for a 170-head herd of Hereford cattle. The Chicago Stake's volunteer farmers did so well on their welfare farm at Kenosha, Wisconsin, last year that the corn yield was 110.7 bushels per acre, which qualified them for the Hundred Bushel Corn Club of Wisconsin.

New York City's spare-time farmers have done almost as well, under the drive of Reynolds I. Nowell, an official of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. The stake's farm is at Washington, New Jersey, where the New Yorkers have raised corn, oats, wheat and alfalfa with such gusto that they recently won a New Jersey state award for outstanding farming.

The largest Mormon population outside Utah is concentrated in Southern California. Here the 63,000 Saints in ten stakes have pooled their fast offerings and their manpower to build up two ample bishops' storehouses in Los Angeles and Long Beach. These are stocked from eleven farms operated almost entirely by volunteer help from Southern California cities.

One is the model 580-acre ranch east of Riverside developed by the late Louis B. Mayer, the movie tycoon, to raise blooded horses. The Mormons picked it up at a bargain price, turned the stables into bunkhouses for businessmen who spend their weekends farming. Instead of racing steeds, they lavish their efforts on 200 dairy cows, a poultry flock, many acres of potatoes, vegetable crops and hay. The



two hired employees who keep the dairy going during the week can count on a score to a hundred volunteers over the weekend to clean the barns, irrigate, hoe weeds and do other chores.

At nearby Corona, more weekend farmers work in an orange grove. In Santa Ana Canyon, the Mormons grow vegetables and berries. At Cucamonga they raise peaches, and in the Antelope Valley another welfare farm yields peaches and pears. Most of these crops are trucked to the spacious Los Angeles bishop's storehouse to be processed and redistributed. But not all. The Southern California Mormons are great swappers. They trade milk from the Riverside ranch to the Carnation Milk Company for other milk delivered by Carnation to the Los Angeles storehouse. They sell their top-quality oranges for cash with which they buy less expensive, undersize oranges for juice.

"We get three times as much juice by that deal," boasts Howard W. Hunter, attorney and chairman of the Mormon's Southern California Council.

Most of the canned juice goes to Salt Lake in trucks, which bring back sugar, potatoes, meat, jams, flour.

The Los Angeles bishop's storehouse has to cope with some unusual problems. It gets a good many floaters, "jack Mormons," who have slipped away from their bishops. Ordinarily, these backsliders would be entitled to nothing from the storehouse without an order from their bishop.

"We take care of them," said Hunter. "We'd rather they'd come to us, because we can usually rehabilitate them and get them on their feet."

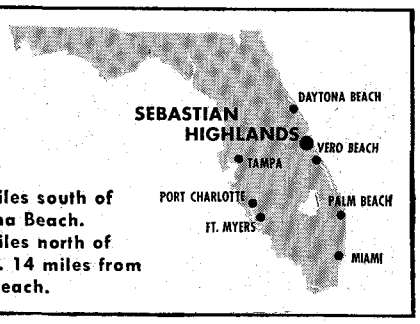
Another dilemma is how to get along with militant unions. Last spring, for example, Hunter and his counselors decided to rush completion of a new cannery at the Los Angeles storehouse. The call went out for workers, and the bishops delivered the volunteers, who were soon pouring concrete and laying bricks. Ordinarily, they would have built the entire structure, but to speed completion in time for the summer harvest of fruit and vegetables, storehouse manager Leland J. Payne hired some outside help. Union business agents cracked down, called all union workers off the job.

Hunter lined up a meeting with leaders of the unions involved, explained the bishop's-storehouse idea so eloquently that the heads of all but one union reversed themselves and actually sent some of their unemployed craftsmen to help the volunteers on Saturdays.

This wasn't the first time the Mormons have gained co-operation from unions. In Emery County, Utah, 165 miles south of Salt Lake City, the Church Welfare organization operates a coal mine. Except for a few professional miners as supervisors, 80,000 tons of coal are dug out of this mine each year by volunteers from nearby towns. This is possible because John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers have accepted the church's word that this coal will go to keep needy families warm or to heat church institutions.

"The unions have been pretty good to us," says Apostle Henry D. Moyle, chairman of the General Church Welfare Committee. Moyle keeps a close watch on the flour mill at Kaysville, Utah; the blanket, overall, clothing and rug factories; and the thirty canneries that supply the storehouses, all kept humming by volunteer labor.

Highlands



100 miles south of Daytona Beach. 150 miles north of Miami. 14 miles from Vero Beach.

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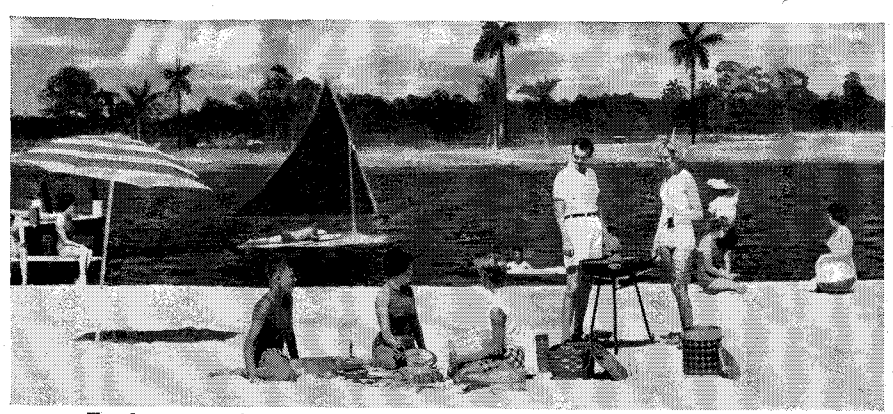
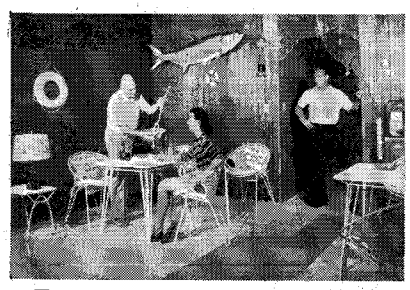
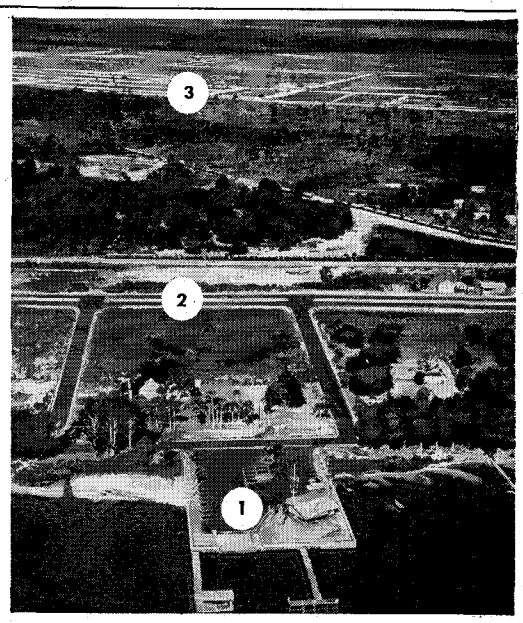


Fresh water swimming in Lake Hardee from the community beach.



The Yacht Club Lounge, a pleasant place for friendly gatherings.



Aerial View of Sebastian Highlands. 1. *Yacht Club.* 2. *U.S.*(1) 3. *Property.*

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The widely scattered farms, processing plants and storehouses are linked to Welfare Square by a truck-trailer network. These bring in the farm and cannery products, return with supplies for the regional and stake storehouses. Welfare Square, the hub of this provident realm, is such a fabulous plant that 14,000 visitors from many lands make it a sight-seeing objective each year.

They've never seen anything quite like it. Just inside the entrance is the store where the bishop's orders are filled. The shelves are stacked with canned goods bearing the colorful "Deseret" brand label, a brand that money can't buy. Patrons with bishop's orders roll shopping carts from the canned-goods division to the meat market to the fruit and vegetable counters, shopping as they would in any supermarket. A dollar bill is as useless as a Russian ruble in this mart. Behind the counter, teams of men and women, all volunteers, fill orders for delivery to needy families unable to do their own shopping.

The boss of Welfare Square is a businesslike merchant, Glen Rudd, one of the few executives in the Mormon welfare plan who draw a salary. Rudd, who gives full time to his job—ten to fifteen hours a day—prides himself on the efficiency with which he is able to run a huge welfare establishment with part-time volunteer workers, many of them beyond retirement age. Looking around the market in which thirty clerks were busily stocking shelves or filling orders, he said, "I can see only one other paid employee here, the head butcher."

Rudd's help is sent to him by the ward bishops, who recommend men and women for work because they need to be kept busy. A good many of them are retired men, like Bishop William G. Yates, seventy-nine, a former engineer who is now head egg candler. Or Brother Pauley Anderson, a former icehouse operator, now on the crew that pastes Deseret labels on cans. Recently a British Labor member of Parliament, visiting Welfare Square, was shocked to find the old men working.

"Wouldn't you rather be home, taking it easy?" the Britisher asked.

"Not me," said Yates emphatically. "I'd have been buried ten years ago."

"And I'd just be sitting around jawing with my wife," added Brother Anderson.

Welfare-plant workers don't get wages, in the ordinary sense. They work for what they need. The "pay" is largely in bishop's merchandise orders, although some of it may be in cash if the bishop finds they need money to pay the rent or for utilities' service. Similarly, no price is put on the commodities the bishop orders for a family. The size of the order depends upon the family's requirements, as determined by a case report by the Women's Relief Society.

Rudd estimates that the Welfare Square bishop's storehouse distributed around $400,000 worth of food and clothing to Salt Lake City Mormons last year. On some days his staff filled up to 200 orders. Ten paid employees and about 125 volunteers per day run the store and the huge distribution center.

The modern milk plant handles the output of three welfare dairies in the Salt Lake vicinity. The milk that isn't bottled for distribution goes into cottage cheese or is powdered or canned. An enormous root cellar stores fifty carloads of potatoes, and holds cabbages, root crops or apples for use during the winters. A smokehouse cures hams and bacon from welfare farms. The Mormons rent canneries in off hours, and by the end of each summer Welfare Square's storage rooms are jammed with more than 1,000,000 cans of food bearing the Deseret label.

The huge concrete grain elevator, which stores 318,000 bushels of grain, roughly a trainload 140 cars long, is the bishop's ace in the hole in case of dire emergency. It was built in 1940 in eight days by 640 volunteers who poured concrete around the clock. It was first filled in 1941 by Mormon women gleaning in the grainfields while most of their men were in uniform or working at war jobs. It has never been empty since.

"Nobody will starve if he has cracked grain to eat," pointed out Arben O. Clark, the young co-ordinator.

The Saints believe in being prepared for the worst. As they make their rounds, the bishops admonish Mormon families to maintain their year's supply of emergency rations in their homes. Now and then a bishop puts his parishioners through a drill. In California, where the Fresno Stake grows grapes and dries raisins for the entire storehouse system, a ward bishop asked his congregation last year to live off emergency rations stored in their homes for one week, just to see how they would make out. Nearly every family in the ward soon discovered that it had overlooked some important food items.

"We were grateful for the experience and the lessons we received from this adventure," reported the wife of a ward welfare-committee member. "But we were mighty glad to get back to the grocery store."

Working closely with the bishops' storehouses is another Mormon welfare institution known as Deseret Industries. Housed in a large two-story building in Salt Lake City, this project keeps up to 400 handicapped men and women busy rehabilitating clothing, furniture, appliances, toys or any other castoff item brought in by seven trucks that scour the city. Nearly every worker in this busy plant has been rejected as beyond rehabilitation by state institutions and placed on permanent relief.

To get these unemployables into useful occupations, the ward bishops send them to Manager Stewart Eccles, who routes them into a clinic headed by Dr. LeRoy A. Wirthlin, a distinguished Salt Lake City surgeon. After a careful physical and "emotional" examination to determine what kind of work the handicapped job seeker can do, Eccles finds the job—mending clothing, repairing furniture or appliances, redoing toys.

"While they're rehabilitating castoffs, they're rehabilitating themselves," says Eccles. "Many of them get on their feet in a few months and the bishops find better jobs for them."

Deseret Industries workers are paid partly in cash, partly in orders on the bishop's storehouse. Eccles estimated that they rehabilitated $800,000 worth of merchandise in 1957. Some of this the bishops distributed to the needy. Much of it was sold in several secondhand stores opened by Deseret Industries in and around Salt Lake City. The sales in these stores enabled Deseret Industries to show a small profit last year. Other Deseret Industries shops in Los Angeles, and in Ogden, Provo and Logan, Utah, enable this branch of the welfare plan to keep 700 Mormons off the public relief rolls.

When disaster strikes, the bishops' storehouses swing into high gear—fast. As the rampaging Feather River waters inundated Yuba City on Christmas Day, 1955, President Wilbur Mills, of Gridley Stake, in the flood area, flashed word of the disaster to welfare headquarters in Salt Lake City. Within three hours two truck-and-trailer loads of food, clothing and bedding were rolling west, to be distributed to flood victims regardless of faith. To shelter refugees, bishops in Northern California lined up 300 beds in Mormon homes within two hours.

The storehouses provided blankets for the Dutch after the 1953 Netherlands floods, supplies for victims of the Vanport flood on the Columbia River in 1948, six carloads of food for Greeks made homeless by earthquakes in 1954. One of the largest shipments was made after the war ended in Europe, when President Truman was asked for permission to ship supplies to Mormon missions in Europe, then under the wing of Apostle Ezra Taft Benson.

"How soon will these supplies be ready?" asked the President.

"They're ready now," he was told.

Incredulous, the President gave his blessing. The bishops' storehouses disgorged 133 carloads of food and clothing, which the Mormon missionaries distributed.

The philosophy which guides the Mormons' own system for taking care of their own—and some others besides—is voiced by eighty-seven-year-old J. Reuben Clark, a brilliant diplomat who gave up his career in 1934 to become counselor of his church. Clark unceasingly lectures Mormons to resist the temptations of idleness made possible by unearned public gratuities, asking, "Why delude ourselves into thinking that a third of us may live in idleness and all of us be better off? Let us avoid debt as we would avoid a plague. Let us straitly and strictly live within our incomes and save a little." And it goes without saying that the church expects its members to do their part to keep the bishop's storehouse full and ready. That is why Mormons don't worry about going hungry. THE END

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR

An American Scientist's Story:

I LIVED WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ANTARCTICA

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

DRUGS THAT SHAPE MEN'S MINDS

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

Is College Football Worth Saving?

By Missouri's Don Faurot

The Great California Political Drama

By STEWART ALSOP

OFFBEAT SOUNDS FOR SALE

Voodoo, Sports Cars and Train Wrecks on Records

THE ANIMALS WE LIVE WITH

Adventures of a Photographer's Wife

A NOVELETTE, COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE:

The Touchdown Makers

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I Call on Bret Maverick

(Continued from Page 21)

He was patient with me. "We talk by blowing air through our vocal cords. That makes the cords rub together and creates sound."

"How'd you find all this out?" I asked.

He said, "When I got out of the hospital, after my tonsillectomy, I went to a speech therapist, and he gave me all this jazz about how the vocal cords work." He thought of something, and the thought made him frown. "I worried that my operation might change my voice," he added.

I agreed. "It wouldn't be so hot if Bret Maverick sounded like Liberace."

"That's for sure," Garner told me. "But this speech therapist has helped me. I can speak now without using my nose at all. But my *real* trouble is I find myself talking like other people talk. I must be weak. I'll probably wind up this interview talking like you. I've insulted a few people who thought I was mocking them when I talked to them on the telephone. We have an English girl working for us; when I talk to her I'm very David Niven, very Peter Lawford."

"Speaking of speech patterns," I said, "I've run across a press release which fascinated me. It lists some 'genuine Western phrases'; says you use them on your Maverick show." I handed it to him. On it was printed:

WESTERN SPOKEN HERE

"Run the son-of-a-gun, by juniper, and while you're at it give me some gun-waddin' too," said a tall cowboy.

"Sure," said his companion, brushing his unruly blond hair from his eyes, "but you better save some space for the blueberry boggy-top."

This conversation assailed the ears of patrons lunching near TV actors Will Hutchins and James Garner in the Warner Brothers Studio's cafeteria.

"Juniper, where'd you get a brand like Sugarfoot?" Garner asked.

"Some pilgrim thought I was an arbuckle," Hutchins answered.

"Come to think of it," he continued, "where'd you get a handle like Maverick, isn't that sort of an oregjanas?"

"You're right, son," Garner said, "a maverick is sort of an independent, free-wheeling slick."

For Eastern dudes and Western city slickers, the following is a translation of the above: Son-of-a-gun is a veal stew. Gun-waddin' is light bread. Boggy-top is open-faced pie. Pilgrim, juniper, arbuckle and sugarfoot mean "tenderfoot." Maverick, slick and oregjanas are used to describe an unbranded, orphan calf.

"That," Garner exploded, "is pure fertilizer. I don't remember saying those things. Every time I see a release like this I feel like throwing up."

Before getting together with Jim Garner in my hotel room, I'd had a session with Roy Huggins, executive writer-producer of Maverick. I figured he would have a notion about what makes A.B.C.'s Maverick different from other TV Westerns.

Huggins told me, "I can hold forth on that subject indefinitely. I know what a traditional Western is because I wrote Cheyenne for a year, and Cheyenne is traditional. The traditional Western adheres to our national Western mythology. In Cheyenne, the star, Clint Walker, represented the traditional Western hero, who is always a father figure."

"I don't know what a father figure is," I said.

Huggins said, "A father figure always knows right from wrong. There's never any doubt in his mind. What's more, a father figure is tall. Although Alan Ladd violates this rule, a small Western hero is the exception. Then, too," Huggins went on, "a traditional Western hero is unbending and humorless. For a whole season I made ol' Clint a fast gun and a loner. I forgot to tell you, the traditional Western hero has no family. He never has a father. If he has a father, how can he be a father figure?"

I told him, "One of the classicisms you left out is that the traditional Western hero never has affairs with girls. But I've seen some dolls in Maverick I wasn't sure about. My grandmother would have called them soiled doves or hussies."

"I changed all that in Maverick," Huggins said. "In the traditional Western formula, women are considered in only two ways: with easy contempt—which includes the dance-hall girls—or the woman you can't touch; she is treated with exaggerated awe."

"How did you break out of the mold?" I asked.

"After a year on Cheyenne, I was beat, and I asked for time out. My next assignment was Conflict, which was on the air for a year. By that time Cheyenne was a whopping success, and Warner Brothers asked me to do another Western. I said, 'I'll do it if you'll let me write and produce a Western that breaks with all tradition.'

"First of all," Huggins said, "my hero would *not* be a father figure. How did I do that? Easy. I gave him a father. Bret Maverick's pappy is alive, although he's never shown on the screen. Bret is always quoting his pappy, an old reprobate with a subversive mind: 'My pappy says it isn't how you play the game that counts, it's winning.' The two Maverick boys always talk about him, but he's careful to stay down in Texas, and it's clear he hopes his boys will never come home. Another tradition I broke was when I decided not to make Bret Maverick a fast gun. If he ever gets into trouble, he gets out of it by fast talk and tricks, rather than a whiplash draw and hot lead."

"How about the loner tradition?" I asked.

"He's got a pappy and he's got a brother," Huggins said. "He is also interested in various frails, so he's not alone. On the other hand, Maverick is a disorganization man. His primary motive is that ancient and noblest of motives, the profit motive. In that sense he is not a hero."

"You mean he's not upright the way William S. Hart was?" I asked.

"Not a bit," Huggins said cheerfully. "I've gone as far as I can go and still not have him a crook. To add another nonheroic characteristic, Maverick is lazy."

There was a lot more of this, but I finally said: "You've convinced me that you've got a different TV Western. Yet some of the others also claim to be 'adult Westerns.'"

"If they're on the air after seven o'clock they all claim that," Huggins scoffed. "Gunsmoke made quite a thing about being the first adult Western, although it's very much in the tradition. I admire Gunsmoke. I think it's a good show, but it's still formula."

Later, when I sat in my hotel room talking with Garner, I found that he had his own ideas about the difference between Maverick and other Westerns. "Most important of all," he said, "our show has a sense of humor. That jerks it away from most of the Western clichés."

"You don't mean a comedy-relief pal like Andy Devine, strictly for laughs?" I asked. "One of those falling-over-his-own-feet, always-dropping-his-gun types?"

"Our humor is situation humor, not slapstick," Garner explained, just a little loftily. "We're more sophisticated than other Westerns. Another thing which lifts Maverick out of the oater class is that I'm more of a card player than a gunman. That was made clear in one Maverick show where things shaped up so I had to have a shoot-out with a guy. I was in love with a girl and she'd been killed."

"That in itself is a switch," I said. "Ordinarily, in a film, heroines don't die."

"While nobody could prove it," he said, "it was outright murder. However, in my own mind I knew who did it. So I forced him into a gunfight."

"You mean one of those things where you both walk down the street toward each other, while everybody peers under drawn shades?" I asked.

"Exactly," he said. "I went looking for the murderer. When I spotted him, he was across the street at a good angle for me to drill him, but I gave him plenty of warning by calling him every name I could think of."

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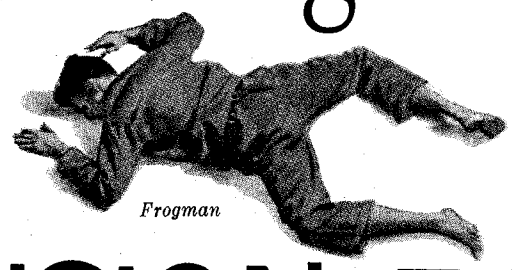

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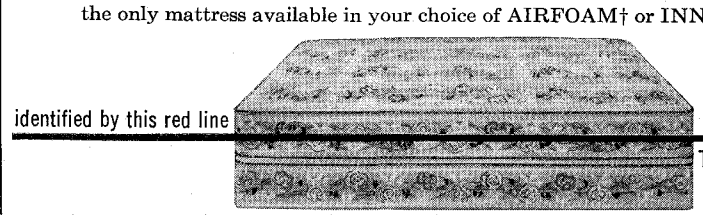

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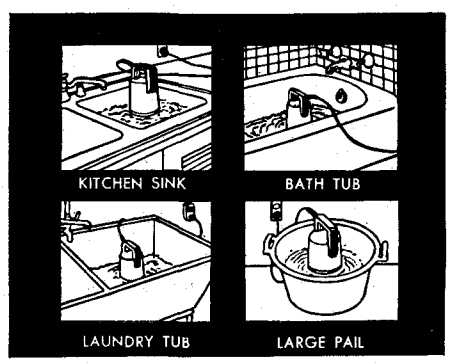

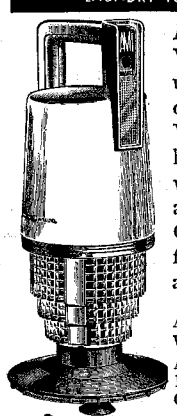

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"What are you allowed to call people on TV?" I asked.

"You can call them cowards, cheats, murderers, like that," he said. "You can even go as far as yellow-bellied skunks or polecats if you're real fired up. I kept right on calling him every name the network let me use, and sure enough he drew and fired twice before I could set off my own cannon. That showed I wasn't so much of a gunman. One hit the dirt and one cut my sideburns. When I finally blasted away, I killed him. That made him one of the few people I've killed in the Maverick series."

"Does Bret Maverick ever take away from the rich and give to the poor?" I asked.

"I'm sorry," he said, "as far as Bret is concerned, the poor have to fight their own battles." He paused, then continued to expound. "An 'adult Western' is a catchall phrase. What it really means is any Western that isn't so silly only a kid of ten can take it. In the early days of TV they didn't realize they could do Westerns for all ages. TV's Westerns were only for kids. Then some vandal did a few intended for adult audiences too. The hero didn't wear a mask, and the writers tried to tell stories without using stencils. They called them adult Westerns because they didn't aim at children under eight, the way Hoppy did."

"I'm eager to get your idea about what makes Westerns eternally popular," I said. "Is it because violence is always boiling to the surface, and they purvey raw emotions? War and gangster stories do that, but they are not invariably popular."

Garner said, "One night I watched a Western spend six minutes getting under way. A cowpoke rode into a town, got off his horse, went into a saloon. The barkeep gave him a shot, and he sat down. There was a flash of light in my head and I got it. I knew the real reason people love Westerns. They let the public in on what the textbooks call complete socioeconomic mobility."

"Do you mean escapism?" I asked.

"That's what I mean," he said. "In a day when you have to show your driver's license or your Social Security number every time you turn around, a Western is a perfect escape. When that cowboy dropped into that saloon, he didn't have to worry about anything. The characters in that bar weren't working, and nobody asked our visiting cowboy where he came from or if he had a Social Security number or if he wanted a job. No one said, 'That'll be fifty cents for parking your horse at the rail.'

"The audience sat there and loved it. What's more, the cowboys in Westerns never worry about where their next buck is coming from. Underlying it all is the lack of necessity of earning a living. How many Westerns have you seen which don't bother with the problem of how the hero earns his living? In Maverick there's always good weather—it never rains—and you know that neither Bret Maverick nor Bart Maverick, his brother, will have to worry about where they're going to sleep. They just get off their horses and lie down. And they're never hungry. There's always food."

I asked, "Do your writers make a distinction between the scripts they turn out for your TV brother, Bart Maverick, and the ones they turn out for you?"

Garner told me, "The idea seems to be that I'm strong on comedy. Jack Kelly, who plays my brother Bart, is strong on drama. If a script is heavily dramatic, we give it to Jack. If it's high on comedy, they give it to me, but actually we're interchangeable. I can do any script and so can Jack."

"Why did they decide to give you a brother?" I asked, switch-hitting on him.

"It was the time factor," he said. "It took us six days to shoot each installment of our series and, since we only worked five days a week, you don't have to be a brain to know we were falling behind. I tried to solve that by saying, 'I'll shoot eight hours each day on one show and eight hours on another show; then I'll sleep eight hours.'"

"Sounds crazy," I said, "like volunteering for suicide."

"We never got ahead far enough so we could unlax," he said. "We sold our show to the Kaiser Industries only one month before it went on the air, and we had only one film made—our pilot—when we sold it. So we had four weeks to get a backlog ready. It was like running in sand. We never quite made it. It was then that the producers came up with the idea of giving me a brother and shooting two shows every seven days, each show to star one of us."

"What do you want out of your career?" I asked Garner now. "Would you like to get out of television and pursue a movie career?"

"That question doesn't consider the transition motion pictures are going through," he said. "People are still inclined to think a TV actor is farther down the scale than a movie actor. Four or five years from now that attitude will be changed. People will hardly be able to remember when there was a class distinction between TV and movies."

"I imagine the financial rewards are still stacked in favor of the movies," I said.

"People like John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart still draw the big dough," Garner said, "but one place where TV has caught up with the movies is physical production. Our Maverick sets are just as elaborate as movie sets. The only difference is we settle for twenty extras in a crowded room, when a movie has forty."

"What are your relations with the girls in the Maverick series?" I asked, harking back. "Is love involved? Do you make growling noises in your throat when you see them?"

"It's usually a great relationship," he said. "We don't trust each other as far as we could throw a bull calf. But we like each other."

That seemed as far as I was going to get in an examination of sex poking its lovely head into the neo-Westerns, so I tried a tangent. "Did it surprise you," I asked, "when Maverick began to pull ahead of Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan in the ratings?"

He said, "When they told me they were going to throw me in against Steve and Ed, I asked, 'Why are you wasting film? It's ridiculous. Sullivan has been up there for nine years and Allen is great too.' Everybody I talked to felt the same way. One and all they commiserated with me.

"There was only one little indication that maybe things were going to be O.K.," Garner went on. "These same friends also said something like this: 'They're going to knock you off, Jim, but I'll watch you anyhow. I'm up to here with the Sunday-night variety shows. After all, how many jugglers, dancers, singers—especially Elvis imitators—and comedians can you stand without getting an ache behind your eyeballs? Maybe yours will be different.' So I had a sneaky hunch that we had a chance, in spite of the fact that for the first half hour Jack Benny was on, too, against us, and he was supposed to be impregnable.

"What made the difference," he said, "was that grownups, as well as the kids, liked our show. Also we jumped off a half hour before Sullivan and Allen; that way we had a half nelson on their audience before they came to grips with the situation.

"To be truthful," he said, "I'm still shocked and amazed. After all, the Maverick show is fairly new—it didn't go on the air until September of 1957—and I'm still adjusting to the realization of quick success. I keep saying, 'Next week we'll fall flat on our face,' but if we fall apart now, we've had our day. I'm eatin' good, and if I want a new suit of clothes I can buy it; I don't have to save up for it, which I did a few years back."

"From what I've been able to find out about your life," I said, changing the subject, "the way you've bounced around is very much like the fictional life led by Bret Maverick."

"Don't swallow that line whole hog," he said. "There's been a lot of guff in the fan magazines about how I was a 'little loner,' on my own when I was thirteen. That isn't true. When I was thirteen, my father moved to California, looking for work, and left me in Norman, Oklahoma. He couldn't (*Continued on Page 94*)

"A glass of water and a ham on rye!"

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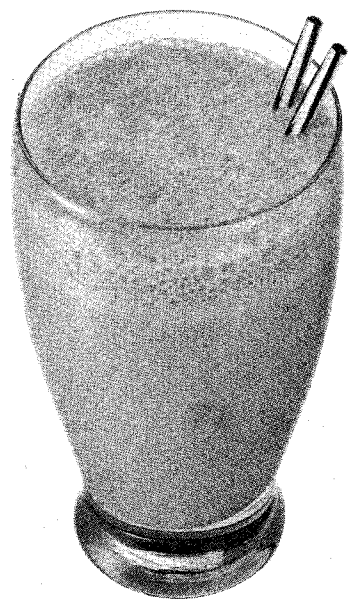

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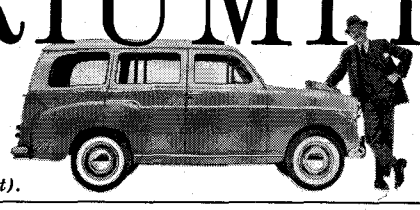

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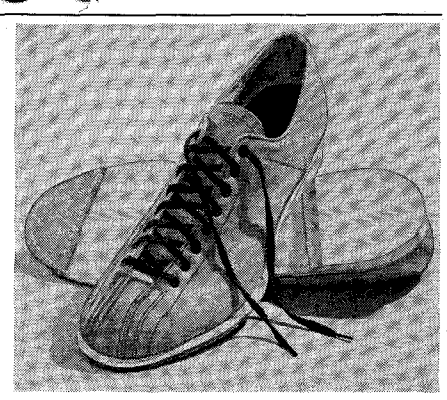

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(*Continued from Page 92*) take me with him, but I had something like seventy relatives in Norman, so I wasn't about to be alone. I had both grandmothers. I had a flock of aunts and uncles and brothers and everything. Bale them all together and they were a barnful. I left school when I was fifteen because I had a hankering for the more glamorous things of life, such as pool halls and going fishing and hunting.

"When I was sixteen, I went into the merchant marine. It was 1944 and every boy my age wanted to get himself a piece of the war. We didn't have much sense. My father signed a letter so I could join up. I stayed in the service over a year, then came home and stayed with my father in Los Angeles. I intended to ship out again, but dad talked me into going back to school. I enrolled at Hollywood High."

"Who bought your food and clothing while you went there?" I asked.

"Father," Garner told me. "By this time he had a job laying carpets. After my mother died, my father married a couple of times. He's married to a doll now. They've been married eight or nine years. Where were we in our tale?"

"You were going to Hollywood High," I said.

"I went there for a year," he said. "But I was bucking the same problem I'd had before—grades. I played football for a while, until my marks dropped so low I couldn't play any more. About then a model agency called the high school and asked for ten guys physically equipped to model bathing suits. The phys-ed teacher picked me, so suddenly I was making twenty bucks an hour modeling and going to Palm Springs for five days on assignments. It was unsettling for a seventeen-year-old. I kept thinking, 'My teachers aren't doing this good!'"

"Did you have a v-shaped chest, a narrow waist and slim hips, the way a hero in a Western novel should?" I asked.

"That's a mighty pretty picture of me you conjure up," he said. "But while I was in pretty good shape, I was no Muscle Beach king. The upshot of the whole deal was I quit Hollywood High and went to school back in Norman, Oklahoma, again."

"Why?" I asked.

"Frankly," he said, "the coach wanted me back there to play football. This time I was keeping my grades pretty good when I busted my knee. I had to have a cartilage removed." He pulled up his pants leg, took one of his knees between his fingers and wobbled it back and forth. It seemed to have no supporting bony structure.

"I'm surprised you got in the service with it," I commented.

He said, "In 1948, when I was going to high school, I joined the Oklahoma National Guard. We went on summer maneuvers. I jumped into a ditch, twisted this knee, and it ballooned out. So the National Guard gave me a medical discharge. In 1950 came our trouble in Korea, and I was drafted. I was in California at the time, but my Oklahoma draft board wanted to see me because I was still a legal resident there. I was through the examination and it dawned on me that they were about to pass me, so I said, 'Hey, doc, what about the knee?' He said, 'Hell, it ought to be all right by now.' I said, 'Yeah, sure, doc; of course, doc,' as sarcastically as I could, but they accepted me anyhow."

"How long were you in Korea?" I asked.

"I hit Korea in February, 1952. I was wounded in April," he said. "The Chinese made a push, and we were on a mountain, eight miles behind their lines, only we didn't know it. Next morning I was with a Korean boy when our own planes thought we were Chinese and cut loose on us with rockets and twenty-millimeters. The phosphorus from the rockets sprayed us, so we went tail over teakettle over a steep hill—almost a cliff—a hundred yards high. I knocked my bad knee and my right shoulder out of place.

"By the time the Korean boy and I made it back up to the top, there was nobody there. He was badly burned by phosphorus, but he had to help me back up the hill. I was burned in only three places—all of them on my rump. So we started walking. At five o'clock that evening we walked out of the Chinese lines and into ours." He paused a moment, then went on. "When I got out of the Army, I stayed with dad for a while. Then I decided to go to the University of Oklahoma."

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"I'd completed high school and the equivalent of two years' college while I was in the service," he said. "So I decided I'd go to the university and play more football. The trouble was my legs were in no shape for big-league college ball. I tried basketball too, but I couldn't cut it. I quit and went to work for dad, laying carpets. One day he looked at me and said, 'You don't want to be a carpet layer all of your life. Get yourself a trade instead of just doing anything that comes along'—which I had been doing. 'I don't care if you don't work for two years,' he said. 'You can live at home. You don't have to worry about food. Look for a job, and when you get one stay with it.' I said I would. Then one day I was driving down a street and I saw the name Paul Gregory on a building. I knew Paul, and I'd read that he had become a theatrical producer."

"Where did you know him?" I asked.

"When I quit Hollywood High," he said, "I'd worked at a service station on Hollywood Boulevard, and Paul worked across the street as a soda jerk. Even then he was trying to be a theatrical agent, and he thought maybe I should be an actor, but I wanted no part of it. I had read stories about actors in the fan magazines and I didn't like what I'd read. Some of those stories were so maudlin they were stomach-turning. I don't care for night clubs, and it seemed to me that all those people did was night-club crawling. I didn't like those multiple love affairs, either."

"Obviously, you changed your mind about actors," I said.

"I hadn't seen Paul in years," he went on, "and I dropped in to say 'hi.' He not only talked me into being an actor, he also signed me to a contract."

"You must be leaving out something," I said. "He must have said he thought you could be an actor."

"Well," Garner said, "Paul did a good job of selling me on the idea. He also convinced me that if I was going to be an actor, I had to get over being an introvert."

"You mean you were one?" I asked.

"Hell, yes," he said. "I still go to parties and sit in a corner and look at people, and people ask, 'Who's he? What does he do, does he just sit?'"

"What happened after Paul signed you?" I asked.

"Nothing much," Garner said. "He sent me over to Universal and Columbia to do readings."

"When you did this reading, had you any dramatic training?" I asked.

"None," he said. "I just did it cold." Universal was slightly interested and wanted to sign me to a stock contract, but Paul said he didn't think that was

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good enough for me. Then the Broadway stage production of The Caine Mutiny Court Martial came along, with Paul as its producer. He gave me a job cuing Lloyd Nolan while Lloyd learned his part. Then, when we went into rehearsal, Henry Fonda hired me to cue him too.

"Johnny Hodiak was also in the play," he added. "Paul paid me twenty bucks a week to take care of Johnny's wardrobe and keep his dressing room neat. In addition, I was one of the six judges on the court-martial in the play who just sat there and said nothing. I also understudied Hodiak, but I never went on. On the stage you've got to be broad, you have to project. I could only project to about the sixth row. My trouble was I was holding myself down. Charles Laughton had told me, 'Jim, you're afraid you're going to be bad. There's nothing wrong with being bad—lots of people are.'"

"How did you find out you couldn't project if you never had a chance to go on?" I asked.

"I had auditioned for Bus Stop and Black-Eyed Susan, but I just couldn't do it," he said. "I could blaze through it now, but I couldn't then. I didn't want to be too broad or too hammy. I leaned backwards the other way. When The Caine Mutiny left New York, I told Paul, 'I don't think it's wise for me to go back to Hollywood as one of those six stupid judges who sit on a bench and say nothing. Producers and directors will say: O.K., so he's not an idiot; then why won't they let him say anything?'

"'Maybe you've got something,' Paul said, so I came back to California and waited. Then Bill Orr, a TV executive producer at Warners, hired me for Cheyenne. It was my first show. I don't know who was carrying the load, but it wasn't me. I was terrible. After that, I don't know why they hired me again. I quite honestly thought it was poor judgment on their part. Then Warners screen-tested me and signed me. I've been there ever since."

"You were in a couple of pretty good movies along the way," I said.

"My first was Toward the Unknown," he said. "I had seven lines in it. I got killed early, but they talked about me a lot after that, which was nice. Then came Sayonara. They had another actor practically signed to play Captain Bailey in that film, when I went in and asked Solly Biano at Warner Brothers, 'Why did they have to go out and hire themselves an actor for fifteen hundred breadfruit a week when they've got me here for nothing?' He said, 'Talk to Josh Logan.' So I talked to Josh and Bill Goetz, who was producing it. They let me test for Captain Bailey and I got it. Sayonara was quite a movie. That was when I really got started."

"How did you get from Sayonara into Maverick?" I asked.

"I don't know what their thought processes were," he said, "but the studio cabled Japan, 'When you finish with Jim in Sayonara, send him back here.' I have no idea what the link was between Bailey and Maverick, other than that in both of them I was a carefree guy always having a ball. There was some humor in my scenes in Sayonara. Maybe that did it."

The bring-up file in my memory flipped a mental memo at me. In a conversation I'd once had with Art Linkletter, he'd told me that Henry J. Kaiser occasionally calls him from Hawaii (or wherever he happens to be at the moment), to discuss matters or just pass the time of day. One day Kaiser had asked his advice on whether or not to hire a TV series called Maverick, to go on the air Sunday nights between seven-thirty and eight-thirty. "Certainly not," Linkletter said. "There are a zillion Westerns already on the air; you'll be up against three champions in Ed Sullivan, Steve Allen and Jack Benny; your Maverick show will die like a dog."

Linkletter smiled ruefully when he said, "I don't have to tell you how valuable Mr. Kaiser thought my advice was. He signed Maverick. Since then it has given all three champions some very uneasy moments. Apparently Mr. K. makes up his mind for himself."

"Anyway, here I am on TV," Garner told me now, "and I don't have to worry about my old weakness. In TV you don't have to project yourself to the audience. The camera is looking right down your throat. That does your projecting for you."

Garner said that luckily for him he didn't have to project anything at home except being a dad and a husband—although that seems a fairly exacting assignment. Then suddenly it dawned upon me, we hadn't mentioned the domestic side of his life at all, and as he put it: "My wife is going to hate us if we don't at least acknowledge the existence of my family. I'll keep the physical description short by saying that my wife is decorative. She's lived in L.A. all her life; she was an L.A. high-school girl. She tried to be an actress, but her heart wasn't in it; she didn't want to work that hard. She looks like a lovely edition of Audrey Hepburn, only she's full bodied like Sophia Loren. We have two children—Kim, a girl of ten years; and Greta, who's eight months." Apparently he'd forgotten about his resolution not to go into physical inventory, for he said, "They're all beauties. I got a harem here."

THE END

The Voices of October

By Phyllis McGinley

Autumn is noisy this year—all
clamor and clang,
All rasp, incessant, of skeleton
stalk and petal,
All cricket-clatter. The leaves of
the walnut hang
Rustling a while, then fall with a
clink like metal.
Garrulous as old men are,
gossips and tattles,
Shrilly the jaybirds screech, and
squirrels sound
Quarrelsome in the oaks.
Though no wind rattles,
Thud! drop the apples, thud! on
the booming ground.

Color itself is a cry. The thorned,
ramshackle
Vine has caught fire and screams
aloud at the sill.
So burn the trees you can almost
hear them crackle
Against the vehement sky. Oh!
not until
Snow hushes and eases this land
will, altogether,
The ear be lulled or the heart
find murmurless weather.

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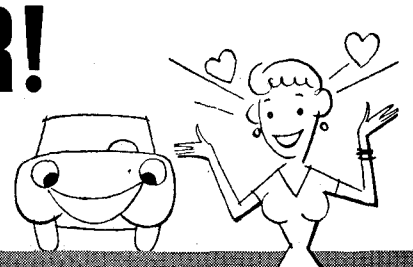

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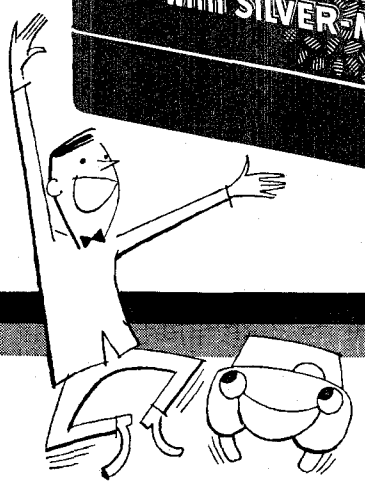

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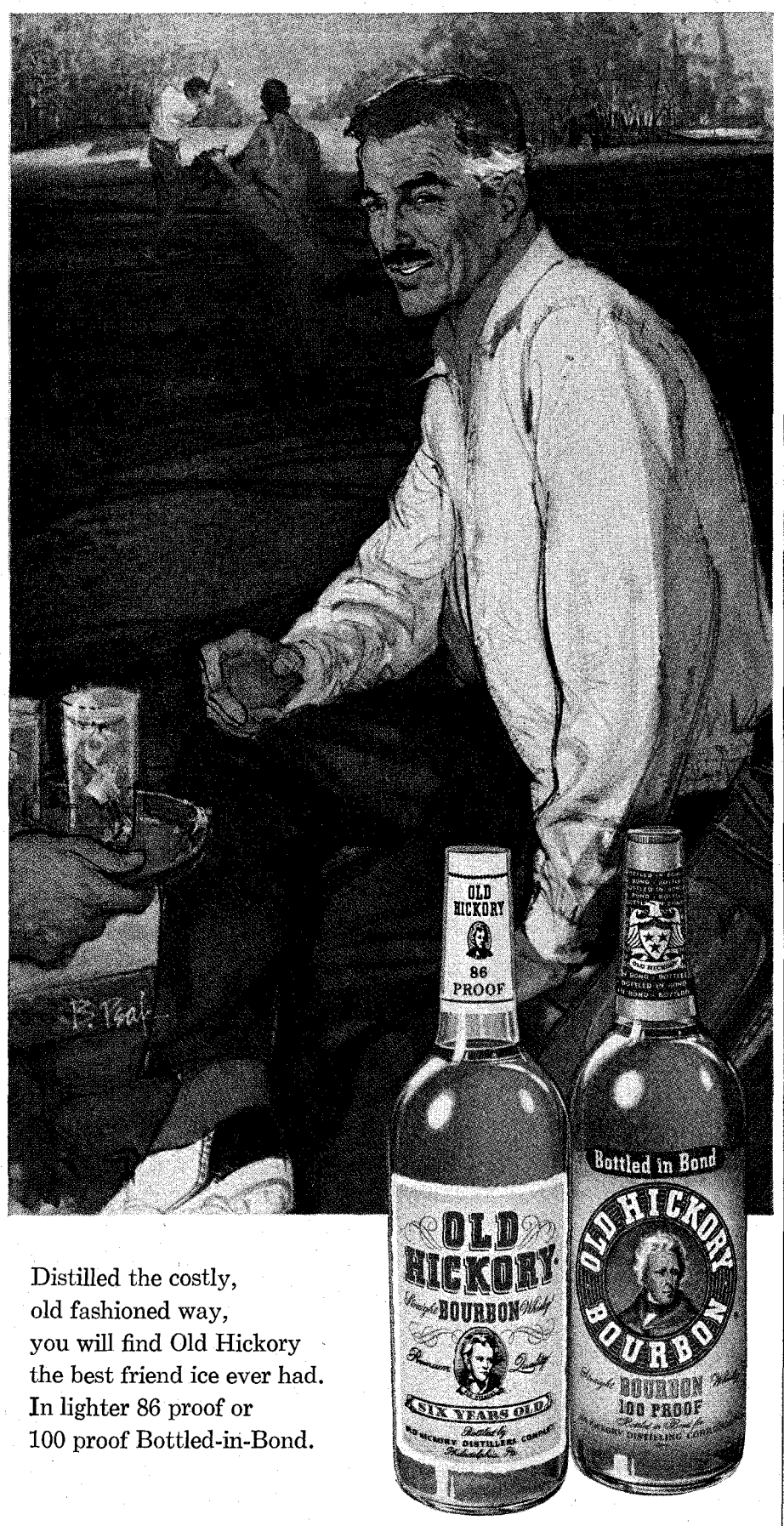

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We Made History in the Nautilus

(Continued from Page 29)

we crossed the twenty-five-fathom curve, and I slowed to ten knots. The navigator obtained a fix on St. Lawrence Island. Siberia was clearly visible off the port beam. The sea was flat calm.

Late in the afternoon we came to periscope depth to check for ice. We were cruising in almost exactly the same area in which we had encountered the heavily ridged, landfast ice that had forced us to retreat from the western "door" on the first trip. Happily, no ice was in sight.

Suddenly our long-range sonar picked up a contact several miles to the southeast. I slowed and turned the periscope for a quick look. It was not a United States vessel. A two-second observation confirmed what sonar had reported—type of ship, course, speed and bearing. We returned to cruising depth immediately. I did not want to risk having my periscope spotted.

In time, and with ease, we entered the Bering Strait at periscope depth. As I looked at the rugged and forbidding coast of Siberia, I marveled at the contrast to the lush shores of Hawaii we had coasted six days before. I turned to the navigator and asked him to give me the distance, time and speed from Pearl Harbor. He had already calculated it—2901 miles in six days, four hours, nine minutes, an average speed, including passage through 483 miles of shallow water, of 19.6 knots! It was a record run. No other submarine now operational could duplicate it; relatively few surface vessels have the speed and endurance to better it.

On Tuesday, July twenty-ninth, we cleared the strait and once again entered the Chukchi Sea. Where before it was jammed with dangerous ice, now it was clear. To us it seemed like frosting on the cake. We ripped along at fifteen knots.

That evening we reached latitude 70° 05′ north, sixty miles north of the point where we were forced back by heavy ice on our first trip. There were only a few chunks of ice about. We skirted them, searching for the true polar pack. I studied the ice carefully for almost an hour.

Plainly speaking, it was mean-looking—dirty, ragged, zagged, highly ridged and hummocked—nothing like the pure white, relatively level floes we had seen on the Atlantic side during our 1957 cruise. Silently I ran through the saltier part of my vocabulary. My comments were directed at all of the so-called arctic "experts," including myself, who have written so much about the character of sea ice while knowing so little. The sweeping statements one finds in much of the arctic literature are a classic of extrapolation!

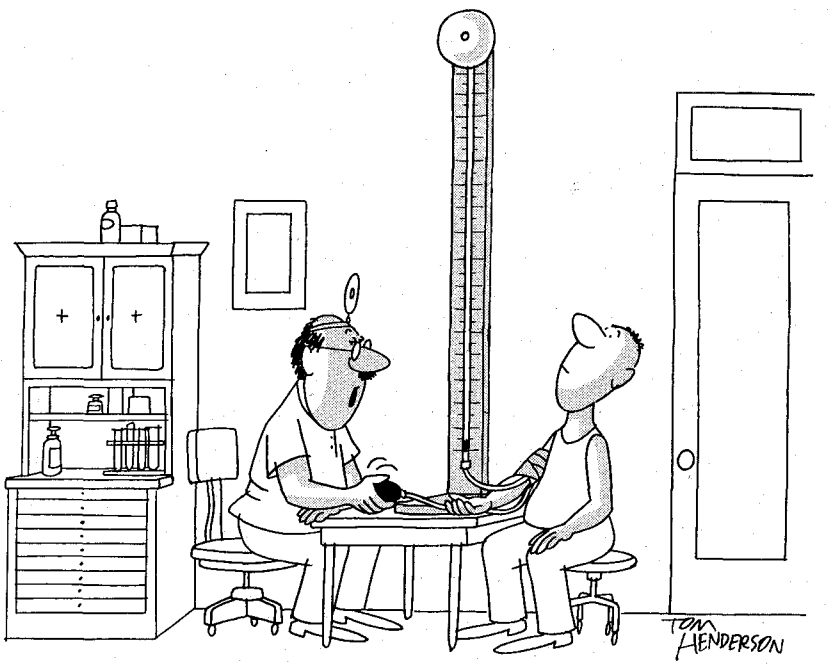
Northward we moved. The water was shallow and our big problem was to find a "valley" in the ocean floor through which we could cruise. Once we surfaced to repair topside equipment and to study the ice conditions. The air in the boat was freshened, and most of the crew took advantage of this opportunity to look at our strange world. I was not concerned about being detected. We were close to the ice. The fog was heavy. It was difficult to imagine a more isolated area.

We pushed on, probing for a sure route north. The ice to the west seemed more formidable, so I moved east, pinging for deep water. We ran both surfaced and submerged, depending on ice conditions. We had expected to find deep water at latitude 73° north, but we were disappointed. There was nothing but shallow water and ice, ice, ice. In effect, we found the western door, once more, closed.

Some of the ice we encountered was nearly coal-black in color. Evidently it was fast ice formed near land, where it picked up a cargo of dirt. Irregular in appearance, some of the chunks were forty feet high. That meant that the keels probably projected to 120 feet below the surface. Needless to say, I was reluctant to sandwich Nautilus between this black ice and the mud bottom.

For two days we tried to force the closed door. We ran into one dead end after another—so many, in fact, that I was mentioned prominently in a song written by a crewman, The Skipper Was Mad 'Cause We Couldn't Get Thru. At length, I huddled with Navigator Jenks. "This is impossible," I said. "Let's jog east and try the Barrow Sea Valley." Slowly and cautiously we turned southeastward, edging along the ice pack toward Point Barrow, Alaska, our eastern "door."

Just north of Point Franklin, Alaska, we established our position by quick radar sweeps and then headed northeastward. We had rounded the corner of the pack and were, at last, aimed directly toward the Barrow Sea Valley, a deep-water gateway to the Arctic Basin.



"Now then, let's check your blood pressure . . . ."

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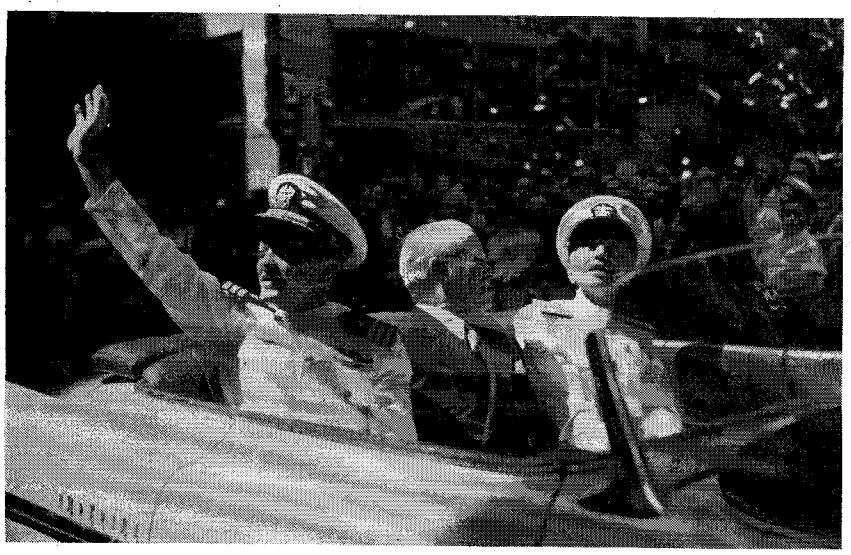


Cmdr. Anderson, skipper of the Nautilus, waves to crowds during New York's ticker-tape welcome after the sub's return to the U.S. Right is Admiral Rickover.

A few hours later, with ice in sight on our port beam and dead ahead, we reached deep water. Deep enough, in fact, to clear even the largest floes! As we planed below the surface I said to myself, *This is it. Let's go, go, go!* Through the periscope I caught a last glimpse of the sky. It was a lovely clear morning; the sun was rising, and there was a gentle southerly breeze. I thought, *What will the weather be on the Greenland side?*

We set course northeastward, along the sea valley, toward very deep water. All sonars were manned, and the operators strained to detect deep-draft ice. I watched the fathometer closely. It revealed that the valley floor was growing deep and wide. I was confident that at last we had it made. Hugging the valley, we took Nautilus deep and increased speed. It was like pulling onto an expressway from a crowded street.

With all preparations made and the ship finally in her true medium—deep water—and with all equipment working perfectly, at 0852 on August first, on the 155th meridian, I gave orders to helmsman David L. Greenhill, Torpedoman 3/c; "Come left, to north." Dead ahead, 1094 miles distant, lay the North Pole.

Lt. Cmdr. Frank Adams and I stood "watch and watch," which meant that one of us was up and about at all times. When my "co-skipper" took over, I could turn in, knowing that the ship was in experienced and capable hands. We encountered deep ice—sometimes small pieces, sometimes broad floes—but we were traveling at a safe depth. When, finally, we passed under floe pressed against floe, we knew we had entered the true arctic pack.

Where was the point of no return? There? A hundred miles from there? A day's journey away? At the Pole itself, perhaps? Frankly I did not know. But I had computed it to be at the "pole of inaccessibility," about 400 miles this side of the geographic Pole. But who cared? We were safe, warm and comfortable in our home beneath the sea.

Morale was high and excitement at a fever pitch. All hands felt that from then on out it was a run for "home." Although our ship's log read eighteen knots, Chief Machinist's Mate Stuart Nelson scampered forward from the engine room to ask if the engineers couldn't make "just a couple more going-home turns." I ordered twenty knots. The whole ship seemed to purr along contentedly.

"Boy, this is the way to explore," remarked Robert N. Jarvis, Hospitalman 1/c. Pipe in hand, a cup of coffee beside him, he took his ease between atmosphere analyses. "Pinging up and down and all around at twenty knots, fresh air all day long, a warm boat and good hot food—we sure have the situation in hand. I'd sure hate to walk across those icefields up there to the Pole the way Admiral Peary did it."

On August second, I noted in my diary:

Peary describes the polar pack near the North Pole as a "trackless, colorless chaos of broken and heaved-up ice." Sir John Ross had this to say, "But let them remember that sea ice is stone, a floating rock in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite." They were right, but little did they know about Nautilus—U. S. Navy—nuclear power—1958.

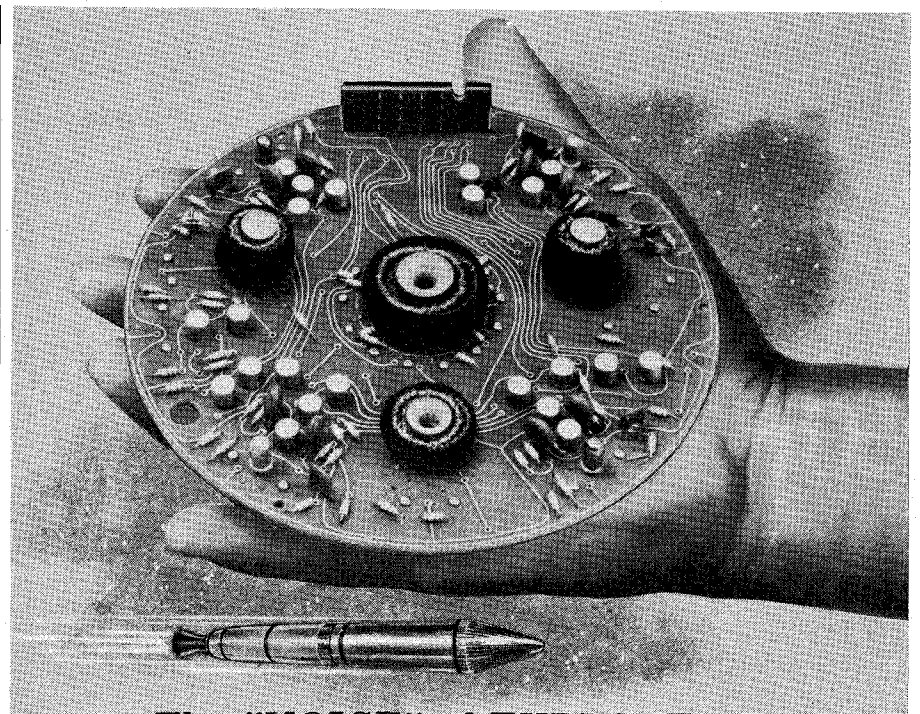
Saturday morning found 116 people running along at about 400 feet at over 20 knots on course 000° true just about 44 hours short of culminating the most thrilling, adventurous, and fantastic cruise any sailor ever embarked upon. Overhead, almost solid ice, incredibly rough, projecting downward as much as 75 feet from the surface—sometimes more—but averaging perhaps ten to fifteen feet thick. It would be less than honest to say that one can submarine under it with total abandon.

Doc Lyon remained glued to his sonar equipment hour after hour, watching the recording pens trace the contour of the ice. The equipment displayed the ice in far greater detail and with much greater accuracy than the machines we had used in 1957. Although many months will be required to analyze his two trunkloads of records, he has made one tentative finding: "The estimate of total ice in the Arctic Basin may have to be increased by a considerable factor."

And what of peaks rising abruptly from the uncharted ocean floor? Our detection equipment kept a sharp "eye" for these obstacles. We found several. At latitude 76° 22′ N., in a region where there are no charted soundings, our fathometer, which had been running along fairly steadily at about 2100 fathoms, suddenly spiked up to 1500 fathoms, and then—to my concern—to less than 500.

I camped alongside the fathometer for several hours, intently watching the rugged terrain as it unfolded beneath us. I saw fantastically steep cliffs—undersea ranges—rise thousands of feet above the ocean floor. Several times I ordered speed slackened, then resumed, as a promontory leveled off or descended as rapidly as it had risen. The shape of these undersea mountains appeared phenomenally rugged, and as grotesque as the craters of the moon.

As I paced from instrument to instrument, Chief Hospitalman John Aberle arrived with the latest atmosphere analysis. He reported our air revitalization machine was working well enough to maintain an



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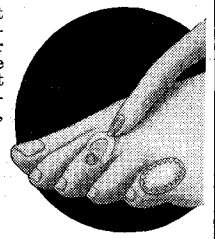

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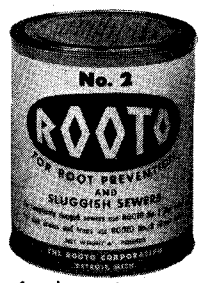

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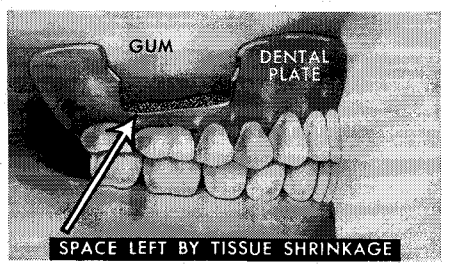

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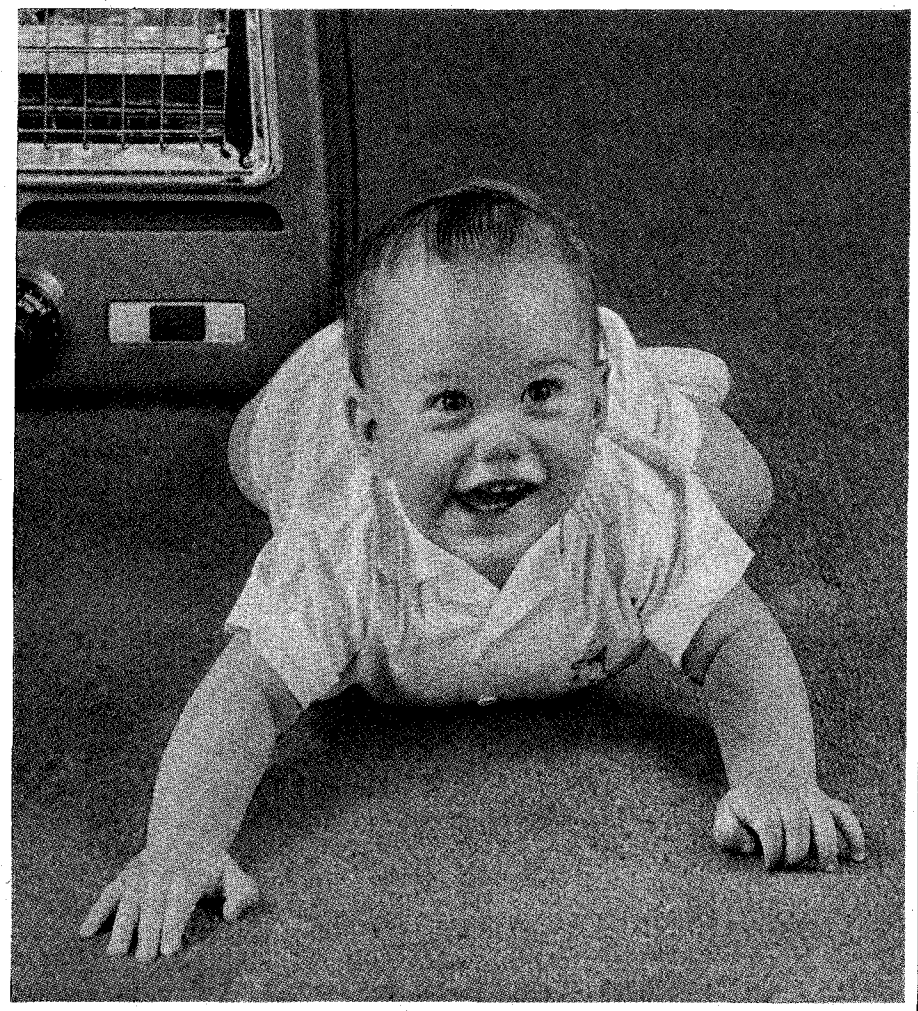

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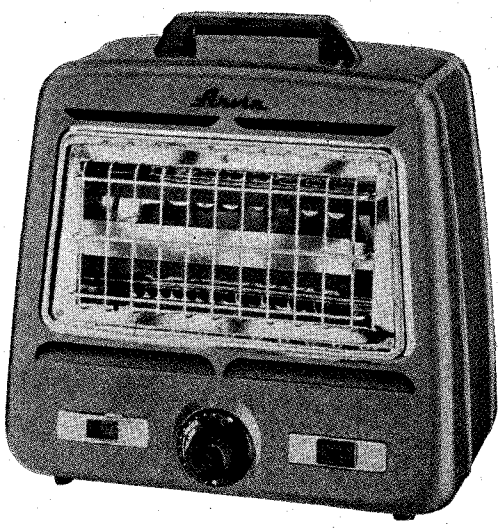

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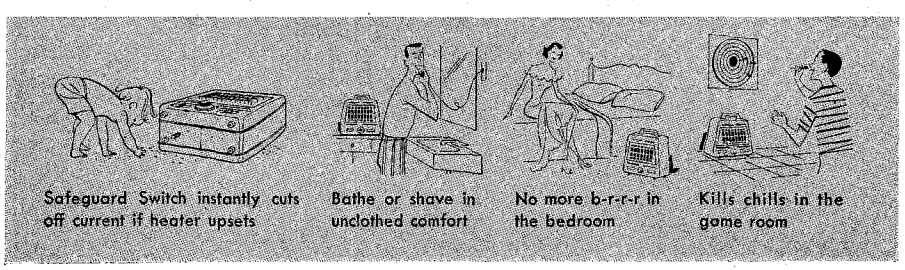
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At latitude 83° 30′ N. we passed abeam of the "ice pole" or "pole of inaccessibility." This is about the geographical center of the arctic ice pack and, as its name so aptly states, it is "relatively inaccessible"—except to a nuclear-powered submarine.

As the hours passed, each watch squad gasped at our astounding progress. A mixture of suspense, anticipation and hope was discernible throughout the ship. Few could sleep. Many of us had been praying for the successful attainment of our goal, and then, God willing, after many weeks, it appeared within our reach.

The only fear within me was that which we all shared—fear of a matériel failure, such as that which occurred in 1957, which would force us to turn back. Every man on board examined and re-examined his instruments and other equipment. Vigilance would prevent a small fault from becoming a casualty that would terminate the voyage or leave us stranded beneath the ice.

I did not—could not—sleep. I wandered restlessly about the ship, occasionally taking a peek through the periscope. I was surprised, on these observations, to see phosphorescent streaks in the water. This is a phenomenon common in tropic waters. It seemed unusual to me to find it in water so cold that the outside of our engine-room sea-water pipes was covered with thick layers of rime ice.

Shortly after midnight, on the eve of August third, we passed 84° north latitude. At that time we placed our auxiliary gyrocompass in a directional gyro mode, so that instead of seeking north, it would tend to seek the line we were following, a great-circle course up the Western Hemisphere across the Pole and south again in the Eastern Hemisphere. This was the track I intended to cruise. When our master gyrocompass began to lose its north-seeking ability, as it would when we approached the northernmost point on earth, then we intended to shift to the auxiliary. Thus we would have something to steer by in the darkness below—something to lead us out on our track south.

The problem of navigating a submarine directly across the Pole is formidable. Take a look at what could happen. Submarine X, fitted with conventional navigation equipment, and perhaps with poor luck, leaves Point Barrow, a known position. It proceeds due north. As it moves toward the Pole, the gyrocompass begins to drift slowly, undetectably, to the right, owing to a faulty electronic amplifier and the virtually no-north directional force encountered near the Pole. Next, the magnetic compasses become nearly useless because the magnetic pole is too close. Unknown currents push Submarine X farther to the right. Approaching the Pole, the compass drift reverses itself, causing the submarine to make a slow circle around the Pole. Errors compound; the change is rapid. Submarine X ends up headed almost precisely back whence it came, having no hint that it has become a victim of "longitude roulette," as we termed it.

But this could not happen on Nautilus. Our remarkable inertial navigator would provide positive guidance in these compass-baffling waters.

As we approached the Pole, my navigation party scrutinized their data continuously and recommended small course changes that would lead us directly over. After so many weeks of frustration and so many miles covered, it would be heartbreaking to find we had missed the Pole by even a half mile. Only our instruments could tell us if, indeed, we had crossed it.

At 1915 Seattle standard time, August third, after sixty-two hours under the ice—four hours and forty-five minutes ahead of my most optimistic schedule—we reached the Pole. The mounting excitement on Nautilus reached a dramatic climax. For the record, I made note of some statistics which may or may not prove important. The water temperature was 32.4 degrees Fahrenheit. The depth of the sea, as measured by our precision fathometer, was 13,410 feet, exactly 1927 feet deeper than reported by Ivan Papanin, a Russian who landed there, he claims, in an airplane in 1937. (In 1909, Peary had found the depth "greater than 9000 feet.") Precisely at the Pole, our ice detectors noted a pressure ridge extending down twenty-five feet.

After crossing the Pole my first act was to pay modest tribute to the man who, more than any other, had made our historic voyage possible: The President of the United States. A few minutes earlier I had written a message. It concluded, "I hope, sir, that you will accept this letter as a memento of a voyage of importance to the United States." In the Crew's Mess, before seventy crew members of Nautilus, at 11:15 P.M. E.D.S.T., I signed this letter.

Other events followed. A "North Pole" cake, baked by leading Commissaryman Jack L. Baird, was cut, distributed and eaten. Electrician's Mate 1/c James Sordelet raised his right hand and became the first man in history to re-enlist at the North Pole. In a special North Pole ceremony, eleven other men, having passed the rigid written and oral examinations, were "Qualified in nuclear submarines." Movie and still cameras whirred and clicked.

Then a distinguished world citizen "came aboard." It was Santa Claus, in complete regalia—made of flag bunting. He berated us for entering his private domain during the vacation season. He chided us particularly for our failure to abide by his restriction on the use of garbage-disposal units by submerged, transiting submarines! I pleaded ignorance and promised on behalf of all the ship's company's children to abide by all his rules henceforth.

That done, Santa Claus relaxed and became his usual jovial self. He listened very patiently as one of our fathers in the crew, Chief Engineman Hercules H. Nicholas, argued that the behavior of our children was absolutely beyond reproach. Santa promised, in light of our personal visit to the North Pole, that the coming Christmas season would be merry and lucrative for all our children. With that, our extraordinary party concluded.

We now turned our attention to the next objective—finding our way into the Atlantic through the Greenland-Svalbard portal. Without a course change, we were heading due south. The master compass was secured, slewed around, and then settled on the new meridian. The auxiliary gyro still indicated course north because as a directional gyro it was simply pointing out in space, rotating at the same rate as the earth. How the helmsmen complained to find themselves steering south with a compass that still pointed north!

We hurried on at better than twenty knots. By seven A.M. on August fourth, with the Pole 240 miles behind us, the master gyro settled on the true meridian. Our helmsman, Daniel K. Brigman, Seaman, breathed a sigh of relief. Now on course south, he could actually steer south. The inertial navigator continued to check perfectly with the courses we were steering.

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With our gyro settled and operating perfectly, we could also change course without fear. I asked the navigator for a heading to the opening between Spitsbergen and Greenland. It was not a simple request. In order to steer an accurate course, we would have to change heading one degree for each degree of longitude that we crossed. Because the longitudinal lines were so very close together we computed that there would be twenty-six changes—one every twenty minutes. So be it!

On August fifth, at four A.M., we cruised under one small patch of open water. Next came a giant floe almost twelve miles across. It was not typical of the pack edge I had seen the year before. Then these regions were full of "brash and block"—not twelve-mile floes! At that moment Control reported a sounding of 2400 fathoms under the keel. I looked at the chart. The only sounding that deep was near the Pole. Had our equipment failed? Had we been running in circles? It seemed impossible. Too many things were checking. I decided we had probably discovered another weird ice characteristic—and one more new hole in the ocean floor.

We puzzled over the picture of the ice and the bottom. Then, when I learned that the water was getting not warmer, but colder, I wondered briefly if by an amazing quirk we weren't exiting into a strange sea. We couldn't possibly be near Northern Greenland! By now we would already have run aground. A terrible—now ridiculous—thought crept into my mind: had we actually been trapped in a game of longitudinal roulette? Could this be the East Siberian Sea?

While I was pondering these questions, clear blue water zoomed overhead. Then, through the periscope, I saw a steady intensity of blue-green. One minute. Five. Ten. All detection equipment reported clear water. I ordered speed slackened and we ascended to periscope depth slowly, just in case I had been fooled by a thin layer of ice. I stopped and backed. Up went the starboard whip antenna—our "ice pick." We hovered slowly toward the surface. The whip stood erect. I saw wave motion. As the periscope broke the surface, the sun streaked into the glass. We were clear of the pack at last. We had made it!

We maneuvered slowly while the navigators checked our position by the sun. In contrast to the dirty floes we had seen on the other side, the ice was brilliantly white. We passed a small seal lazing in the sun atop a small private chunk of ice. As we cruised by, he was not in the least surprised or disturbed. In fact, he acted as if he saw submarines emerging from the polar pack every day. Finally, Navigator Jenks reported our exact position—just northeast of Greenland. After a transit of 1830 miles, ninety-six hours under the ice, we were only a few miles—far less than ten—from his "dead reckoning" position. In my opinion it was the most remarkable piece of ship navigation ever accomplished. I shook my head in amazement.

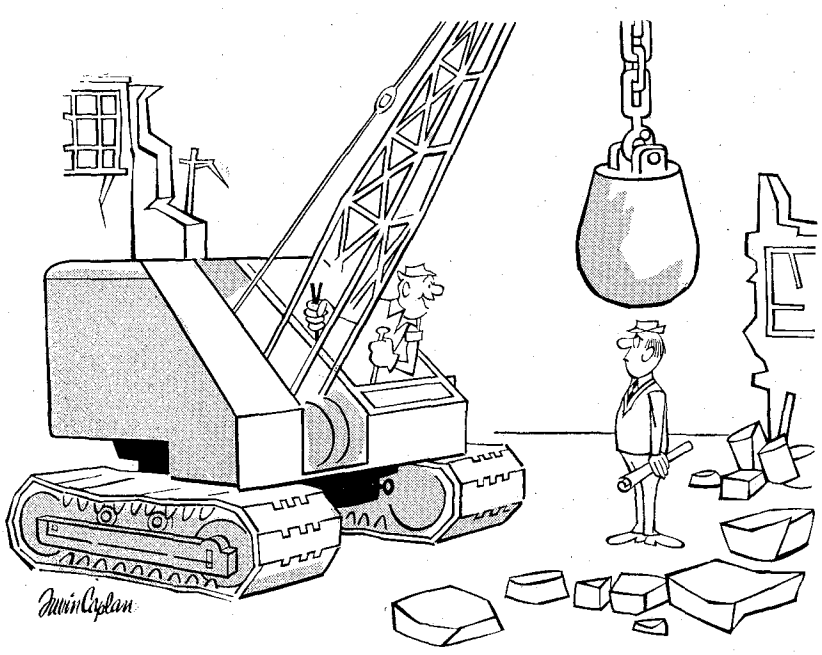
Communications in the arctic are notoriously erratic. Radiomen Harry Thomas and Terrence Provost flipped switches and adjusted knobs to pull the last ounce of energy out of the radio transmitter. Using brevity codes, Provost got on the telegraph key and sent: "Any U. S. Navy radio station, this is an unidentified station with two operational immediate messages." For a long while there was no answer. Finally a weak signal came through. "This is U. S. Navy radio Japan. Send V's so I can tune you in." In a few painstaking minutes we fired off a historic three-word message: "Nautilus ninety north."

From that point on, Nautilus, as usual, moved fast; events even faster. Within a few hours I had been lifted from the main deck by helicopter and flown to Iceland, where a plane was waiting to lift me to Washington. The President received me warmly, and then, for the first time, except in war, the Presidential Unit Citation was bestowed on a ship. I then flew to England and rejoined Nautilus in Portland. We received an overwhelming welcome, and after a few days made a record run back to New York.

My wife, Bonnie, was standing on the pier when we pulled alongside. Four months had passed since Nautilus set out from Groton. When I caught sight of her, I thought of a poem our yeoman, Charles A. Payne, had written for the special North Pole edition of our ship's newspaper. It was a moving tribute to our wives, whose unselfish devotion, I feel certain, has made many of Nautilus' triumphs possible. I recalled two lines from Payne's poem:

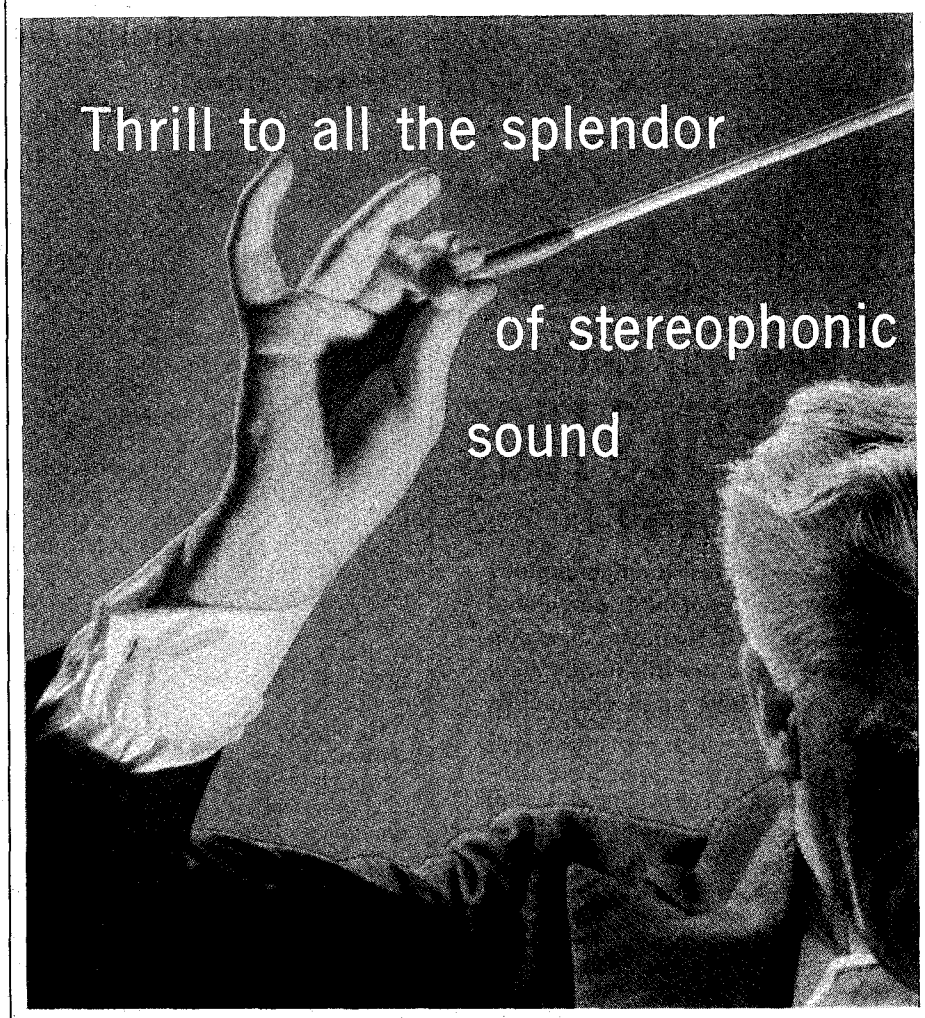
"They ask for nothing—nothing we can't give;
They just want us home, and a normal life to live."

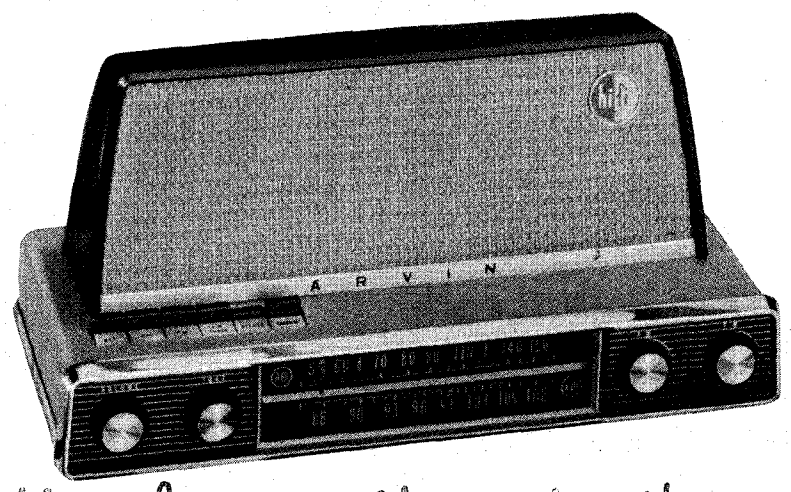
We were almost home, but, it would appear, life is seldom normal for those who serve on Nautilus. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hey, boss, any action on that request of mine for a raise?"





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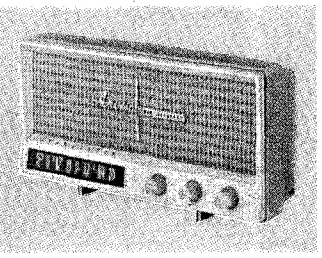

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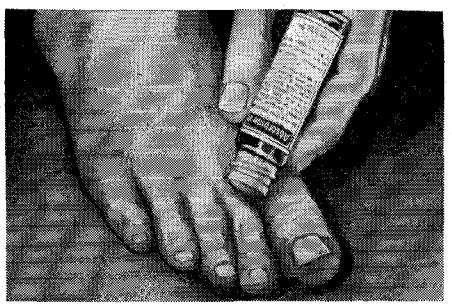

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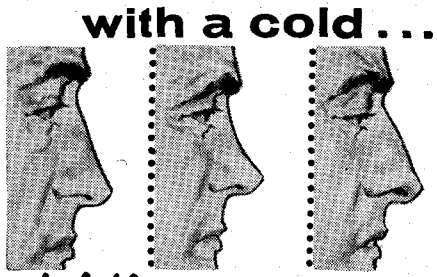

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The "JP": Should He be Abolished?

(Continued from Page 19)

she went to the justice's office and asked for an explanation of the added $27.02. She was told that the debt she owed was $33.68—the justice apparently had illegally added one third to the bill as a commission for himself—and that the remainder was for payment of court costs.

Her friend then advised her to hire a lawyer, but before she got around to it her husband's pay check again was garnisheed, getting him into hot water with his boss and increasing the court costs until the amount she owed now totaled almost sixty dollars. At this point she did hire a lawyer, who discovered that some court papers were not in order and demanded an explanation of the costs. The justice replied that he didn't know much about the details of the case and agreed to settle the debt for thirty-two dollars instead of the sixty dollars he had demanded.

Or take the case, some years ago, of a contractor whose employee was arrested for moving a large machine from one job to another without license plates. Then a summons was issued for the contractor himself, and he was taken to a "hearing" before a justice of the peace. No legal complaint was entered against him and no evidence presented, but he was fined fifteen dollars and assessed ten dollars as fees and court costs. Then the justice had him put in the county jail, where he was made to scrub floors and otherwise mistreated by constables who tried to force him to pay them additional sums of money. He was released the next day, but later was arrested again and held for sixteen hours and again solicited for money. The Illinois Appellate Court later described the justice and constables as acting in an outrageous manner, as if they were engaged in a "nefarious" conspiracy to extort money.

These instances of venality in the lowest courts are not cited as typical but rather as extreme examples of how far a judicial racketeer may go or try to go. The justice-of-the-peace system, which originated in England in the fourteenth century and was brought to pioneer America as an important and necessary part of the judiciary, has since become so outdated, so mired in politics and so beyond efficient administrative control of any kind that various states, including California, Massachusetts, Missouri, Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio and Virginia, have modified or abolished it. Others are working on proposed changes to bring the system abreast of modern conditions, but such court reforms often bog down in politics and are never easy to achieve. In Illinois, for instance, a bitter state-wide battle is now in progress prior to a vote in November on a constitutional amendment that would unify and reform the entire judicial system.

The Illinois amendment is a compromise carved out by a politically minded legislature, and it faces opposition for various complicated reasons. But the greatest public controversy has arisen over a provision that would abolish the fee system and replace the locally elective judicial office of justice of the peace with that of a salaried magistrate to be appointed by and under the administration of the Circuit Court. Although other provisions in the amendment may be more important, its fate at the polls may well turn on the conflict over the justice courts because at least a few justices of the peace in each of the state's 102 counties are fighting for their official lives—and their fees.

The opportunities for abuse of the justice courts are rooted deeply in the system. No qualifications, not even knowledge of the law, are required of justices, some of whom handle the work as a side line to regular occupations. A small percentage are lawyers; others are elected with more regard for politics than for education. Among those on record are a bartender, a fire chief, a clergyman, a gravedigger, a writer of murder mysteries, a suburban housewife, an ironworker and a courthouse loafer who never was promoted from the first grade in a country schoolhouse. In Carbondale, Illinois, a pretty, twenty-two-year-old coed named Pat Dwyer holds court between her classes at Southern Illinois University. Pat, who plans to enter law school after she graduates from college, has been a Justice of the Peace for over a year.

Pat Dwyer, 22, is a Justice of the Peace in Carbondale, Illinois. A pre-law student, she holds court between classes. She favors amending the state's present JP system.

Some justices of the peace hold court in town halls or police stations or in miniature courtrooms set up in their offices, but many operate in makeshift quarters that give the public an unhappy impression of the dignity of our courts. A Kentucky storekeeper presides over trials at a small desk adjacent to the meat counter. In a nearby town, a barber-justice of the peace happily leaves a customer half-shaved in the chair while he signs a warrant or performs other official duties. Another justice recently got into Midwestern newspapers by parking his automobile in a shady spot near a busy highway and instructing police to bring arrested speeders there for sentencing.

Although such makeshift "courtrooms" may not be pleasant or even logical places to stand trial, there is always the possibility that an uneducated or prejudiced justice's decisions will be even more unpleasant, particularly for defendants. A survey some time ago in Ohio indicated that 71 per cent of all persons appearing in these courts were found guilty and that only 4 per cent of the cases were decided in favor of the defendant. The remainder were dismissed for one reason or another.

It is also privately acknowledged by police and many justices that it is customary to deal leniently with local voters and to impose heavy fines on persons—especially speeders—from other towns or states.

Ignorance of the law has often led to strange decisions in the justice courts, and occasionally to embarrassing situations. A justice of the peace in North Carolina married forty-nine couples before he discovered that, owing to a technicality, he was not properly qualified to do so. It took an act of the state legislature to legalize the weddings. An Arkansas justice rejected a lawyer's efforts to cite an opinion of the United States Supreme Court by declaring that "only facts and not opinions are allowed in this court," and a Missouri justice earnestly told a corporation attorney that, while he always tried to follow the law, he didn't "pay much attention to state-supreme-court decisions because they just confuse me."

(Continued on Page 102)

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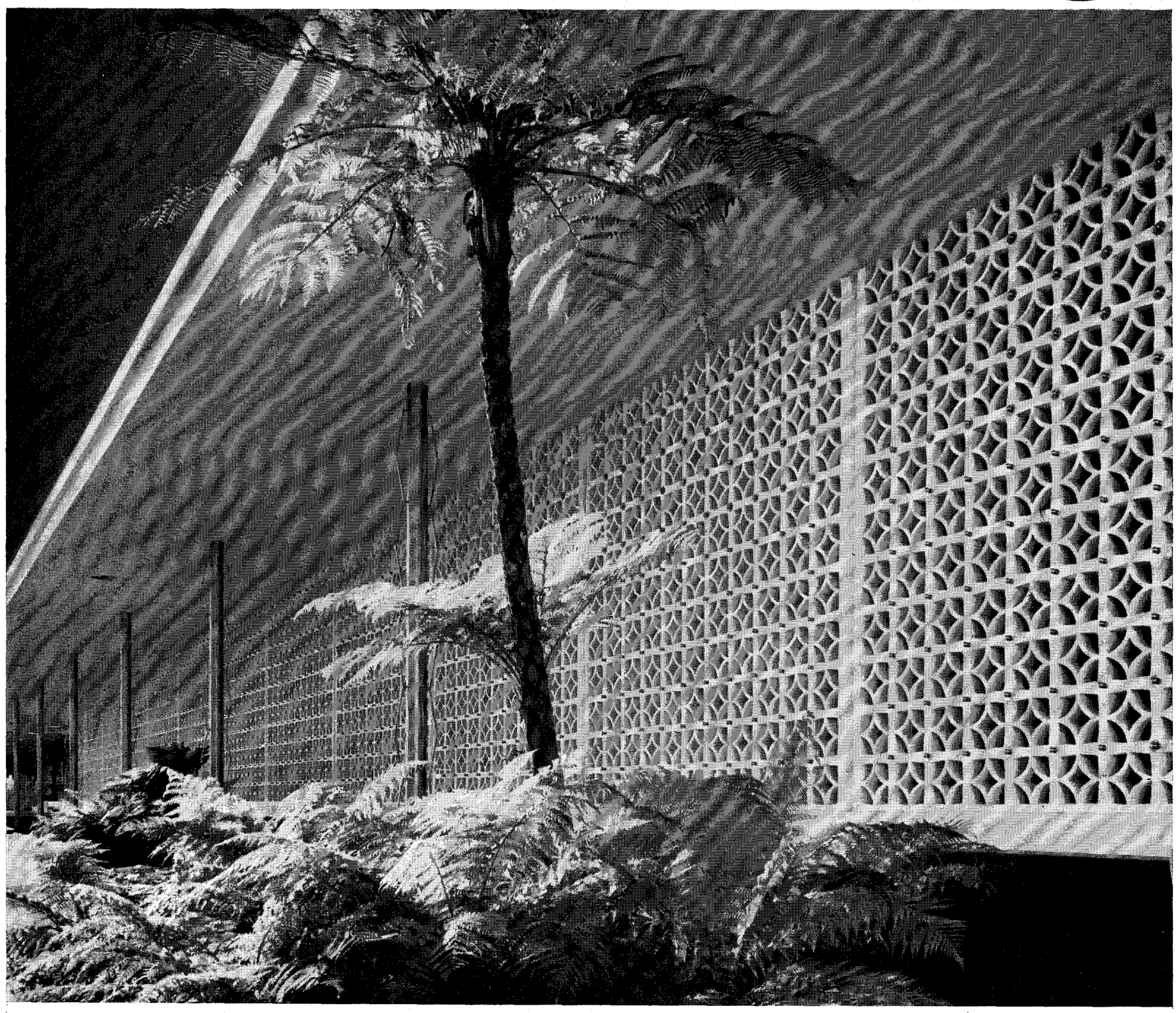

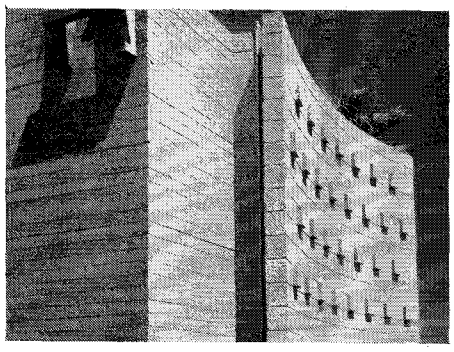

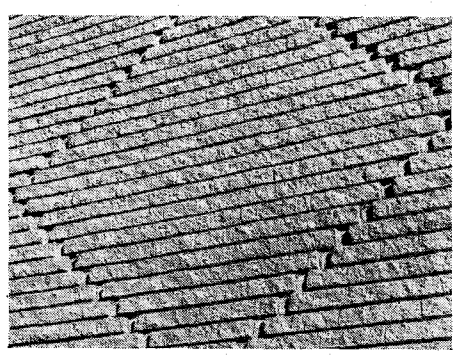

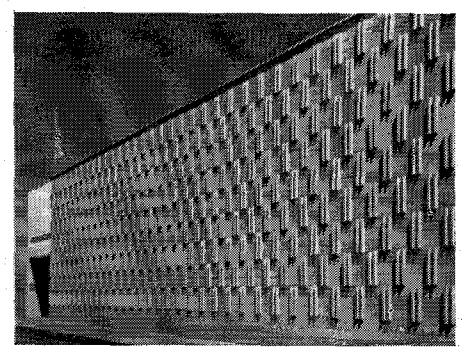

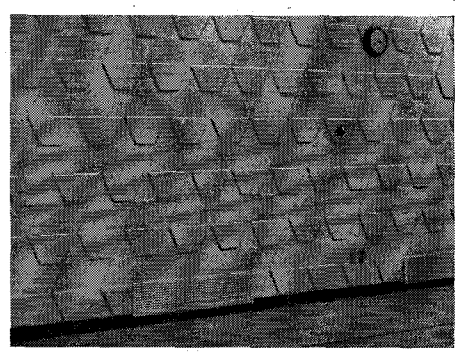

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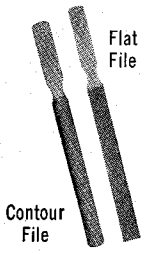

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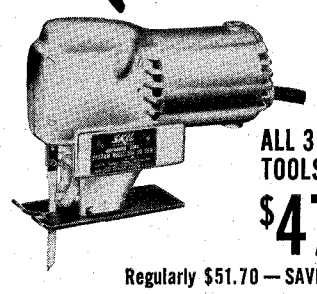

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(*Continued from Page 100*) Issuance of unnecessary or improper warrants on charges that will not stand up in court is a familiar complaint against justices who are not lawyers, but who collect fees for each warrant. In a fracas between two families near Chicago last July, no fewer than a dozen warrants and cross-warrants were issued against five persons for assault and disturbing the peace. When the case came to trial, all but one were dismissed.

Legal confusion reached a new high in Illinois last year when Justice of the Peace Warren W. Weaver, who was elected in Palos Township, moved across the line into Worth Township to replace a small-town police magistrate who had died. The justices of Worth Township viewed this as an effort to poach on their territory. Five of them promptly signed a complaint against Weaver and took it to a sixth justice, who issued a warrant and had the invader arrested on charges of "falsely assuming an office."

Such shenanigans as these have built up a kind of folklore around the justice courts. Typical is the story of a small-town layman "judge" who became involved in an angry argument with a lawyer on the street and exclaimed, "I'll find you in contempt of court for this!"

"You can't do that, judge," the lawyer replied. "We're not in court."

"That's no matter," the justice snapped. "I am a justice of the peace and as such I am always an object of contempt!"

Ignorance of the law, makeshift "courtrooms" and local prejudices have long been the basis of complaints against some justices of the peace, but far more serious is the widespread abuse of the outdated fee system, which provides an income for justices in most states and which is at the heart of the battle now in progress to abolish the system in Illinois.

Let's take a closer look at how the fee system works today in Illinois. The state has about 2800 justices of the peace and 500 police magistrates, who have the same status and powers, for a total of approximately 3300. Of these, however, only about 500 are active as judges and interested in fees. Normally, they receive no salary, but are authorized to collect a minimum fee of four dollars for issuing a summons and one dollar for entry of a judgment, or a total of five dollars in each case. In addition, there is a fee of four dollars if the defendant asks for a trial instead of pleading guilty, and there are miscellaneous fees which, in some cases, might run the costs up to fifteen dollars or more. Thus, the justice of the peace can count on collecting a minimum of five dollars and an average fee somewhat higher—if he finds the defendant guilty and assesses him for court costs.

The key phrase here is "if he finds the defendant guilty," because if the justice dismisses the case or finds for the defendant he may not get any fee at all. The law provides that if the defendant is found not guilty, the fees shall be paid by the plaintiff in civil cases, such as debt suits, or by the county in criminal cases, such as traffic violations. But, in practice, about thirty counties—including Cook County, in which Chicago is located—simply refuse to pay such fees, and the justices make no attempt to collect them. The same is true, as will be explained later, in many civil cases. As a result, the justice's income depends largely on finding a preponderant number of defendants guilty. Some judges, of course, are able to make judicial decisions without being influenced by fees, but perhaps a more common attitude is represented by the justice who answered his critics with the remark, "Maybe the evidence wasn't overwhelming, but you didn't expect me to do all that work for nothing, did you?"

The problem of the aggressive and hard-working justice of the peace is not limited merely to whether or not he collects his fee. He must also make certain that a large number of cases come before his court each week. In other words, he must compete for business against other justices in his township. There are various ways in which this is done—by advertising in newspapers and the telephone book, by hanging out big street signs, by making friendly arrangements with collection agencies and by building up political connections. Any or all of these methods may pay off handsomely. In October, 1957, for example, Police Magistrate William D. Conway heard 553 cases involving moving-traffic violations in Springfield and collected $2803.65 in fees. In Peoria, Justice of the Peace Milo Nelson, who also works a forty-hour week as a railroad clerk, handled approximately 3000 cases last year at an average fee of about seven dollars, for a gross income of some $20,000.

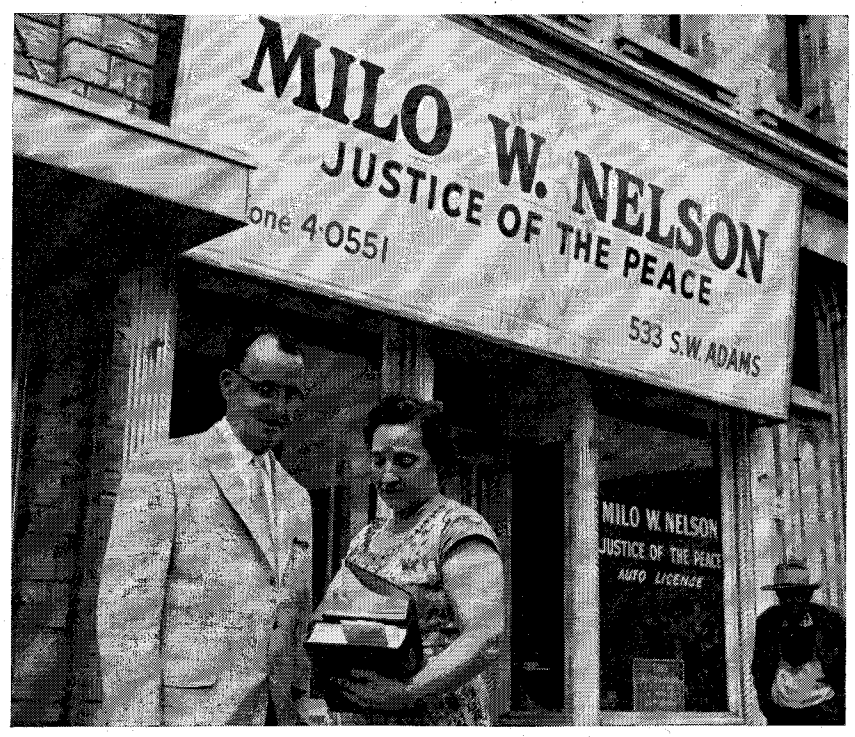
In one town through which a busy highway runs, the budget shows that in 1957 it cost just over $15,000 to maintain the police department and that just over $16,000 was collected in traffic fines. Such a fine balance was not achieved, however, without difficulty. A new police magistrate was elected and took office in April. He was immediately approached by a town official who offered to serve as his clerk for a fee of one dollar per case.

"I can see that the police will bring all cases to you," he added.

"I can't afford to do that," the magistrate temporized.

"Well, you can charge an extra dollar. Nobody will know you're overcharging," the official suggested. The magistrate pointed out that such a charge would be illegal and he refused to do it.

After he held court for the first time, several village officials told the magistrate he should "follow the custom" of kicking back one dollar of each fee to the arresting policeman. "We can't afford to pay the police much," one added, "and they've got to get a kickback to keep them happy."



Peoria, Illinois: Justice of the Peace Milo Nelson (left) grossed $20,000 last year, besides his pay as a railroad clerk. His wife (above) is his secretary.

The higher incomes, obviously, go to only a limited number of justices—usually to those who have made certain special arrangements. Here is the way it generally works. Law-enforcement officers—the district commandant of state police, the sheriff, the local police chief—each select two or three justices to whom all police are instructed to take arrested persons. In Cook County, outside of Chicago city limits, for instance, the sheriff designates only three justices to handle all business for his office. In some communities, the state, county and town business may be allotted to three different justices, and in small cities local cases may be "rotated" by months among three or four justices.

This designation of certain favored justices is contrary to law, which says that an arrested person shall be taken to the nearest justice of the peace, but in practice today it is a sensible and accepted procedure. It is also open to abuse. Many smaller communities count very heavily on fines collected from speeders to bring in enough money to maintain their police departments. As a result, they encourage the police to make arrests whenever possible, and they expect the justice to whom they funnel the victims to maintain a high average for convictions. If he doesn't, the police chief can shop around for a judge more to his liking.

The magistrate said that if the town needed the money he would be willing to take a modest salary and turn over all fees to the town, but his suggestion was rejected. Instead, the police chief simply instructed his men to take all cases to a nearby justice of the peace. "I'm still in office," the magistrate said recently, "but not a single case has been brought to me since then." When village officials were questioned, they said they knew nothing about any kickback proposals, but that the police chief, who has since moved to another state, found the magistrate "unsatisfactory."

Because proof is hard to come by, nobody in Illinois has a very good idea of how widespread is the practice of kickbacks or of contributions to police funds or of presenting gifts to arresting officers. But a former justice of the peace at O'Fallon told a special joint committee of the legislature that he knew "quite a few" justices around East St. Louis who "fine out-of-towners rather heavily and then split the fees with the constables." One justice in a village near Chicago reported that he gave twenty-five dollars a month to the police safety fund, but lost his business (*Continued on Page 104*)

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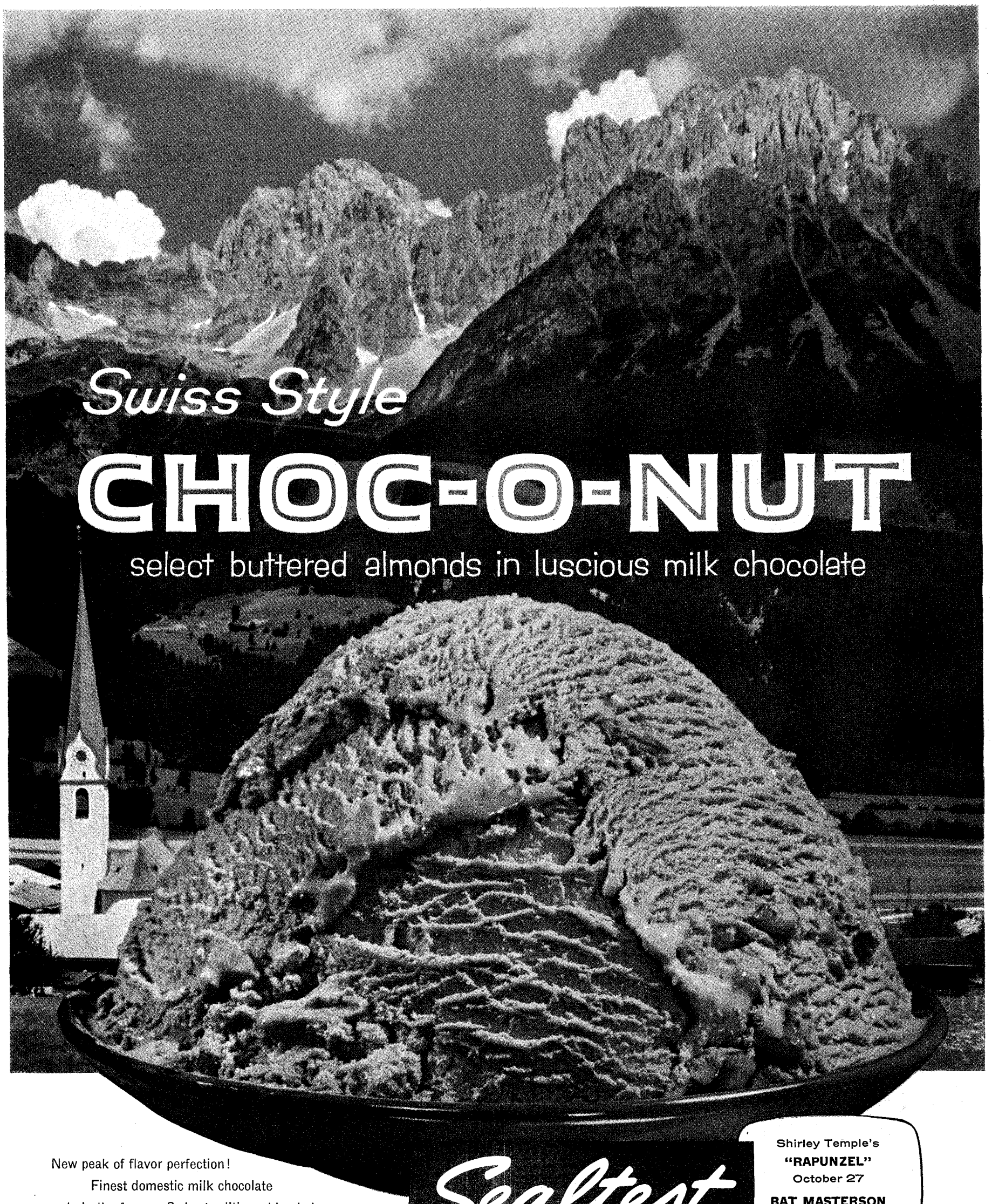

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(*Continued from Page 102*) to a more generous rival judge. In a Northern Illinois district, kickbacks were so common a few years ago that state troopers joked about whether to take a speeder to "the one-dollar window or the two-dollar window"—the latter being a justice who had raised the ante to increase his business.

Even when, as in most instances, no kickback problem is involved, the custom of channeling all police cases to certain justices gives local officials the power to exert heavy pressure on elected judges. Two recent Illinois incidents illustrate this. In a complaint to the Kane County Bar Association, Justice of the Peace John Chivari charged that he had been threatened and intimidated in an apparent "attempt to corrupt and subjugate the administration of public justice." Chivari said his difficulties arose from his dismissal for lack of evidence of disorderly-conduct charges against two young men who tried to pick up two girls in their automobile in Aurora.

One of the men was charged also with carrying concealed weapons—homemade brass knuckles—and obscene literature. He was later bound over to a grand jury and eventually pleaded guilty to that charge, but meantime the local police chief said he was "shocked" by dismissal of the disorderly-conduct charges. He said it constituted a blow to the hard work of the police department if men who drive around the streets with lewd material and brass knuckles "trying to get young girls into their cars are not punished when caught." He also told Chivari, the latter said, that "unless you cooperate I will post a notice not to have you hear any more cases." On April 17, 1958, the complaint to the bar association continued, the chief of police posted a "general order" that, on instruction from the state attorney, Justice of the Peace Chivari was being deprived of cases initiated by the police. The bar association had taken no action by August.

A somewhat similar case occurred this year in Springfield. A native of the city, James R. McAlexander was graduated from high school, spent three years in the Marine Corps and briefly attended the University of Illinois before taking successive jobs as a real-estate salesman, a bus driver, a night watchman and a factory timekeeper. He ran unsuccessfully for sheriff in 1950 and then for coroner in 1952. He was elected constable in 1953. As constable he ran a debt-collection agency on the side, and while serving in this dual capacity, he said, he caught on to how to be a justice of the peace. In 1957 he was elected justice and set up an office near the courthouse. Over the street he hung a big sign advertising his services as justice of the peace and as a "notory" public, and on the stairway to his office he placed a sign advertising a collection agency.

For the first few months the police brought him very few cases, but after he complained to their superior officers he was placed in rotation with three other justices. Last January he collected $1640 in fees for hearing traffic cases only—in addition to other business.

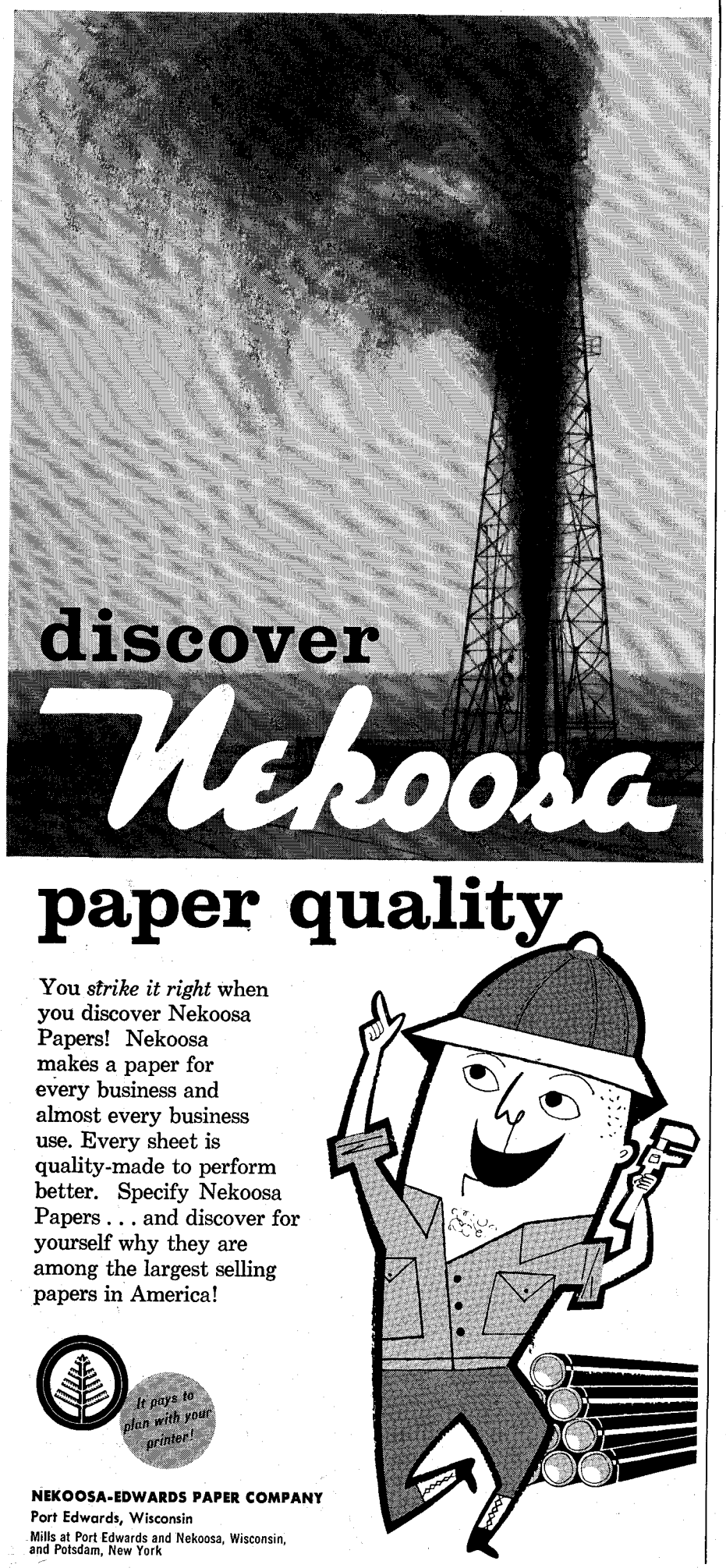
Then, in February, he dismissed the case of a man charged by city police with reckless driving. Mayor Nelson Howarth, an attorney, protested and was quoted by McAlexander as saying that "anybody who had the evidence you had before you and still found this man innocent is incompetent." The mayor then struck McAlexander from the list of justices receiving police cases. McAlexander fought back in the newspapers, called the mayor a "dictator" and circulated petitions demanding that he be restored to the rotation. The feud dragged on a few weeks, but, in April, McAlexander was restored to grace—and to business.

Some of the most flagrant abuses of the justice-of-the-peace system are found in civil cases, particularly debt collection. In civil cases, the law provides that the plaintiff shall advance court costs to the justice upon filing an action, but that his money shall be refunded if judgment is found against the defendant, who must then pay the costs. In addition, a justice may legally accept a commission if he settles a debt out of court. It is not at all unusual in Illinois for justices to run a debt-collection service or to be connected with one operated by an office clerk or a relative, or to have an arrangement to handle all legal actions against debtors for an outside collection agency or a big hospital or department store.

"When I first came back from law school in the East," a young lawyer in a Western Illinois city said recently, "I served as a justice of the peace for a short time and got a firsthand education in what I regard as unethical practices. Some justices—and I followed their custom for a few months—will agree to handle a large number of debt cases for an agency without requiring the agency to pay any legal costs in advance, or perhaps to pay only half of the costs. Then the justice gets paid only if he finds against the defendant and is able to collect. This obviously establishes a strong incentive for the justice to find against the defendant, even though there are some debt cases where the defendant has been the victim of deceitful high-pressure salesmanship or even outright fraud.

"If the justice doesn't find for the plaintiff, the agency will take its business elsewhere. When, after some experience, I advised the head of a large agency that I felt our arrangement was unethical, he replied that he hoped I would understand that I could not handle any more cases for them. And I never got any more."

There are countless other variations of petty racketeering open to the minority of unscrupulous justices, but perhaps the simplest one of all is to pocket a fine instead of turning it over to the county treasurer. This is often possible because, according to the 1958 Illinois Traffic Study Commission, the justice courts are "completely unsupervised." Justices are required by law to report traffic convictions to the secretary of state, and to make monthly reports of criminal cases—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but not of civil cases—to the state's attorney in each county. However, some make no reports at all to the state's attorneys, and some make reports that are confusing, illegible, incomplete or all three. There is no effective way of checking the accuracy of these reports, or of knowing whether any money paid as fines stuck in the justice's pocket.

Accurate accounting often is complicated by the whims of justices. Some accept payment of fines on the installment plan. One enterprising justice was reported by Chicago newspapers to have offered to take a wrist watch in lieu of a cash fine. In Lake County, a town auditor reported a police magistrate's accounts were short $23,000, but the magistrate called in another auditor who said the shortage was only $400 and that was due to carelessness of a clerk. Six months later officials still didn't know for sure who was right.

The need for changes in the system is generally recognized by lawyers and by justices of the peace themselves, but there is sharp conflict over the kind of reform necessary and how to achieve it. Perhaps the most eloquent foe of the proposed constitutional amendment in Illinois is Irving W. Eiserman, a successful La Grange Park lawyer, an able and busy justice of the peace and a man long accustomed to missing his dinner or getting up in the middle of the night in order to handle urgent judicial business. Eiserman has a handsome main-street law office, but holds court in a large police-station courtroom one night a week as well as all day on Saturday, when he may have about 100 entries on his docket. He's lucky to get through by mid-evening.

"The amendment is vague and leaves too much up to future decisions of the legislature," Eiserman said recently. "The judiciary could become a political football. It doesn't reform anything; it will make things worse. Such reforms as are needed can be made by a simple act of the legislature."

Briefly, Eiserman and other foes of the amendment argue that appointment of local magistrates rather than election of justices in each township would destroy home rule and make the lowest courts a political patronage system under Circuit Court judges; that elimination of the fee system in favor of salaried magistrates and clerks would vastly increase the cost of the court system and thus mean increased taxes; that the people would be deprived of "the poor man's" right of appeal because the cost of an appeal would be increased from around twenty-five dollars to at least seventy-five dollars.

Advocates of the amendment reply that justices usually are chosen by local political bosses, and the voters seldom know their names; that only about 200 to 400 qualified magistrates will be needed for the entire state; that experience with municipal courts has shown the proposed system can be self-supporting and, in any event, the public would be paying very little for a vast improvement; that the right of appeal expense is a false issue because all cases would originate before competent magistrates who would be under orderly Circuit Court administration and subject to removal for misconduct.

The judicial amendment as a whole is the result of work started in 1951 by leaders of the Illinois Bar Association. After a long political struggle, it was passed by the legislature in 1957. The current campaign to win approval of the voters is led by The Committee for Modern Courts, a volunteer group drawn from business, labor, farm, professional and civic organizations. It is headed by Gilbert H. Scribner, Jr., a Chicago businessman, and Harold Pogue, of Decatur, a former Illinois University trustee.

Organized opposition comes largely from the Illinois Justices, Police Magistrates and Constables Association, which has about 1000 members. It is headed by a vigorous and personable twenty-four-year-old former marine, Ronald R. Hagel, who was elected justice of the peace in Peoria three years ago while studying political science at Bradley University. A young man with political ambitions, he has built up his business to an estimated 100 cases a week, employs several office workers, has an administrative assistant to handle debt-collection services and grosses around $25,000 a year. Hagel has been organizing justices all over the state recently and believes the amendment will be defeated easily, but he favors certain reforms and has a program for submission to the legislature to bring the system up to date.

It might be well to point out here that some observers are beginning to wonder whether today's justices of the peace aren't already just a bit too much up to date. A state official investigating court problems last spring in the rural southern tip of Illinois came upon county records showing that fines collected from speeders by justices of the peace had jumped suddenly from about seventy-five dollars in March to almost $3000 in April.

"Something wrong here," the official remarked to the county treasurer. "These files on fines for speeding must be mixed up."

"Oh, they ain't mixed up," the treasurer replied with a sly grin. "Now we got radar!" THE END

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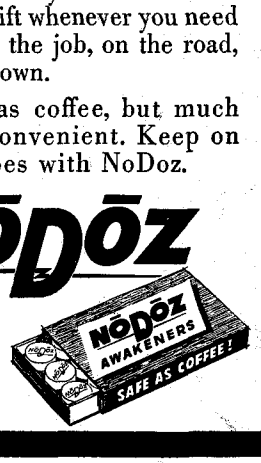

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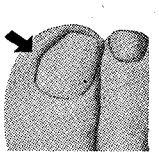


The Conformers (Continued from Page 27)

Eight minutes later, on the second bus, he saw what he had been hoping to see. He climbed aboard with a sense of delight and made his way well back, where he bent over the man in the aisle seat and said firmly, "Would you mind, sir, shifting to the other side? We'd—er—like to talk."

The strange man shifted, with grace enough, and Bob thanked him and sat down with a sigh. "Well," he said to the remaining passenger, "here we are again. Now, where were we?"

The little man in the window-side seat had a face brown as a nut and wrinkled as a prune. He had pure white hair and white eyebrows as saucy as a cat's whiskers on his brown brow. A merry little blue eye peered from under. Bob Smite did not know this man's name, nor did this man know his. They took a peculiar care not to know.

The little man said, "We were in outer space, I believe. Been troubling you?"

"Oh, I've been floating around out there," said Bob genially. "Frankly, I don't understand it. Stars and stuff. Masses and gases, and everything moving. I don't see how we can ever understand. And sometimes I doubt that we ought to try."

"There's no doubt we really are trying," said the little man dryly. "If by 'we' you mean the human race. The human race keeps pushing its brains out, all the time, and proving how it has been all wrong, up to now."

"Yeah," said Bob. "Proving that, about every two weeks, these days. It used to get proved every two or three centuries. What I was thinking ——"

"Go ahead," said the little man eagerly.

Bob plunged ahead. "Here is man, standing in the middle. Looking up and out at huge speeds and distances. Also, looking down and in, at microscopic ——"

"Submicroscopic." The little man nodded.

"Do you think we are actually in the middle?"

"Say," said the little man, gleaming, "that's an interesting question. From where man sits, of course, it would have to seem to be the middle. Is that your point?"

Bob felt a surge of pure affection for him. "Listen," he said unnecessarily, for this man could and did listen, "we aren't happy, suspended in the middle, are we? You might say the suspense is terrible. Why? Because we'd like to know, we'd like to feel satisfied. Look at the new thoughts about space—if I dig them, which maybe I don't. They are saying maybe space curves around on itself. And there aren't any ends. Well, that ties it up, in a way, doesn't it? That's a restful thought. That's a kind of unity. Also, going the other way, man keeps trying to get to one thing. Maybe it's all one thing. Energy, for instance. We want something simple and unified. We want something we can throw our brains all the way around."

He didn't know what he was talking about. Maybe it was science. He didn't know much about science. Maybe it was philosophy. He didn't know much about philosophy, either. But Bob Smite was a member of the human race, and within the limits of his ignorance, he, too, took pleasure in pushing his brain out, frightening himself, humbling himself, and wondering.

He couldn't remember how he had got into this exchange with this stranger, but every once in a while they met on the bus and wondered together. Sometimes they wondered together without speaking. Now the little man's head was nodding slowly and Bob's pleasure was enormous.

"Can you," the man said, rather dreamily, after a while, "with your human brain, really imagine the true track of this bus in—well, in space? Here is this bus, going down this street westward, by our reckoning. It is also at the same time revolving with the earth on the earth's axis. It is, furthermore, moving swiftly through space as the entire solar system is moving. Now what is its true track, taking into account the speeds?"

"And such speeds," said Bob, his brain creaking.

Too soon, it seemed, Bob had to get off at his corner. He felt strangely refreshed and fortified. He always did. The day closed around him, jobholder, breadwinner. He plunged into the day.

Larry Smite slouched along to high school, achieving a split-second rendezvous with a friend as if it were nothing but a coincidence, speaking of dual pipes, overdrive, and the first-string quarterback's right knee—maintaining the necessary attitudes. Goons were goons. Squares were squares. Culture was for the birds.

He went through his first three classes, looking as if he would at any moment topple and go to sleep. Fourth period, he had English with Mrs. Blair, who was a small, thin, middle-aged black-and-white-haired woman, with thick glasses that much magnified her brown eyes. Larry Smite looked sleepier than ever. But his ears missed not one syllable this woman said.

As class was dismissed, she spoke up carelessly, "Larry, would you stay a moment?"

The boy's heart jumped, but he took care to look as stupid as possible. When the students had gone, some few bothering to give him a sympathetic grimace, Larry closed the classroom door without instruction to do so. He approached the teacher. He stood quietly beside her desk.

Mrs. Blair opened the center drawer and took out his manuscript. He recognized the smudgy typing, and also the very shape of his words, as familiar to him as if, with fingers, he had pressed them into this shape and no other. Its sudden dearness shook his heart.

"This," said Mrs. Blair, leaning back, seeming to let go and lose the tension of authority, and therefore show herself to be humanly fatigued, "is fine, on the whole. Now, I am pretty sure that your ear and your instinct are as good, and probably much better than mine, so I hesitate ——"

"The seventh line and the eighth," said Larry. "I knew it! I knew it! It's too dum-de-dum. You must mean the seventh and eighth lines, don't you, Mrs. Blair?"

"Yes, I do," she said, her enlarged eyes meeting his eager eyes respectfully. "And now, if two of us notice the same thing, we can assume ——"

"It's wrong," he said. "How can I fix it?"

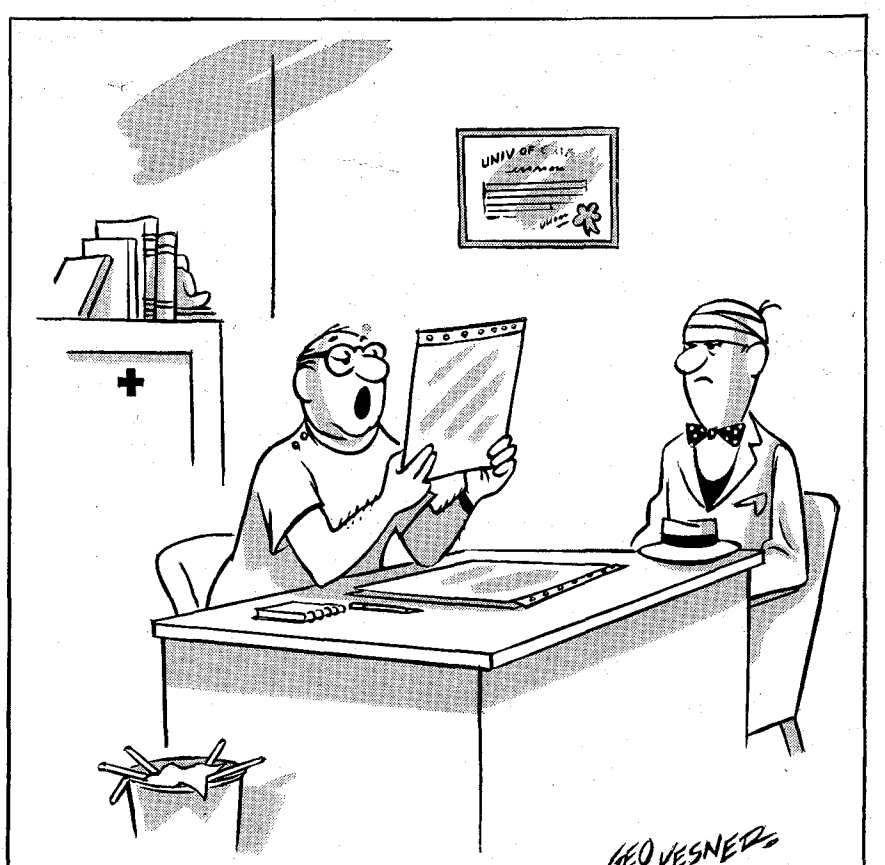
"There are no rules I can quote to cover this," said the teacher. "You are far beyond the doggerel stage, Larry. You are handling rhythms that ——" she sighed. "I had a teacher, once, myself, who compared them to the sea. The waves come in and break and you expect each breaking, but it never comes at the exact second that you expect. There is always the little surprise."

"Not dum-de-dum," said the boy. "Not bong-bong, like a drum. I know. I know. And I knew it wasn't right, just in those two lines. But, jeepers ——" He rubbed the bristles on his head. He had forgotten himself, completely.

"How did you know, I wonder?" murmured Mrs. Blair.

"I don't mean I know," the boy said. "I just kinda feel. I feel around." Now he moved his fingers in the air. "Then, when it feels right to me—well, then it does. But I don't know if I really am right. That's why ——"

The teacher shook her head gently. "I can help you a little more. But not much more. The best I can do is encourage you. I think this is excellent, Larry. On the whole, excellent. The music, the images." She stopped, feeling inadequate.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It's not music, though," he said quickly. "In music, see, a note is a note. A certain sound. But this—is words."

"And words," said the teacher at once, "have other dimensions. Associations. Meanings." She leaned forward. "Appendicitis is quite a pretty sound."

The boy grinned at her, appreciatively. "Sure," he said. He picked up his manuscript, the one sheet with the poem on it. "I got to try to fix it," he murmured.

"Yes, it's up to you," the teacher said in a humble way. "I have no rules to give out."

The boy's eyes were a greenish blue, quite brilliant, when he let them be seen, although he wasn't looking at her, but through her, now. "It's not exactly by rule ——" he began.

The teacher held her breath.

"It's like the tail of a—of a ——" He threw his arm out in a swinging curve. "Oh, I don't know. Not a breeze, exactly—but something that goes trailing through that we can't see, but only by the bending of the grass."

The teacher was absolutely quiet and motionless.

"Oblique," the boy said, frowning. "That gets somewhere near what I'm trying ——" Then he shook his head. "But not exactly." He fell silent, with his head cocked. He seemed to be listening.

The teacher stirred in a moment. "After you fix it," she said gently, "what shall we do with it? Would you like to see it printed somewhere?"

"Oh, no," he said, flustered, and jolted back. "I just fool around with this, Mrs. Blair. I mean, I wouldn't want people to know." His young cheeks were hot. "And, anyhow, I'm not sure I can fix it."

The teacher said quietly, "You must fix it. And that has nothing to do with other people."

He met her eyes and his were intensely aware of her meaning and then they fell. He didn't answer.

"But I'm bound to tell you, again, what I think is true," said the teacher. "I think you are gifted. I think it is important."

"Well, I just —— Gee, thanks a lot, Mrs. Blair." The strangely wise, or strangely new, spirit behind the greenish eyes winked out. This was an embarrassed high-school boy. He wadded the paper into his pocket, pretending it didn't matter much.

Mrs. Blair said, yearningly, "Tell me, do your parents ——"

Larry caught his lip in his teeth and shook his head. The eyes were wary.

"I'd like to see it when you've fixed it," she said carelessly. "Just privately. If you don't mind."

"O.K." He let his breath out rather tremulously. "Well, so long, Mrs. Blair. Thanks, I mean, for what you said."

She nodded, withdrawn, as he wished her to be, and she began to shift other papers on her desk.

Larry went out into the corridor. He went, fast and swinging, toward the cafeteria, and he felt swell. That old Blairsey, she was smart and no kidding, because she spotted that bad place right away, and it made him feel good. And she knew how to keep quiet too. (While his mom was shopping. Shopping, for Pete's sake! And his pop went back and forth, back and forth, every day on the bus.) But of course he, Larry Smite, would never be a poet. A fellow doesn't want to try to be a poet. For a living, for Pete's sake? But in that seventh line he needed a different word, a word with the right feeling, soft and thick, and kinda black-dark, hanging on it like moss. And yet two syllables—ping, pong; the pong darker.

At this point in his reflections, Larry passed into the cafeteria and merged with his contemporaries. After school, he went to the game and sat in the card section and did his bit between the halves.

Dorothy Smite took the car that afternoon and made her rounds, accomplishing a lot of petty errands that she lumped under the term "shopping." Took Bob's suit to the cleaner. Bought a new plastic glass for the bathroom. A card of shirt buttons. Two pairs of nylons at a sale. The marketing.

At four o'clock she entered the beauty parlor. Edna's strong fingers felt wonderful on her scalp, so she let her neck muscles go and her head hang heavy over the washing tray. Wet-headed, she sat before the mirror in the little booth and Edna began to make pin curls. Dorothy sighed.

"I waited for you, Edna," she said. "I hope you realize that is why I was such a filthy mess."

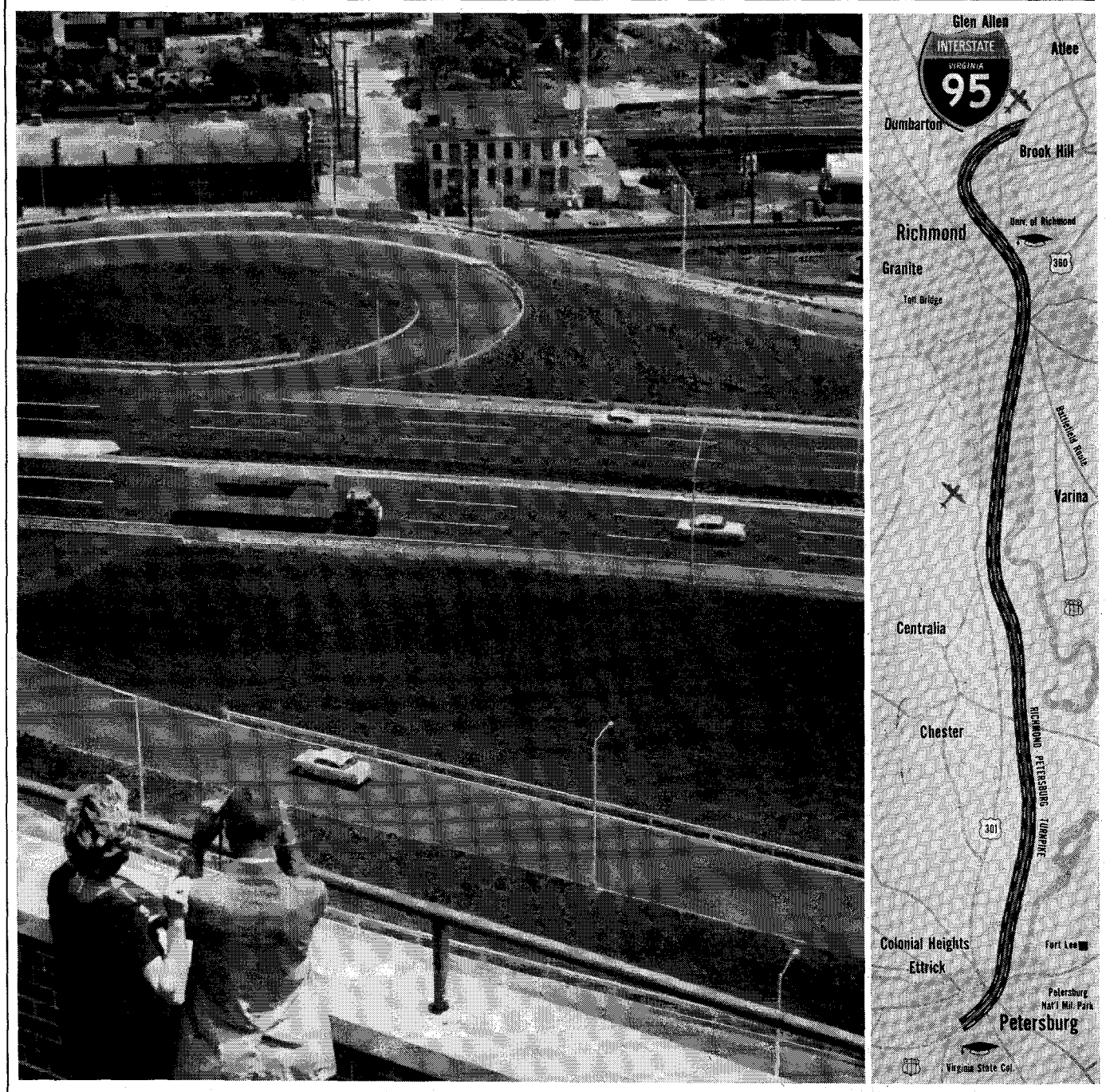
Edna had a long, narrow face, and when she lifted her long upper lip, she revealed long, narrow teeth. "I keep remembering what you said last time. About peace."

"Yes. Yes, peace." Dorothy closed her eyes.

"It sticks in my mind."

Dorothy smiled. "What did I say?" she asked, then remembered. "I said the trouble starts when anybody gets it into his head that he is absolutely right. He knows. He's got it totally solved. His is the only way."

"Which gives him the license to beat this perfect truth into somebody else's head, with a bomb. Uh-huh. Well, I think you're absolutely right," said Edna with a certain impishness.



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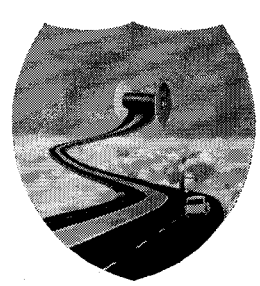

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Dorothy beamed at Edna's image in the mirror. "I used to worry about these things when I was a child. It's funny. You're supposed to grow up. The dirty word, these days, is 'immature.' But what do they mean, 'mature'?"

Edna snorted. "These days, the thing is to go along without upsetting any apple carts at all. It's called adjusting."

Dorothy shivered. "Oh, how I hate that word! What if we see something going on that is wrong? We shouldn't adjust to it, should we?"

"Right," said Edna.

"We shouldn't change ourselves to get along with it. Figure how to live with it."

"Let the rest of the world adjust to us, eh?" said Edna cheerfully.

Dorothy closed her eyes once more. "Well, that depends. If we really knew what's wrong, and what's good. Of course we think we are sure of some things. Peace, for instance. That's good. Doesn't everyone agree?"

"I think it is good," said Edna soberly.

"Yet if people really wanted peace," said Dorothy, "it could be had. We're smart enough. We ought to be. Look at all we know already, about psychology and all? People keep talking about maturity and love and understanding. Then why aren't we peaceful and good?"

Edna's fingers went on working, while she considered. "I think everybody probably wants to be good, don't you? The thing is, what does he mean by that? A juvenile delinquent, now, he probably thinks not to be 'chicken' is a good thing. So he breaks the law to show how brave he is. Well, bravery—that's not bad, is it? I guess we all try pretty much to be good in our own way."

Dorothy opened her eyes and stared at herself. "You know what I think? I don't think we are on the track at all. Not yet. We get too mixed up. We try to do our duty, but maybe we're too quick."

"Quick?" said Edna, softly, and receptively. Her fingers, lifting the tiny strands of hair, gave feathery sensations to Dorothy's scalp.

"Well"—Dorothy lifted both hands under the bib she wore—"what I mean is, we settle too quickly for something like that. 'I got to be brave.' Or these: 'I got to be patient.' 'I got to stick up for my rights.' But those two are almost opposites. You see? Both good. But only part good."

"H'm," said Edna in quick response.

"You know," said Dorothy, "once or twice in my life I've had a—well, a funny feeling. As if, for one second, I got out of the crust of myself, as if I saw everything differently, just for one second."

Edna said, "When you get this feeling, whatever it is, you're not proud of yourself? It's not like feeling happy either?"

"No," said Dorothy, her eyes widening. Eyes met, by way of the glass.

"Did you want the back curled high?" asked Edna. "Or rolled on the neck, kinda?"

"I guess, on the neck," said Dorothy. "My husband likes it that way."

"You know what my husband says? He says he likes my hair straight!"

They laughed.

Dorothy looked at the woman in the mirror, not the one named Edna, but the other one. "Take 'love,'" she said murmuringly. "The word 'love' is all over the psychology books these days. But what it means, everybody figures that out just for himself. And it has a hundred meanings. A million meanings. Everybody settles for part of them."

Edna said, and her unhandsome face looked blind, "Does anybody know, I wonder, the whole meaning?"

Dorothy ducked her head suddenly. She said contritely, "Oh, I'm sorry. Did I jerk? I guess I don't know what I'm talking about."

"That's O.K.," said Edna, and worked silently for a while. Then she said wistfully, "We're too small, I guess. We're too busy. Trying to do the right thing and to love our neighbor. We just take it for granted we know what that means. Or else we think other people must know and so we do the way they do. We all go along."

"No, we don't," said Dorothy suddenly. "Not everybody. Not everybody, always. Couldn't have. Or nothing would ever have changed, in all the centuries. Don't you see?"

... ...

Tell Me a Story

By R. H. Grenville

"Tell me a story," you said,
Bringing the book to my knee;
So we read till the earliest star
Hung her lamp in the cottonwood tree:
Stories of wonder, wherein
The wicked were fated to bend
The knee to the good and the fair,
And things came out right in the end.

Now, curled in the crook of my arm,
You sleep, with your four-year-old face
Drained of its dream—like a small
Rose in a desolate place;
And gazing upon it, I cheer
Faith's charge up Time's perilous slope,
Assured that the goodness a child
Believes in is worthy of hope.

... ...

"That's so," said Edna. Dorothy saw Edna's head tilt. Then Edna said in an impulsive rush, "You always give me something to think about, Mrs. Smite."

Dorothy closed her lids, because, for some strange reason, her eyes had filled with tears.

At the dinner table that evening, Bob Smite spoke admiringly. "Say, you must have shot the works today, hon. Looks pretty nice."

"Just a shampoo and set," his wife replied. "Improvement, huh? I guess I had let it go a little too long." She cut meat. "Anything new at the office?"

"The usual," he said cheerfully. "Who won?" he asked his son.

"They clobbered us, 28 to 7," said Larry. "Hoffendorp's knee went out in the second quarter."

"Too bad." His father clicked a sympathetic tongue.

"I'm glad you're not heavy enough for football," said Larry's mother absentmindedly. She'd said this before. Her son shot her a sharp green glance, but said nothing.

"Take my suit?" Bob asked.

"Ready Thursday."

"Well, that will do, I guess."

"Eat your salad, Larry."

"I am, mom."

Such was dinner time, at the Smites'. Pleasant people, they were. Mutually interested. Mutually kind.

Not much later, Bob Smite sat in his accustomed chair with the evening paper in his hands. He was trying to make a three-dimensional image of the track of his chair in space. Let's see. A rolling, that was more or less like a spiral bracelet, which bracelet was also in another spiral, probably. Then the single track of the chair, and its speeds which must alter the shape of the track. . . . He couldn't extract it. He bent his brain. Suddenly he got a whiff in his mind of something shining—distant, beautiful, strange. A little scary. Bob swallowed. He would like to try to describe this experience. Like to tell somebody. *Ah, nuts!* he thought. *The family would think I was nuts. And maybe I am. I better quit trying to sprain my brain on this stuff.*

Larry Smite was sprawled on the couch. The seventh line was singing in his head. He'd got it. But now he must put line eight, back-to-back, balanced, sort of reversed, like in a mirror. De-dum-dum. Couldn't get it. Missing one word that would carry what he wanted to put. Could he use the word "wonderful?" A soiled word. A spoiled word. Could he wiggle it into the line so that it would mean what it ought to mean? Wonder-filled. Nah, and besides, pretty nearly nobody was filled with wonder, for Pete's sakes, any more.

Larry let go, realizing that he was using his will, which he had already guessed was not the way. Forget it. Let the right word, meaning and sound, just come to him.

Dorothy finished the dishes and used scented soap on her hands. *We are pretty good people, as people go,* she was thinking. *Bob works faithfully to support us, and does it well. I keep this house as I ought, or I surely try. Larry gets good grades. He's not a grind; he is one of the fellows. He is doing nicely. And we love each other. We do our best.*

She thought with a pang, *Do I?*

She drifted into the living room. Bob had the paper, of course. Larry was flopped there. The day's work over, now was their time to relax, together, in their comfortable home, this loving family, these fine and decent people, nobody neurotic, nobody off the beam, all moving with their times.

Dorothy Smite suddenly, with a strong passion, wished she could take the Bible off the bookshelf. There was a passage she wanted to find. But that would be such an odd thing for her to do. She renounced this fierce and selfish desire, and sat down next to Bob and brightened her expression.

"What's on television?" she asked cheerfully.

Bob stirred. He loved her and wished to please her. He flipped the paper open to the amusement page. There was a symbol drawn there. A star.

A voice spoke in the quiet room. "Starshine," it said.

"What, dear?" Dorothy turned her face.

Bob felt his mouth to be open. He must have said it. He hadn't meant to speak. He wished he hadn't. It was the far-off glinting light he'd "seen"—still haunting his mind—that he'd been reaching to name. But there was no such word as "starshine." And what was Bob Smite, husband, father, home owner, jobholder, doing with it falling out of his mouth? "There's no such word, is there?" he said aloud and rattled the newspaper.

(If Dorothy now said, "How come you thought of such a thing? Is it in the paper?" Bob Smite would be unable to reply. What pressure, he quaked, in the loving curiosity that clamps right down on anything spontaneous, anything sweetly wild! "How did you happen to think of that?" they asked you, the ones who loved you. And you couldn't explain, because you loved them too. So you had to cover up what was wild and yet deep. You wanted to be what they needed and expected. How guarded you had to be!)

But it wasn't Dorothy, it was the boy who spoke. Sprawled on the couch, he was yet, somehow, totally alerted. "I don't think there's such a word," he said. "There's the word 'sunshine.' And the word 'moonshine.' But 'star*light*,' it would be." His mouth continued to move, as if it were tasting.

Bob looked at him curiously.

His mother did not look at him too directly. She was remembering within herself how Larry had always been so fond of words, so ready to play with them, as if he felt for them. She was taking note. He still felt for them, then, although this special interest had gone underground. She loved her son and she would not frighten him for anything.

So Dorothy said dreamily, "Maybe there should be such a word. The stars do shine. There must be such a thing. Too far, of course. Too far for us."

Her heartbeat quickened. She feared that she had said too much. If, in Bob's eyes, there should be loving amusement she did not want to see it. She did not look.

"Starshine," the boy repeated. "A mush-mouth noise." He cleared his throat and quickly reached for a more normal vocabulary. "I mean, it sounds kinda funny, you know?" he mumbled.

"Not so far," said Bob Smite slowly. "We walk around in it every day. The sun is a star."

The boy's green eyes had opened wide but neither parent saw this.

"There is starshine on us every day," said Dorothy breathlessly, "but we just don't—notice?" Her eyes met Bob's eyes.

The respectably pretty living room was still for half a moment. Then the boy squirmed restlessly.

Bob Smite moved. "What'll you have, Dot?" he said rather gruffly. "Big choice! A whodunit or a Western?"

"Doesn't matter to me," she said quickly. "Larry?"

"I don't care, mom." The boy relaxed into the couch cushions.

(*Funny*, he mused; *dad and a word that isn't a word. And an idea. And mom getting it, so fast.* Larry could have said a lot more about words. He thought about them so much, but secretly. Gosh, here at home, you didn't want to upset the people you loved with a lot of probably crazy stuff. You told yourself they wouldn't understand. But now into the boy's mind crept a question that made him uneasy: *What if they could understand?*) He squirmed.

"Meanwhile, back at the ranch," he droned, achieving youthful scorn.

Dorothy smiled at him, but she thought: *What is it around us every day that we do not notice? Dare not? Is it love? The whole thing? Is it a little bit too wonderful? Are we afraid?*

She blinked and turned her eyes to the screen.

Picture and music had begun. Bob went back and settled into his chair.

He had a feeling of deep happiness, as if they had all just escaped some unbearable glory, that was, nevertheless, there. But the room was normal now. It was just home. The evening was going to be typical. On the surface, considerately, they all conformed. THE END

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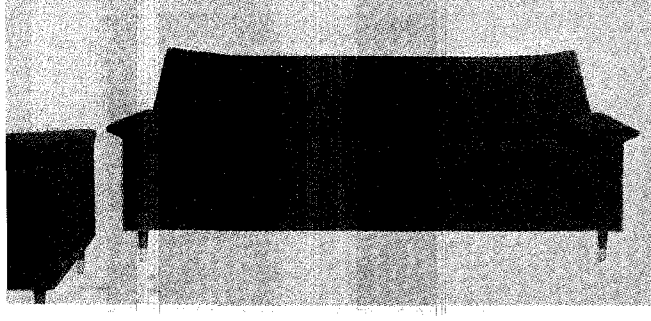

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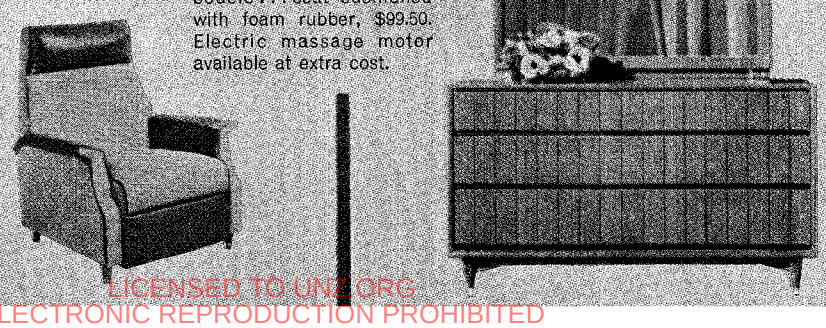

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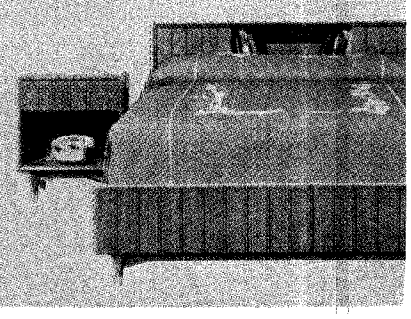

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The Ugly American (Continued from Page 32)

Moslems take nothing stronger than fruit juice, water or milk. And the word got around."

"I'm sorry that you don't know Joe well enough to understand his good points," Rivers said lamely. He was somewhat frightened by the intensity with which Miss Jyoti spoke, and he wondered how she could be a friend of America and still say such things about Old Joe. *After all*, he thought, *everybody loves Joe Bing. The department loves him. The newspaper people love him. They chose him to set up the protocol for Nixon's trip. Where does Ruth Jyoti get off, saying things like that about Joe?*

Some San Francisco newspapermen asked Ruth to dine privately two nights later. After coffee, she was asked to talk off the record about Americans stationed in Asia. She led off with a few pleasantries, then dug into her subject with vigor.

"Generally, Americans in Asia are not effective. They feel that if the nice, rich, respectable people like them, they must be doing a good job. I can understand that. You look at foreign faces, hear strange languages—and you just feel more comfortable at the Press Club or the American Club or the Officers' Club. Or any place where quiet people are wearing collars and ties and talking in English. I could stand here all night and tell you stories about one American mistake after another. But perhaps it will be more helpful if I tell you about an American who was effective.

"He was Bob Maile, of the USIA. Now, I'm not saying that all USIA men are effective—far from it—but Bob Maile was. He did more to raise American prestige than anyone else over there—the ambassador included.

"Bob was in Setkya about five months before any of the local editors even heard about him. Usually the first thing a new USIA official does is to come barging in on us and start making big plans for our country without knowing anything about it. It's become such a pain in the neck that most editors have orders that no American is to be allowed in their offices. If one forces his way into my office, I pretend I don't speak English.

"Bob was different. I met him and his wife Dorothy at a party given in his honor by the typesetters. You see, instead of barging in at the top, Bob Maile started off by trying to become familiar with our language and country. He made friends with the typesetters, the reporters, the photographers, the circulation boys. He showed the photographers how to raise the speed of their films, so they could take candid pictures without flash. He helped them get chemicals. He got a fan for the darkroom.

"He did these things without asking for credit. In return, he wanted tutoring in our language, lessons in our cooking for Dorothy, and help in getting his children into our schools.

"Now, not all of this is easy. I know enough about western standards to understand that sending an American child to a native school takes courage. Asian schools are dirty, rowdy and noisy by your standards. But Bob Maile's kids did all right.

"Let me tell you a story that as newspapermen you'll appreciate. About a year ago a story broke that an American soldier had raped a girl in a temple. The temple part made it the story of the century. If it had hit the headlines, we would have had a religious war against the Americans on our hands. The chief American public-information man in Setkya just holed up in his office. He said that he never touched 'native controversies'—meaning that he hadn't the time to buck it to Washington for an answer.

"Bob Maile, on the other hand, called on the editors of the biggest papers and news services in Setkya. He didn't threaten anyone, or conceal information, or say that the story would be unfriendly to the United States. He just asked if we had checked it thoroughly.

"This is the kind of question you take from someone you trust. So we checked it out—and it was wrong. An American had gone to a brothel and got into a fight. Not worth a paragraph in any paper.

"Bob never brags about what his office does. He doesn't have to. In my country good deeds are publicized all over by the bamboo telegraph. And Bob Maile is the best-known American in my country. If the other Americans were all like him, the Communists couldn't last long in Asia."

FROM: Ambassador Louis Sears (Sarkhan)

TO: Mr. Dexter S. Peterson, Sarkhan Desk, State Department, Washington, D.C.

Dear Dex, I'm writing this to you personally (even typing it myself) because I need help and I want to make sure you know what the score is out here in Sarkhan. Honest, Dex, these Sarkhanese are really tricky. Sometimes I think they're all Commies.

I guess that by now the department's been reading all the press lies about Sarkhan. The stories that reporter for the Times wrote are false. My relations with the Sarkhanese couldn't be better, and the enclosed editorial from the Eastern Star proves it. And his stories about my neglecting that crackpot Colvin because I was ignorant of the circumstances is pure hogwash. I personally saw Colvin right after he got into trouble. Maybe he was the victim of a Commie plot, as he says, but he sure looked as if he had been caught trying to molest a native girl.

Now, Dex, despite the newspaper lies, everything is on an even keel out here. The Sarkhan politicians keep squawking that if we don't bail them out the country will go Commie. Don't believe it for a minute. I get around at a lot of social functions out here, and I've never met a native Communist yet. And even though the Russian ambassador tricked us for a little while on the rice deal, I had a hundred thousand handbills distributed saying that it was the good old U.S.A. who supplied the rice.

In general, we're in good shape out here. But what I need in a hurry for my staff are some people who have initiative. For one thing, we need a new public-affairs officer. This girl Maggie Johnson is all right, but she keeps bringing newspapermen in to see me. They pester me about problems which are none of their business, and which Miss Johnson should handle on her own.

Dex, do you remember Joe Bing? He made a big impression on me when he appeared before the Senate Committee. He's a sharp cooky with his eye on the ball. See if you can get him assigned out here, will you? He was stationed in Setkya for a while, so he should know the Asian picture. Also a few good-looking girls as secretaries. They'd be a good advertisement for America, and would help morale.

You can read between the lines, Dex. I don't want to be torpedoed by a bunch of crackpot internationalists who don't

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know which end is up. And I want a staff we can be proud of. Get someone in personnel to do some active recruiting for us. Thanks. LOU

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES ABROAD was printed in bright red across the top of the placards. Fifteen hundred of the handsome cards appeared throughout Washington on bulletin boards in Government offices, university halls, Civil Service offices, boardinghouses, and the cheap dormitories in which so many "Government girls" live. The placards made it clear that there was a shortage of trained people to work abroad; and that overseas work meant good pay and possible advancement. They also said that a meeting would be held in a conference room at American University, which would be addressed by "experienced Foreign Service officers who have lived and worked abroad."

The conference room was crowded by the time the meeting began. The main speaker was Mr. Gilbert MacWhite, who had served the United States in seven different countries. He looked like Ivy League, confidence, poise, good conversation, no dirty jokes, and a representative of the United States—all of which was true. Sitting with him behind the table was a very fat, warm, jolly man named Joseph F. Bing. He looked like State College, a "big man on campus," an inside dopester, a good journalist, and a man who knew his way about—all of which was true.

Mr. MacWhite spoke first, with skill and dignity. His information was precise, and his audience felt that he was a worthy representative of a great power, a man who knew how to handle tough situations and tricky foreigners.

"Each of us would like to stay home, develop his profession, widen his friendships and rear his family," Mr. MacWhite began. "But in times of such momentous crises, when our country faces challenges unlike any she has ever faced, we must also realize that we have duties as citizens. And not only as citizens but as members of the world community. In all lands we are beset by an evil, world-wide conspiracy. We need our best people abroad to help contain this clever and malignant conspiracy."

I like the way he doesn't call them Communists, those conspiracy people, Marie MacIntosh thought. She was there with her three girl friends; all of them worked in the Pentagon stenographic pool and shared a small apartment near Rock Creek Park.

Mr. MacWhite talked for fifteen minutes, giving the impression of a discussion between one superior person and another. It flattered Marie to be addressed in such a way.

"And now I would like to introduce Mr. Joe Bing," Mr. MacWhite said. "Mr. Bing is a public-information officer and an expert on Asian affairs. He has served for several years in Setkya and served with distinction. He has requested duty in Sarkhan, and will probably be leaving for that country in the near future. Here is a person who is an expert at meeting natives face to face as equals."

As MacWhite sat down, Joseph Bing pushed back his chair, hefted his body up and walked around the table. He sat on the edge of the table, and at once the entire audience relaxed.

"My name is Bing, but I'm a Government public-relations man and you can call me Joe," he said. Everyone laughed. A few people in the audience said, "Hi-ya, Joe!" and he waved his hand. "I work for men like Mr. MacWhite and, let me tell you, it's a pleasure. Foreign affairs is big business and it's important business. You all know that. Now maybe I can tell you a few things about working abroad for Uncle Sammy that you won't read in the handouts."

Joe spent a few minutes describing the simple business of getting to an overseas post. Air or ship, he said, but first-class. Nothing but the best. Then he winked, and the audience shifted in their seats. Marie MacIntosh listened intently.

"Now, I know what's on your minds—at least on the minds of some of you,"

Fewer people would be paying for their mistakes if they'd bought new cars in the first place. ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Joe said jovially. "Your social life. O.K., let's talk about it. You'll have to work among foreigners, but we don't expect you to love 'em just because you work among 'em. I don't care where you go to work for Uncle Sammy, you'll be living with a gang of clean-cut Americans. And a lot of 'em are single people, so you won't be lonesome if you're not married."

Mr. MacWhite very carefully was looking over Joe's head at some distant speck on the wall.

Joe went on for twenty minutes. He was expert at answering practical questions. He knew about the price of alligator shoes in Brazil, the cost of Scotch in Japan, the availability of servants in Vietnam, the pension one could expect after twenty years of service. He told about commissaries which stocked wholesome American food for Americans stationed all over the world. "You can buy the same food in Asia that you can in Peoria. Even, say, in Saigon they stock American ice cream, bread, cake—anything you want," said Joe Bing. "When you live overseas, it's still on the high American standard."

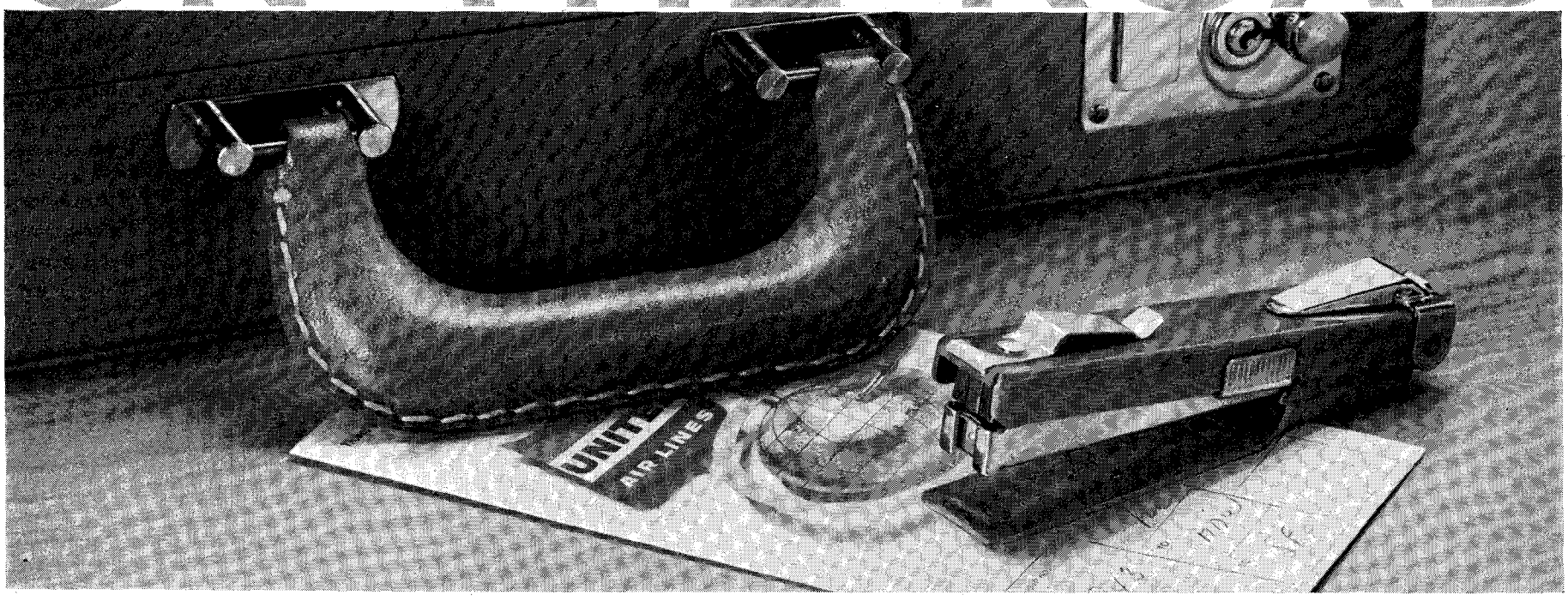
"Sounds good, doesn't it?" Marie MacIntosh whispered to her three girl friends. They nodded. Marie guessed that they were all thinking about the two-room apartment the four of them shared. Two of them slept on a fold-away couch in the front room and had to get up early so that the table could be opened for breakfast. Their only luxury was a bottle of bourbon every Friday night, which they drank with ginger ale because none of them liked the taste.

Joe Bing finished his informal talk and then announced that he or Mr. MacWhite would be glad to answer questions. No one asked Mr. MacWhite a thing, but Joe talked steadily for another half hour.

"What about learning to speak a foreign language?" a small, wiry girl asked. "I understand you have to learn the language of a country before you can go there."

"Now, just a minute," Joe said, his voice full of good humor. "Someone gave you the wrong dope. Uncle Sammy is not crazy. How many people do you think we could round up in this country who can speak Cambodian or Japanese or even German? Well, not very many. I don't *parlez-vous* very well myself, but I've always made out pretty well in foreign countries. Fact is, we don't expect you to know the native language. Translators are a dime a dozen overseas. And besides, it is better to make the Asians learn English. Helps them too. Most of the foreigners you'll do business with speak perfect English."

ON THE ROAD



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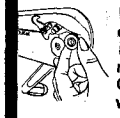

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Dissolves Corns

Amazing GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover dissolves corns fast! Throbbing pain vanishes. Why suffer? Ask for GETS-IT today. 39¢.

"I hear everything's expensive overseas," said another listener. "Can we ever save money?"

Joe Bing laughed. "Look, your housing's all paid for. Your only expenses are food, liquor, clothes and servants—and you can buy a whole family of servants for forty dollars a month."

Sixty-seven people put in applications, among them Marie MacIntosh, a newspaperman named Kohler, and Homer Atkins, a retired engineer. The newspaperman was rejected because he had once written some articles criticizing the government. Joe Bing was particularly interested in the others because they had indicated that they wanted to go to Asia. In fact, two of them mentioned Sarkhan.

"You know," said Mr. MacWhite a week later, "there's something wrong with our recruiting system. With the exception of Atkins, that engineer, every applicant will be making more money with the Government than he does in the job he has now. Frankly, I think we're getting slobs—except Atkins."

"Atkins?" Joe Bing snorted. "I think he'll turn out to be a screwball. He put down that his present income from investments is $150,000 a year."

Marie MacIntosh was twenty-eight years old, and she had a private cry about once a week. Her life was dull, and she knew it. What she needed was a husband, and she knew that too. The one hope she had for a change in her routine was her application for overseas duty.

Although Marie had interesting bosses and a responsible job, she was bored. She left her apartment at six-thirty in the morning, so that she could get a seat on the bus and eat a cheap breakfast in the Government cafeteria. At night, after doing her share of the apartment cleaning and her own laundry, she watched TV with her roommates. She had no dates.

Then she received a letter of acceptance to her application for overseas duty. She was to go to Sarkhan.

Three months later she landed at Haidho airfield. After a few weeks she wrote her ex-roommates a letter.

Dear Mary, Joan and Louise, The trip to Haidho was wonderful. I flew first-class all the way—all paid for. It was great. (Remember the time we flew tourist class to Chicago and packed our lunches in our handbags?)

Well, naturally I was scared when I stepped off the plane at Haidho (the capital of Sarkhan). I didn't know what to expect. Well, girls, there was a chauffeur-driven car waiting for me along with a reception committee. When I asked about my luggage, Mr. Preston (the man who came to meet me) said never mind, Tonki will look after it. Tonki is a Sarkhanese who works for the embassy here.

Two of the girls who met me are also secretaries and they said that I should live with them if I wanted to; and I'm staying with them now.

You should see our house. We each have our own bedroom—and there's an extra for guests. There's a dining room, a living room, and maid's quarters.

And there are built-in servants! Honest. We have three servants to look after us. It's a family of them, father, mother, and a fourteen-year-old girl. They do the cooking, cleaning, laundry—everything. Oh, how they baby us! When they wake me in the morning, they bring a glass of orange juice and a cup of tea. This is real living.

The Americans here are very friendly. There's at least one cocktail party or dinner every night. It's easy to do, of course, because everyone has servants.

There are only about a thousand Americans here, and we stick together. That means that we girls get asked to everything. I've been to the ambassador's parties several times; and to lots of dinners at the MAAG (Military Assistance Advisory Group) and the USIA and other agencies out here.

The best thing about being here is that for the first time in my life I can save money. Of course, my rent is free. My basic salary is $3390, but on top of that I get a $678 allowance because of location. You see, Sarkhan is defined by the State Department as a hardship post.

Love to you all,

MARIE

It was the year after Ambassador Sears had arrived in Sarkhan, and it was the Month of the Boar, the middle of the wet season. All day and all night the tropical rains fell with a steady drone. The only people in the streets were the peasants, who splashed through the mud in straw raincoats and enormous straw hats.

In the wet season foreigners wearing tight western clothes suffered from various skin irritations, mostly a kind of fungous growth. Tempers became raw. In this particular wet season occurred the incident of the Royal Sarkhanese Air Base.

About fifty years earlier, the United States Government had purchased a thousand acres on the outskirts of Haidho. What the plans had been for the tract, no one remembers; and the land lay idle until 1947. During the rainy season of that year the Sarkhanese Air Force had requested the use of the property for a training area; it was high, hard, flat ground which could be used all year round. Permission was granted, and the Royal Sarkhanese Treasury spent many millions improving the land. It was only natural for fashionable suburbs to spring up around the American tract, and it came to be one of the most valuable pieces of real estate in Sarkhan.

Surtaxes are what break captains of finance to privates.

SHANNON FIFE

The incident began when a newspaper hostile to America printed a rumor that the Royal Sarkhanese Air Force was to be evicted from the American property, so that American land speculators could sell it for building lots. The next day every other paper in Sarkhan picked up the story. So did the Pan Asia Press, the United Press, the Associated Press, the International News Service. So did Tass, Reuters and Press France.

The hostile paper kept the story alive in its headlines daily. "Our tip must be true," the editor wrote, "because no one at the American Embassy denies it."

The editor of the English-language paper, an American, called up the United States Information Agency.

"Look," he said, "this silly story—it must be a lie—is hurting the United States. This afternoon I'm going to round up the editors of the four leading dailies and bring them to see the ambassador. I'm going to ask him point-blank about the air-force training area. The minute he says it's untrue, the story will die. Also, it will make the Commie press lose a lot of face. O.K. for two o'clock?"

Joe Bing, the new public-affairs officer, was on a cultural trip to Hong Kong; his assistant, the press attaché, had to carry the ball. When he told Ambassador Sears that he would be interviewed that afternoon, the ambassador's face got red and his eyes bulged.

"No, by heaven!" he shouted, banging the desk. "You're not going to foul me up at this stage of the game. You see this?" He held up a letter. "This is from the President. And he says that a Federal judgeship will open up in four months, and he would be pleased if I took it. I intend to. I'm not getting mixed up with a bunch of skunks between now and then. Tell Joe Bing to handle it!"

"He's in Hong Kong, sir."

"Then you take care of them."

"It's you they want to see, sir. I've already tried to stall them."

The ambassador flopped back in his chair. A cunning look came into his eyes. "All right," he said. "Let 'em come. You can bring your radical friends here at two. I'll be ready."

At two that afternoon the five editors entered the ambassador's office.

"Sit down, gentlemen. What can I do for you?"

The American editor said, "Mr. Ambassador, there's a story making the rounds that the United States is about to evict the Sarkhanese Air Force from land lent them by the United States. This would mean that all their millions of dollars of building would have to go. The property is supposed to be turned over to American real-estate salesmen to sell as subdivisions."

"Yes, gentlemen. I've read the story."

"Well, sir, is it true or is it a lie?"

The ambassador hesitated for a moment. He poked the end of a pencil into his ear, smoothed his gray hair and looked at the ceiling. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have no comment to make."

The four Asian editors looked at one another in amazement, thanked the ambassador and left. The American remained behind with Sears. When they were alone, he shouted, "Good Lord, man, you've got to comment. This is the same as saying it's true. It'll be all over the world. You know that eviction story is a damned lie."

"Tell you the truth, son, I don't know if it's true or not."

"Then cable Washington and ask them if it's true!"

The ambassador pressed a button on his desk. A moment later the deputy chief of mission came in.

"Yes, sir?"

"Say, Charley," said the ambassador. "Smith here has a darned good idea ——"

Two weeks later a short message was received at the United States Embassy in Sarkhan:

PERSONAL FOR AMBASSADOR FROM DEXTER PETERSON. THIS WILL BE ADVANCE NOTICE TO YOU THAT YOUR JUDGESHIP HAS BEEN APPROVED AND WILL BECOME EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR RETURN. BELIEVE YOUR REPLACEMENT WILL BE GILBERT MACWHITE. CONGRATULATIONS.

Once his judgeship was assured, Lucky Louis was somewhat saddened at having to leave Sarkhan. Almost at once he felt a warm glow of affection for the place.

His affection was not so intense, however, that he forgot practical political matters. Before throwing one of the most liquid parties in the history of Haidho, he wrote a long, careful report to the State Department, claiming that great gains had been made in Sarkhan during his tenure in that country.

"There are always those who pick away at sound policies or tend to exaggerate normal internal political frictions," he concluded. "But Sarkhan is more firmly than ever on the side of America."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Mickey Cohen: The Private Life of a Hood

(Continued from Page 36)

Los Angeles County, and some of his partners in this illegal business—as he now admits—were men and women of social and financial importance in the City of the Angels. He operated a floating crap game, directed a private gambling club in one of the city's leading hotels, owned "a piece" of the legalized poker games in the city of Gardena, and bossed the biggest nonsyndicate bookie business west of Chicago.

The far-flung scope of Mickey's layoff operation is demonstrated by the fact that in one year alone he made 729 long-distance calls to his Boston and Palm Beach outposts. Mickey tends to be modest about this coast-to-coast network and says: "My horses was an operation which I done for my own personal entertainment. But you realize that none of these things would operate for five minutes if it wasn't for the co-operation of the powers."

Mickey told me his connections with the right people were so strong in 1949 that he could phone a certain potent lobbyist in Sacramento and get him to kill a bill outlawing slot machines in California. A similar bill finally went through some years later, but, at the time, Mickey's intervention saved the gamblers millions of dollars. "I guess I could of picked up some money for that," Mickey says now, "but I was glad to do it for nothin'."

At the time, Mickey was living it up in a house at 513 Moreno Avenue in Brentwood, a cozy little place that set him back only about $150,000. The interior decorating bill ran to $48,880.34, and the $50,000 worth of custom-built furniture included such items as a built-in radio and phonograph at $1342, a $265 clock, a $17 corkscrew, an $11 swizzle stick and a $100 bed for his dog, Tuffy.

Ex-convict Jim Vaus, a wire tapper who later reformed and became an evangelist, installed transmitters in two of Mickey's flashy cars to give him remote control of garage doors and floodlights on the estate. Vaus also set up an electronic system to detect trespassers, and the bill for these gadgets ran $2963.99.

Mickey operated a fleet of big cars for himself and members of the gang, and to lug home the big money from his gambling games he bought a high-speed car with hidden compartments. "I remember one night," Mickey recalls with professional pride, "when I collected so much dough that I couldn't stuff it all into the secret pockets, and there was fifty-dollar bills flying all over the inside of the car."

All this folding money was tempting loot for visiting hoods, and as an added precaution Mickey hired two extra guards and paid each of them a paltry seventy dollars a week. He got the men from an agency and, as he later sheepishly admitted to Senator Kefauver, he didn't know much about either man. This was probably just as well, for if Mickey reads this he will learn for the first time that his two guards were simultaneously getting a twenty-five-dollar-a-week bonus from the police. If it's of any interest, Mickey might also like to know that his beautiful television set had a police transmitter hidden inside the cabinet, and that every activity in the living room was being recorded on police tapes. That handsome young serviceman who came once a week to "check" the picture tube was actually a police officer, putting in fresh batteries for the bug.

Mickey's reputation for violent reprisal was so fearsome that there was actually only one stickup attempt, and that was an accident. A couple of rodded gents from St. Louis came to Los Angeles one day, and word got around that they were planning a heist in one of Mickey's joints.

Mickey calmly sat on the front porch of his gambling place and greeted the two Eastern tourists as they came up the long gravel walk.

"Where you goin', boys?" he asked.

"Hello, Mick," one said. "We're goin' in and do a piece of work."

"I own this place," Mickey said.

The gunman blanched. "Jeeze, Mick. We was misinformed. We wunt touch no joint of yours."

This was a clear call for *noblesse oblige*, and Mickey was not found wanting. He loaned each man $2000 to compensate for the abortive expedition, and he was not at all surprised some weeks later when his money came back in a plain envelope from St. Louis. "I guess they must of done another piece of work," Mickey said dryly.

It might interest Mickey's former customers, at least those who contributed to his take from the gambling halls, to know that he was using marked cards and trick dice. Evidence that Mickey's games weren't always on the level first turned up when Police Lt. Rudy Wellpott raided one of the little hood's so-called private clubs at 126 North La Brea Avenue. Wellpott found a hundred decks of marked cards which, at the going price, were worth $1000. Mickey's attorneys made numerous attempts to get the cards released, but he never got them back.

When I was in Los Angeles recently, interviewing Mickey, I asked him if it was true that he used crooked equipment.

"Yeah," he said. "I had some, but I didn't use it all the time. When a guy come in to make a sucker out of me—why, then I clipped him. But these guys weren't what I'd call regular customers."

Mickey was taking in enormous sums of money and quietly enlarging his horizon when, in March 1949, there began a series of unfortunate events which had the net effect of telling the public more about Mickey Cohen than he wanted known. In retrospect these were the first temblors shaking the foundation, but Mickey misunderstood the warning.

The protagonist in the first act was one Alfred M. Pearson, a Los Angeles radio and television repairman who had become embroiled in a court case with a widow named Elsie Phillips. Mrs. Phillips was unable to pay a nine-dollar repair bill and Pearson, winning a judgment against her, attached her $4000 home. Mrs. Phillips stayed on in the house, and Pearson charged her ten dollars a week rent, which was paid for her by a group of sympathetic policemen in the nearby Wilshire Station.

Pearson had an unsavory record both with the Better Business Bureau and the Federal Office of Price Administration. Even his daughter-in-law, Hazel Pearson, who lived in his home, later testified in court that she considered him a "gyp artist." There were ominous rumblings against Pearson in his own neighborhood, and on March nineteenth seven grim-faced men began picketing the radio shop.

Pearson objected, and the seven pickets suddenly let him have it—or so he said later at the hospital. He had a broken arm, one or two bloody grooves on his skull, and various other cuts and bruises he said were inflicted with a riding crop, tire irons and pistol butts. The seven strangers, departing from the shambles in one car, made the mistake of putting the auto into a U-turn in the middle of the block, and were flagged down for the traffic violation by a couple of rookie cops in a prowl car.

The policemen were putting the seven suspicious characters through a frisk on the sidewalk when an amateur photographer named Roy Diehl recorded the action on his camera. He took the pictures to the Los Angeles Times, where Police Reporter Bob Will took one startled look and realized that these men were no ordinary pickets. They all belonged, in fact, to the upper echelon of the Mickey Cohen gang—Neddie Herbert, who was already living on borrowed time; Frank Niccoli, Dave Ogul and Harold (Happy) Meltzer, all ex-convicts; Eli Lubin, Lou Schwartz and Jimmy Rist.

Will phoned Mickey, and the little gambler revved up like a buzz saw. He rushed to Roy Diehl's home and bought the telltale negatives for twenty dollars, then went to the Times and offered City Editor Chester Hale $300 for the prints. Hale refused the offer, and printed the photo showing Mickey's men being searched by the police.

The story smelled up Los Angeles like a broken sewer. The seven hoodlums, it seems, had been released at the Wilshire Police Station. They got their weapons back, and there was nothing in the station records to show there had even been an arrest. It can now be revealed that Mickey had been asked by a certain group of citizens to put the heat on Pearson, and that the police in the district had been ordered to ignore any ruckus short of murder at the radio shop on that particular afternoon. The seven mobsters, whom Pearson identified as his attackers, had gone there to do a job, and had Diehl not taken pictures the whole affair would never have come to light.

But when the story broke in the Times the authorities had no choice. Mickey and his men—forever after, the case was to be called "The Affair of Snow White and his Seven Dwarfs"—were arrested, indicted and released on bail.

Mickey, who had scraped up a total of some $300,000 in bail bonds, was jittery and confused when, accompanied by his lawyer, Sam Rummel, he drove to Arcadia to talk it over with City Editor Jim Richardson, of the Examiner, at his home.

"Mick," Richardson said, "I think a smart move would be this: Pay whatever it takes to lift the plaster from the Phillips woman's home, then give it back to her."

Mickey lit up like a neon tube. "My God, Sam!" he cried. "Why didn't we think of that? Let's do it right now."

Rummel dispatched an emissary to take the necessary steps to release the attachment and Mrs. Phillips got her house back, along with a substantial cash gift from Mickey. After Richardson printed that story he got a phone call from "The Chief" at San Simeon—the late William Randolph Hearst.

"About this Mickey Cohen, Jim," Hearst said. "This was a very kind and wonderful thing he did. I don't want you to refer to him as a hoodlum any more. A man who does a thing like this isn't a hoodlum. You can call him a gambler, but I wish you'd see that he gets a fair break." Richardson is under the impression that Hearst was piqued because the Examiner had not thought of getting the house for Mrs. Phillips as a good-will gesture, rather than Mickey. But in any case, as Richardson says now, the Hearst blessing set Mickey up with the Hearst press, and with him.

Newspaper rivalry being what it was and still is in Los Angeles, it is not surprising that the opposition papers didn't go along with the knighthood conferred on Mickey.

The now-defunct Daily News put the X ray on him in a series of unfriendly articles by John Clarke and Joseph Saldana, and Mickey told me recently that he would have applied the muscle to Clarke if Rummel hadn't convinced him that would be bad public relations. Instead, he says, he invited Clarke to his home and adds that he augmented his income with an occasional C-note. Clarke was drowned while fishing near Fresno—it was never clearly established whether he jumped or fell from a boat—but the prevailing opinion around Los Angeles newspaper offices is that the reporter never took a dime from Mickey.

The Los Angeles Mirror also declared war on Mickey, and after one salvo Mickey stormed into the Mirror office.

"I'm not such a bad guy," he protested to Managing Editor J. Edward Murray. "What are you doing to me?"

"Mickey," Murray said, "what do you do for a living?"

"Why, I run a haberdashery on the Sunset Strip," Mickey said. "I sell ties and shirts and things."

Murray accepted that challenge and assigned reporters to examine Mickey's operations at the store. "We had a look at the inventory," Murray recalls, "and the same damn stuff had been on the shelves for months. Today I ask myself: Why do we put up with (*Continued on Page 116*)

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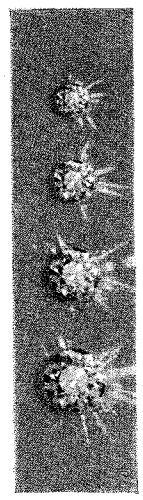

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A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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(*Continued from Page 114*) him? The man is a pipsqueak and a myth. But he's the only approach the town has to an underworld figure. This town is lined up for a hoodlum headline figure, and Mickey has done a snow job on the local columnists. He has deliberately courted headlines to build his own name . . . and he lives on this. Even the Eastern mobsters have been taken in by the Cohen headlines. I hate to admit it, but he is a news figure . . . he is a street-sale name."

Mickey's feud with the News and the Mirror did not seem to affect his luck, though, and in March, 1950, a jury acquitted Cohen, Rist, Lubin, Schwartz and Meltzer on the Pearson beating charge. The three others encountered a different kind of justice. Neddie Herbert, as related earlier, was shot to death by killers who tried to bump off Mickey at a Sunset Strip restaurant. Frank Niccoli vanished on the Labor Day weekend in 1949, and the keys to his car were subsequently found in a sewer on the south end of town. Dave Ogul disappeared shortly afterward, and his car was found abandoned in the Westwood area. Ogul and Niccoli cost Mickey $75,000 in forfeited bail money, and neither man has ever been seen again. Mickey ghoulishly suggests that his enemies disposed of the two mobsters just to put a sizable dent in his bankroll.

Looking back now, the Pearson-case acquittal, rather than nominating Mickey for a Who's Who in Gallantry, seems to have been the kiss of death.

In the hectic period following that ill-conceived picket line, Neddie Herbert was murdered and Mickey himself got a slug in the shoulder; Lawyer Sam Rummel was cut down with a shotgun when it appeared he might sing about the activities of a rival bookmaking combine, and the Cohen home on Moreno Avenue was partly wrecked by a bomb. The blast destroyed forty of Mickey's expensive suits—ah, what calamity!—tore out ten feet of his bedroom wall and left a hole six feet deep on the lawn.

Mickey was badly shaken by this explosion, and so were his neighbors. Bob Patterson, an ex-convict and former San Francisco columnist then on Mickey's payroll, composed an impassioned letter to them, saying in part: "I have been bum-rapped. I'm a gambler and betting commissioner, no more, no less. I'm not a mobster or gunman or thug. I leave such antics to Mr. George Raft and Mr. Humphrey Bogart, who make money at it, or to certain other local actors—bad actors—who make the penitentiary at it, eventually."

The line about bad actors making the penitentiary was prophetic, indeed.

By the time the Kefauver Committee came West, in November, 1950, Mickey's shaky dictatorship was already being infiltrated by special agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The now-beleaguered little hood didn't help his own cause much when Chief Counsel Rudolph Halley had him on the stand, and he was soon squirming in a net of contradictions. He also accused the Kefauver Committee of helping the police "cover up their own dirty work."

"I am the greatest newspaper copy in this city," Mickey said modestly. "And they (the police) have used me for any kind of purpose. I can spit on the sidewalk and it will be in the headlines."

Aside from the breast beating, Mickey also talked volubly about his income, and the credit rating that made it possible for him to borrow more than $300,000 without paying interest or signing notes. Not long after his stormy session on the witness stand, when the Kefauver Committee was still on the Pacific Coast, Mickey signed a net-worth statement admitting that he had spent a taxable $244,163.15 over a three-year period.

He was indicted, tried and convicted of income-tax evasion during the summer of 1951 when the Government was able to prove that he had actually spent $343,139. It was as simple as that. Federal Judge Ben Harrison imposed a $10,000 fine and a five-year prison sentence, saying: "Los Angeles must take its share of the responsibility for what has happened to him."

Then, addressing Mickey directly, he added: "There was no serious effort to stop you on the part of the law-enforcement officials. You operated here rather freely. If the officers had performed their duty, you would not be here today."

Mickey entered McNeil Island Penitentiary on February 12, 1952. It might be worth noting that for some time afterward one of the most popular service-club luncheon speakers in the district was Dan Goodykoontz, the Internal Revenue agent who nailed Mickey with the admitted help of Lieutenant Wellpott and other Los Angeles cops.

Unlike Al Capone, who had been permanently put out of circulation in a similar tax case years before, Mickey Cohen was not ready for oblivion.

Mickey told me that at McNeil, where he earned 480 days off for good behavior, he was somewhat of a special inmate. He said he was allowed to indulge himself in his favorite luxury—extra-long shower baths—got all the clean clothes he wanted and as much ice cream as his addiction to this delicacy demanded. "Ha," says Mickey, "I remember one guard sneaked in so much ice cream hidden inside his pants that he got chilblains on his stomach."

Mickey also confided to a Los Angeles friend that a sympathetic guard carried a money roll for him, and used it to buy privileges unavailable to other inmates. And Willa Haywood, Mickey's former cook and housekeeper, told me she regularly baked cakes and cookies and shipped them off to the prison. Mickey insists these goodies were delivered to him, and that one time—when he was party host for a group of prisoners—he ordered and got $4000 worth of edibles from Los Angeles. Moreover, when Mickey got out in 1955, he persuaded at least one guard to quit his job at McNeil prison in the state of Washington and move to California. The man is still in the Los Angeles area running an insurance business and Mickey says: "I couldn't see this good-looking young fellow wasting his life on that job and so I helped him the best I could."

Mickey's implication that he was a big shot at McNeil draws an angry rebuttal from Fred T. Wilkinson, who was warden at the island prison and who is now warden at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. He said that ice cream can be purchased by any inmate, that all prisoners had showers available and that no one kept track of the time they spent under the water. He says Mickey was allowed only one package a year, at Christmastime, and, like all other inmates, had sufficient clean clothing. "In all cases where notorious prisoners are committed," Warden Wilkinson concludes, "the same type of statements begin to appear. These are invariably false reports that find some public acceptance, even though the facts are available."

By his standards, Mickey was out of sight and out of mind during his stretch at the prison. Once, during a chilly March night in 1954, he was roused out of his bunk and convoyed into Seattle for a dramatic and supposedly secret appearance before a Federal grand jury.

The events of that morning were never made public, but Mickey says the story can now be told because "the statue of limitations has expired." He was put into the witness chair and was immediately asked whether he had purchased a big car for a certain police chief in a small Southern California town.

Mickey says his mind whirred like a calculating machine, trying to understand why that question was being asked now. Caution told him not to answer, and he was hustled back to McNeil. Later he discovered that the police chief had long been under tax investigation by the Government, and that under the statute of limitations he had to be indicted that day or never.

Mickey was released from McNeil in October, 1955, and flew home. He was still unpacking his suitcase when the aforementioned police official phoned and begged Mickey to come to his home. Mickey drove there in a borrowed car and the now-retired copper rushed out of the house and gave him a bear hug.

"Mick! Mick!" he cried. "You don't know what you did for me. You saved me from going to prison."

"Yes," Mickey said. "I know."

The Cohen home-coming was somewhat more spectacular than his departure for the pen. He was met at the prison gates by his brother, Harry Cohen, alias Harry Cain, of Chicago, who also has a long police record, and was driven to Portland, Oregon, where he boarded a plane. When Mickey checked in with Cal Meador, chief Federal probation officer in Los Angeles, there were thirty-two photographers and twenty-one reporters on hand, and Mickey stoutly said: "I'm through with the rackets."

Meador, who believed in Mickey's reformation and championed him up to the day of his disastrous interview with Mike Wallace, tried to interest his charge in social-service work as an outlet for his energy. He actually got Mickey to talk on the evils of crime at Volunteers of America meetings, and says the audience of "bums, winos and other low-bred characters" was impressed. He also took Mickey to various camps for delinquent boys, and Mickey told the youngsters that crime doesn't pay.

It certainly wasn't paying Mickey much any more, and before long he borrowed $3000 from one of Meador's friends, and as this is written he hasn't paid it back.

By the time spring rolled around in 1956 Mickey's lavish spending called for a minimum of $100,000 a year, and it is my estimate that during 1957 and the early months of 1958 he was spending at the rate of $150,000 to $200,000 a year. None of this money is taxable, as will be shown, and Mickey already owes the Government some $512,000 for back taxes, penalties and interest.

How does he do it?

One of Mickey's intimate friends told me that Mickey had $1,000,000 or more in cash stowed away before the tax agents began working him over in 1950. The only comment Mickey ever made about hidden capital was this: "You don't think I went to prison without having something stashed away, do you?" Also, in his time he has been involved in at least one phony loan transaction, which was exposed during his 1951 trial on tax-evasion charges. A New York manufacturer named Arthur Seltzer testified that (*Continued on Page 118*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The policemen's personal cars occupied so much parking space around the police station that neighborhood merchants complained they had no place to leave their cars. So the precinct captain helpfully ordered his men to park elsewhere. Patrolman Tom chose to ignore the order. His captain thereupon suspended him for disobedience. He in turn sued for reinstatement.

"I've got just as much right as the next man to park on the public streets," Tom contended. "I don't lose or surrender my personal rights simply because I'm a policeman, do I?"

"As public servants, policemen have no right to take over a neighborhood and crowd businessmen out of their parking," counsel for the police department argued. "Regulations and orders must be obeyed."

If you were the judge, would you reinstate Patrolman Tom?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tom won reinstatement. The court said "the fact that a citizen becomes a policeman does not constitute a waiver of his constitutional rights to the same privileges enjoyed by other citizens to park on the public streets. Any other interpretation would create incredible and despotic conditions."

Based upon a 1957 Ohio decision.

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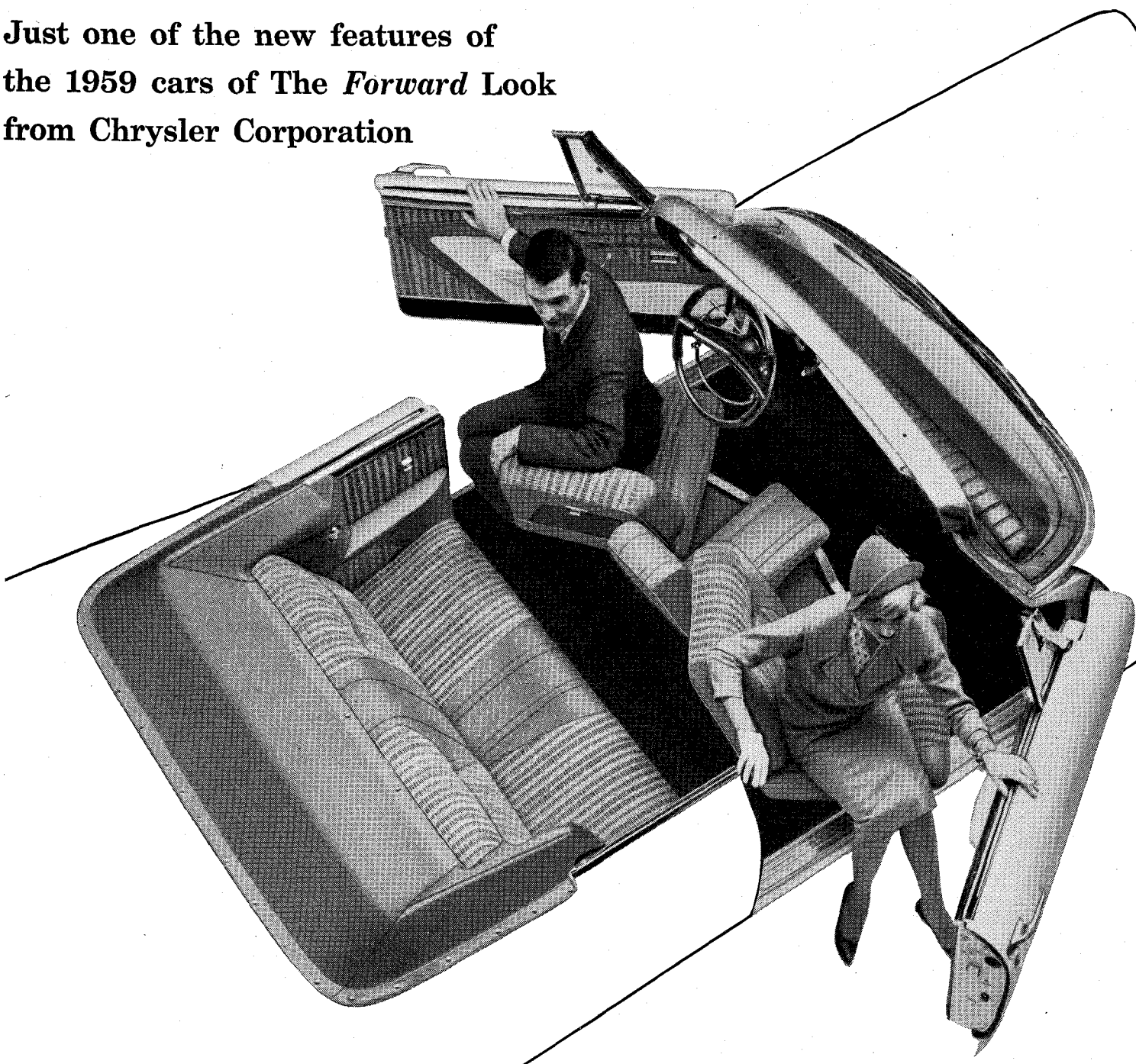

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(*Continued from Page 116*) Mickey had asked him to write a letter stating that he, Seltzer, had loaned the gambler $25,000. Seltzer wrote such a letter, and it went into Mickey's file.

When Seltzer took the witness stand, U. S. Attorney Ernest Tolin introduced the letter as evidence, and asked:

"Did you loan him twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"No," Seltzer said. "I didn't loan him any money at all."

Mickey has other money-raising methods, though, about which he is not bashful at all. One such source is an occasional large bet on a fight, or a horse race. Mickey won $7500 on one title bout last year, for example.

Once, in a confidential mood, he said to Jim Richardson: "Look, Jim, you want to know how gambling money is made? Just take the sucker. We need only one fixed fight or horse race a year in each territory. Ten or twelve of these a year around the country. The word goes out, and you get the big bets down."

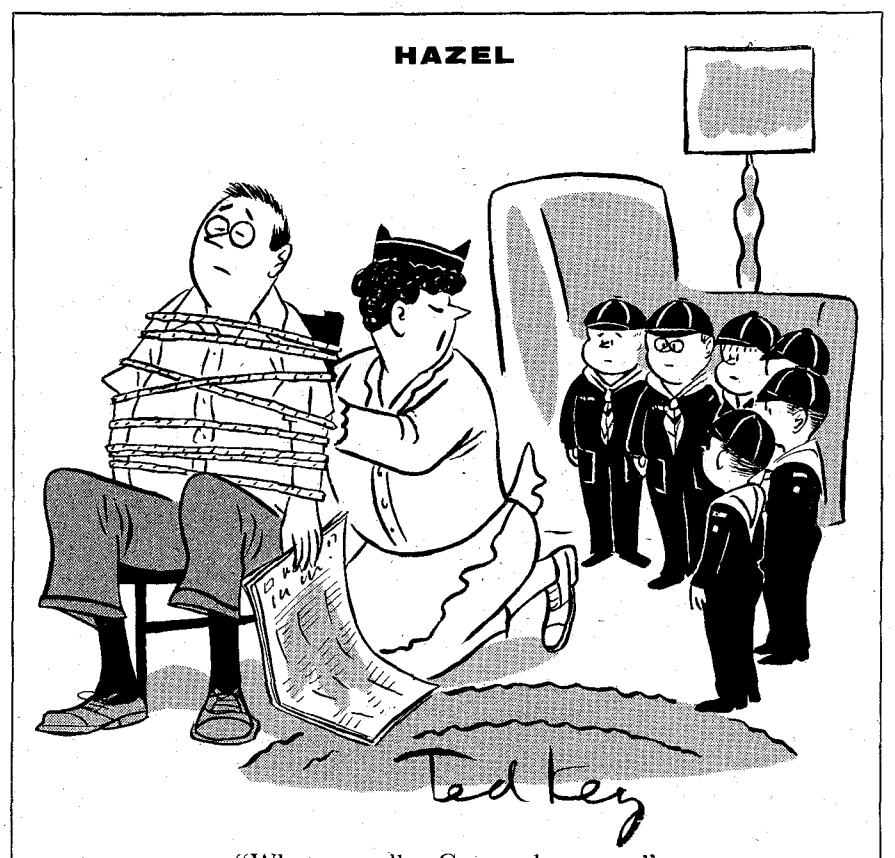
A second source, if Mickey can be believed, has certain altruistic aspects. When Mickey was the undisputed boss of wide-open gambling in the Los Angeles area, he had numerous partners who shared in the profits of gambling casinos, horse-betting operations, floating crap games and similar enterprises. All these men and women, Mickey told me, were in legitimate businesses, but were not averse to making a fast buck on the side.

"These people," Mickey said, "are still powerful in Los Angeles. They own big homes, big cars and have plenty of money in the bank. They owe much of this to me, and they're still grateful. My credit with them is unlimited, and there is no problem getting money."

One of these friends, though he is no longer in the picture, was a banker named Harold Brown. When Brown was president of the Hollywood State Bank he loaned Mickey a total of $50,000 of his personal funds without collateral, notes or interest. "I never understood why anyone should beef about the loans I got from Brown," Mickey told me. "I helped him make money and so naturally he thought kindly of me."

Another friend of Mickey's who fortuitously loaned him $7000 earlier this year, was an actress named Liz Renay. Miss Renay, whose photograph adorns Mickey's apartment with this honeyed dedication: "To my baby, Mickey, from Liz," explained the generous Cohen loans by saying that she had a substantial income as a TV actress. For instance, she said, she won $1000 on the filmed Groucho Marx show. While she did win the money, this Groucho film was never released, by common consent between Groucho and the network. The TV executives felt that her appearance might embarrass Groucho because, alas, Miss Renay was not only a Mickey Cohen pal but also turned out to have a romantic attachment with a member of the Anastasia mob in New York. In any case the Los Angeles police checked into her activities while she was tooling around town with Mickey. They found that Liz left Los Angeles with an unpaid phone bill totaling $663, and the company still hasn't been able to collect.

The list of lenders in the Save-Mickey-From-Poverty Club is almost endless, and Mickey guesses that his current debts, including his unpaid taxes, and money borrowed before and since his residence at McNeil, total considerably more than $1,000,000. He is always owing something to George Bieber, a Chicago attorney who once represented the late mobster Jake (Greasy Thumb) Guzik (Mickey borrowed another $10,000 from Bieber only recently). Others are Thomas Vaughn, a New Orleans businessman (I was there when his $1000 check fluttered out of Mickey's morning mail); Babe McCoy, the Los Angeles boxing impresario, who is in for $6000; Clinton Mitchell, a Los Angeles businessman interested in youth movements, who loaned him $7000; a certain Beverly Hills clothier, who came up with a quick $3000 while I was with Mickey one day; Morris Orloff, a restaurant man who gave Mickey $10,000; Phil Zahlout, a Las Vegas gambler, who publicly accused Mickey of welshing on a $10,000 bet, and so on. Mickey said that even Jimmy Durante, who frankly likes Mickey, let him have $500. But when this item leaked out to the press, Durante denied it and said the money was actually put up by the Durante manager, Lou Cohen.



"What we call a Granny knot. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There are, or were, several other sources of current Mickey Cohen money which have raised eyebrows at the Internal Revenue office in Los Angeles.

One of the benefactors concerned is W. C. Jones, a member of Billy Graham's board of directors and wealthy owner of a Los Angeles printing business. He had known Mickey for a number of years and had watched his downfall. "I was very familiar with the kind of life he had been leading," Jones said, "because I was once a bum myself. I used to place bets with Mickey, and I was also a hopeless drunk until, with God's help, I licked the habit. Anyway, my interest in Mickey was from a spiritual viewpoint. I thought I could help him."

Jones said he went to Mickey's apartment, where both men prayed, and that after five hours of talk Mickey agreed to accept Christ. "I had no doubt that he had become a Christian brother to me," Jones related, "and I asked how I could help. Mickey said he needed a thousand dollars to pay an attorney, and I gave it to him."

A day or two later Jones urged Mickey to go to New York, attend the Billy Graham rally at Madison Square Garden and publicly accept Christ. Mickey flew to New York, with a ticket and expense money furnished by Jones, had a private meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria with Billy Graham and made a public appearance at the Madison Square Garden gathering. Unfortunately, from Billy Graham's viewpoint, at least, Mickey telephoned his friend Aggie Underwood, city editor of the Los Angeles Herald-Express, and told her what he was doing.

Jones says the premature newspaper publicity was painful to the Billy Graham forces, and that he scolded Mickey by phone for making ill-timed statements. Mickey stayed on in New York for a week—with Jones picking up the tab—came home and went right on consorting with Fred and Joe Sica, Phil Packer and other Los Angeles gangsters he has known for years.

"The Reverend Jim Vaus and I had a meeting with Mickey," Jones says, "and we bawled him out for cheating and lying and still hanging around with his mobster friends. Mickey suddenly turned to me and said: 'If I have to give up my friends to be a Christian, I'm pulling out. I renounce it right now.'" Jones adds that Mickey stomped out in a huff and they never met again.

Jones' figures show that the attempt to salvage Mickey's soul cost him and his friends some $18,000. The now-reformed Mr. Vaus, Mickey's employee in the old wire-tap days, loaned him $6000; Jones personally put in $5000, and several others contributed the remainder. Mickey admitted to me he got the money and says he called it "brotherly love gifts" when he reported it to Internal Revenue. "Jones says he gave me five thousand dollars," Mickey said testily, "but I actually took him for fifteen thousand. Jim Vaus once said he'd give his right arm for me to become a Christian, but I kept telling him I'm not the kind of guy Billy Graham loves. They must of known in their hearts that I wasn't going to change my religion. I'm not sorry about the money. These guys—and I'm not talking about Billy Graham personally—wanted to use me because I'm a big name."

Jones, apprised of Mickey's explanation, took it philosophically. "The last time I saw Billy Graham," he said, "he felt there was still hope for Mickey. So I said: 'Wake up, Billy. You've got to be realistic. This man is a no-good bum.'"

And there endeth the first lesson.

The second Cohen bonanza can be traced back to a spring day in 1948 when author Ben Hecht urged Mickey to help out the Irgun movement in Palestine. Mickey agreed and played host at what was perhaps the most remarkable private party in Hollywood history. The affair was held at Slapsie Maxie's on May twenty-fourth, and the press was kept out because most of the guests were the leading mobsters of the West Coast, summoned from widely scattered areas. Each guest—the audience included the late Buggsy Siegel and Artie Samish, the powerful California lobbyist who later was sent to McNeil Island for tax evasion—was tapped for a substantial donation. Mickey recalls that Samish and Siegel each chipped in $10,000, and the total raised, he says, was $375,000. The money was sent to Palestine, and in recognition of his services Mickey received a silver cigarette box with this inscription:

JUNE 1, 1958
IN GRATITUDE
TO A FELLOW FIGHTER
FOR HEBREW FREEDOM
"MICKEY COHEN"
FROM
THE HEBREW COMMITTEE
OF NATIONAL LIBERATION

While Mickey was in prison Hecht wrote to him and suggested writing a biography from which a movie might eventually be made. The two got together after Mickey was a free man, and from time to time both told columnists and other newspapermen that the biography was under way.

Presently, in need of funds as always, it occurred to Mickey that there was an untapped vein in the Hecht book-movie project and he began selling off shares here and there. He admits these transactions and hastens to add that they have all been reported to the Government as "loans." He has probably collected more than $100,000 on this scheme already, and is still offering pieces of the project to friends. Among those Mickey says got in on the ground floor were Max Feigenbaum, a retired Beverly Hills manufacturer, who chipped in $25,000; Mrs. Ruth Fisher, a Los Angeles businesswoman, who loaned $7500 and said to me: "I first heard about Mickey when I was on a trip to Israel, and I'm one of the few people who can see his good side"; A. V. Stemler, a jukebox dealer, who put up $15,000 and says: "I think Mickey has been pushed around a little bit, and I invested in his movie and book to help him out;" and an appliance man named David Krause, who bought $25,000 worth of shares.

I called Hecht, of course, and during our first chat he said: "I told Mickey I was not remotely interested in a movie. I said I might possibly write a book if I got around to it." Some weeks after I left Los Angeles, Hecht's publisher in New York told me he had received twenty pages of the work.

The Internal Revenue agents in Los Angeles, incidentally, have followed—with understandable annoyance—every movement of Mickey's complex financial juggling. He is obtaining money with the same legerdemain he used before he went to prison, and as of this moment the Government has not been able to collect his tax debt. Mickey says he has twice offered to settle the bill for $200,000, but that the bureau doesn't want to make any deals. As one agent on the case said to me: "We have to move slowly, and people become impatient with us. Don't think that the Government isn't on top of the whole thing. We can't tell the police or anyone else what we have. But when the gong is finally sounded we'll be able to sit down in our own corners."

Editors' Note—This is the last of four articles by Mr. Jennings.

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Keeping Posted

Transoceanic Collaborators

This is the fast-moving log of how the Post landed **Cmdr. William Anderson's** story of the submarine Nautilus' North Pole voyage (page 28). On Friday, Aug. 8, associate editor **Clay Blair, Jr.,** of our Washington bureau, was eating lunch when he got a cryptic message to rush right over to the White House. As he took off like the wind, he felt sure he knew what story was going to break. Blair and Commander Anderson had collaborated on an article (WE TOOK THE NAUTILUS UNDER THE ICE, Dec. 28, 1957, Post) about the A-sub's Arctic adventures last year, and he had a hunch the Navy would try for the Pole this summer. Last March he wrote the Navy Department asking if he might go along if such a voyage took place—and got no answer. Sure enough, at the White House the President announced the Nautilus' triumph, and with him was Commander Anderson, who had flown home after his ship completed its transpolar voyage and reached Iceland. Anderson, catching sight of Blair in the milling crush of reporters, smiled recognition of his former co-worker. That afternoon Blair and Anderson agreed on the details of the Post's new project.

Next day (Saturday) Anderson and Blair discussed how to speed up work on the story, and on Sunday the commander phoned that the Navy had granted permission for Blair to accompany him home on the Nautilus from England, whither the ship was then bound. Blair's Philadelphia editors O.K.'d the trip by phone from their homes. That night, as the collaborators' plane flew over the Nautilus at sea, Anderson talked to his crew by radiophone, describing the world's reaction to their feat.

On Monday in London, and on Tuesday and Wednesday in the English seaport town of Portland, where the Nautilus docked, ceremonies kept Anderson too busy to start telling his story. On Thursday, Blair heard that the Navy would rescind its permission for his return on the Nautilus. Since this would eliminate the planned week of work, he and Anderson holed up in a hotel and by Friday morning they finished the first article. Working night and day, they finished Part II Saturday afternoon and Part III Monday at nine A.M. Tuesday morning Blair, bleary-eyed from loss of sleep, arrived in Philadelphia with the manuscript, and Friday noon he phoned from Washington that it had cleared Security—two weeks, almost to the hour, after the President's press conference. Fast time in anybody's league. The Post articles are being reprinted in about thirty countries; the authors will expand the material into a book, and Hollywood is bidding for movie rights.

Commander Anderson and Clay Blair (left) arrive in London after skipper of transpolar Nautilus attended Eisenhower press meeting.

Booming Book

Thor Heyerdahl's new book, Aku-Aku: The Secret of Easter Island, which was published Sept. 8 by Rand McNally and excerpted in the Post Sept. 6–27, has started off as if it might rival the best-selling record of the author's super-popular Kon-Tiki. In its first week Aku-Aku's first three printings sold out for a total of 78,500 copies. And the book reviews? Typical ones: N. Y. Times—"engrossing, intellectually exciting"; N. Y. Herald Tribune—"packed with suspense"; Christian Science Monitor—"absorbing"; Chicago Tribune—"better than Kon-Tiki." It is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

What! No Lion Skin?

Susan Morrow is the pen name of a Dallas, Texas, lady who is with us for the first time on page 37. "Contrary to the folklore of this fabled state, my husband and I have hardly an oil well to our name." Among the author's activities are "do-it-myself housekeeping, painting weird abstractions in oil and pelting editors with manuscripts." Since her current story concerns a lion, she tried to find a lion skin to drape over her shoulder in the picture, but nobody in Dallas seemed to have one.

Susan Morrow.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Great California Drama"

California will soon face the most nationally significant state election in recent political history. Don't miss what Stewart Alsop has to say about it.

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